Prince ARTHUR.

An Heroick

POEM.

In Ten Books.

BY

RICHARD BLACKMORE, M.D.

AND

Fellow of the College of Physitians in *London*.

The Second Edition Corrected.

To which is added, An INDEX, Explaining the Names of *Countries*, *Cities*, and *Rivers*, &c.

LONDON:

Printed for *Awnsham* and *John Churchil* at the *black Swan* in *Pater-Noster-Row*, MDCXCV.

THE
PREFACE.

TO what ill purposes soever Poetry has been abus'd, its true and genuine End is by universal Confession, the Instruction of our Minds, and Regulation of our Manners; for which 'tis furnish'd with so many excellent Advantages. The Delicacy of its Strains, the Sweetness and Harmony of its Numbers, the lively and admirable manner of its Painting or Representation, and the wonderful Force of its Eloquence, cannot but open the Passages to our Breasts, triumph over our Passions, and leave behind them very deep Impressions. 'Tis in the power of Poetry to insinuate into the inmost Recesses of the Mind, to touch any Spring that moves the Heart, to agitate the Soul with any sort of Affection, and transform it into any Shape or Posture it thinks fit. 'Tis therefore no wonder that so wise a State, as that of Athens, *should retain the* Poets *on the side of* Religion *and the* Government. *The Stage there was set up to teach the People the Scheme of their* Religion, *and those Modes of Worship the Government thought fit to encourage, to convey to them such Ideas of their Deities, and Divine Providence, as might engage their Minds to a Reverence of Superiour, invisible Beings, and to observe and admire their Administration of humane Affairs. The* Poets *were look'd on as Divine, not only upon the account of that extraordinary Fury and Heat of Imagination, wherewith they were thought to be inspir'd, but likewise upon the account of their Profession and Imployment, their Business being to represent*

preſent Vice *as the moſt odious, and* Virtue *as the moſt deſirable thing in the World.*

Tragedy was at its firſt Inſtitution a part of the Ancient Pagans Divine Service, when the Chorus *which originally was ſo great a part, contain'd many excellent Leſſons of* Piety *and* Morality, *and was wholly imploy'd in rectifying their miſtakes about the* Gods, *and their Government of the World, in moderating their Paſſions, and purging their Minds from Vice and Corruption. This was the noble Deſign of the* Chorus. *And the Repreſentation of great and illuſtrious Characters, gradually afterwards introduc'd, their Impious, or their Generous Actions, and the different Event that attended them, was to deter Men from Vice and Impiety, and encourage them to be Generous and Virtuous, by ſhewing them the Vengeance that at laſt overtook the one, and the Rewards and Praiſes that crown'd the other. The End of Comedy was the ſame, but purſu'd in another way. The buſineſs of Comedy being to render Vice ridiculous, to expoſe it to publick Deriſion and Contempt, and to make Men aſham'd of Vile and Sordid Actions.*

Tragedy deſign'd to Scare Men, Comedy to Laugh them out of their Vices. And 'tis very plain, that Satyr is intended for the ſame End, the Promotion of Virtue, and expoſing of Vice; which it purſues by ſharp Reproaches, vehement and bitter Invectives, or by a Courtly, but not leſs cutting Raillery. The Odes of the Lyric Poet were chiefly deſign'd for the Praiſes of their Gods, their Heroes and extraordinary Perſons, to draw Men to an Admiration and Imitation of them.

But above all other kinds, Epick Poetry, *as it is firſt in Dignity, ſo it moſtly conduces to this End.*

In

In an Epick Poem, where Characters of the first Rank and Dignity, Illustrious for their Birth or high Employment are introduc'd, the Fable, the Action, the particular Episodes are so contriv'd and conducted, or at least ought to be, that either Fortitude, Wisdom, Piety, Moderation, Generosity, some or other Noble and Princely Virtues shall be recommended with the highest Advantage, and their contrary Vices made as odious. To give Men right and just Conceptions of Religion *and* Virtue, *to aid their Reason in restraining their Exorbitant Appetites and Impetuous Passions, and to bring their Lives under the Rules and Guidance of true Wisdom, and thereby to promote the publick Good of Mankind, is undoubtedly the End of all Poetry.*

'Tis true indeed, that one End of Poetry is to give Men Pleasure and Delight; but this is but a subordinate, subaltern End, which is it self a Means to the greater, *and* ultimate *one before mention'd. A Poet should imploy all his Judgment and Wit, exhaust all the Riches of his Fancy, and abound in Beautiful and Noble Expression, to divert and entertain others; but then it must be with this Prospect, that he may hereby engage their Attention, insinuate more easily into their Minds, and more effectually convey to them wise Instructions. 'Tis below the Dignity of a true Poet to take his Aim at any inferiour End. They are Men of little Genius, of mean and poor Design, that imploy their Wit for no higher Purpose, than to please the Imagination of vain and wanton People.*

I think these Poets, if they must be called so, whose Wit as they manage it, is altogether unuseful are justly reproach'd; but I am sure those others are highly to be condemned, who use all their Wit in Opposition *to*

Religion, and to the Deſtruction *of Virtue and good Manners in the World. There have been in all Ages ſuch ill Men that have perverted the right Uſe of Poetry, but never ſo many, or ſo* bold *or* miſchievous, *as in ours. Our Poets ſeem engag'd in a general* Confederacy *to ruin the End of their own Art, to expoſe* Religion *and* Virtue, *and bring* Vice *and* Corruption of Manners *into Eſteem and Reputation. The Poets that write for the Stage, (at leaſt a great part of 'em) ſeem deeply concern'd in this* Conſpiracy. *Theſe are the* Champions *that charge* Religion *with ſuch deſperate Reſolution, and have given it ſo many deep and ghaſtly Wounds. The Stage was an Outwork or Fort rais'd for the Protection and Security of the Temple; but the Poets that kept it, have revolted, and baſely betray'd it, and what is worſe, have turn'd all their* Force, *and diſcharg'd all their* Artillery *againſt the Place their Duty was to defend. If any Man thinks this an unjuſt Charge, I deſire him to read any of our modern Comedies, and I believe he will ſoon be convinc'd of the Truth of what I have ſaid.*

The Man of Senſe, *and the* Fine *Gentleman in the* Comedy, *who as the chiefeſt Perſon propos'd to the Eſteem and Imitation of the Audience, is enrich'd with all the Senſe and Wit the Poet can beſtow; this* Extraordinary Perſon *you will find to be a* Derider *of Religion, a great* Admirer *of* Lucretius, *not ſo much for his* Learning, *as his* Irreligion, *a Perſon wholly* Idle, *diſſolv'd in Luxury, abandon'd to his Pleaſures, a great Debaucher of Women, profuſe and extravagant in his Expences; and in ſhort, this* Finiſh'd Gentleman *will appear a* Finiſh'd Libertine.

The

The Young Lady *that must support the Character of a* Virtuous, Well-manner'd Sensible *Woman, the most perfect Creature that can be, and the very Flower of her Sex, this* Accomplish'd Person *entertains the Audience with confident Discourses, immodest Repartees, and prophane Raillery. She is throughly instructed in* Intreagues *and* Assignations, *a great* Scoffer *at the prudent Reservedness and Modesty of the best of her Sex, She despises the wise Instructions of her Parents or Guardians, is disobedient to their Authority, and at last, without their* Knowledge *or* Consent, *marries her self to the* Fine Gentleman *abovementioned. And can any one imagine, but that our Young Ladies and Gentlemen are admirably instructed by* such Patterns *of* Sense *and* Virtue? *If a Clergy-man be introduc'd, as he often is, 'tis seldom for any other purpose, but to abuse him, to expose his very* Character *and* Profession: *He must be a* Pimp, *a* Blockhead, *a* Hypocrite; *some* wretched Figure *he must make, and almost ever be so manag'd, as to bring his very* Order *into* Contempt. *This indeed is a very common, but yet so gross an Abuse of* Wit, *as was never endur'd on a Pagan Theater, at least in the ancient, primitive Times of* Poetry, *before its* Purity *and* Simplicity *became corrupted with the Inventions of after Ages.* Poets *then taught Men to reverence their* Gods, *and those who serv'd them. None had so little Regard for his* Religion, *as to expose it publickly, or if any had, their Governments were too wise to suffer the Worship of their Gods to be treated on the* Stage *with* Contempt.

In our Comedies *the* Wives of Citizens *are highly encourag'd to despise their Husbands, and to make great Friendship with some such* Vertuous Gentleman

tleman *and* Man of Senſe *as is above deſcrib'd. This is their Way of recommending* Chaſtity *and* Fidelity. *And that* Diligence *and* Frugality *may be ſufficiently expos'd, tho' the two* Virtues *that chiefly ſupport the* Being *of any State, to deter Men from being* Induſtrious *and* Wealthy, *the* Diligent, Thriving *Citizen is made the moſt Wretched, Contemptible Thing in the World: And as the Alderman that makes the beſt* Figure *in the* City, *makes the worſt on the* Stage, *ſo under the Character of a* Juſtice of Peace, *you have all the* Prudence *and* Virtues *of the* Country *moſt unmercifully inſulted over.*

And as theſe Characters are ſet up on purpoſe to ruin all Opinion and Eſteem of Virtue, ſo the Conduct throughout, the Language, *the* Fable *and* Contrivance *ſeem evidently deſign'd for the ſame* Noble *End. There are few Fine Conceipts, few Strains of Wit, or extraordinary Pieces of Raillery, but are either* immodeſt *or* irreligious, *and very few* Scenes *but have ſome* ſpiteful *and* envious *Stroke at Sobriety and Good Manners, whence the Youth of the Nation have apparently receiv'd very bad Impreſſions. The* univerſal *Corruption of Manners and irreligious Diſpoſition of Mind that infects the Kingdom, ſeems to have been in a great Meaſure deriv'd from the Stage, or has at leaſt been highly promoted by it. And 'tis great Pitty that thoſe in whoſe Power it is, have not yet reſtrain'd the* Licentiouſneſs *of it, and oblig'd the Writers to obſerve more* Decorum. *It were to be wiſh'd that Poets, as Preachers are in ſome Countries, were paid and licens'd by the State, and that none were ſuffer'd to write in Prejudice of* Religion *and the* Government, *but that all ſuch Offenders,*

fenders, as publick Enemies *of Mankind ſhould be ſilenc'd and duly puniſh'd. Sure ſome Effectual Care ſhould be taken that theſe Men might not be ſuffer'd by Debauching our Youth, to help on the* Deſtruction *of a brave Nation.*

Some of theſe Poets, *to excuſe their Guilt, alledge for themſelves, that the* Degeneracy *of the* Age *makes their leud way of Writing neceſſary; they pretend the* Auditors *will not be pleas'd, unleſs they are thus entertain'd from the Stage; and to pleaſe they ſay is the chief buſineſs of the Poet. But this is by no means a juſt Apology; 'tis not true, as was ſaid before, that the Poet's chief buſineſs is to pleaſe. His chief buſineſs is to inſtruct, to make Mankind Wiſer and Better; and in order to this, his Care ſhould be to pleaſe and entertain the Audience with all the* Wit *and* Art *he is Maſter of.* Ariſtotle *and* Horace, *and all their* Criticks *and* Commentators, *all Men of Wit and Senſe agree, that this is the End of Poetry. But they ſay 'tis their* Profeſſion *to Write for the* Stage; *and that Poets muſt ſtarve if they will not in this way humour the* Audience. *The* Theater *will be as* unfrequented, *as the* Churches, *and the Poet and the Parſon* equally *neglected. Let the Poet then abandon his Profeſſion, and take up ſome honeſt, lawful Calling, where joyning Induſtry to his great Wit, he may ſoon get above the Complaints of* Poverty, *ſo common among theſe ingenious Men, and lye under no neceſſity of proſtituting his Wit to any ſuch* vile *Purpoſes as are here cenſur'd. This will be a courſe of Life more Profitable and Honourable to himſelf, and more* uſeful *to others. And there are among theſe* Writers *ſome, who think they might have riſen to the* higheſt Dignities *in other Profeſſions, had they imploy'd their Wit in thoſe Ways.*

'Tis a mighty Diſhonour and Reproach to any Man, that is capable of being uſeful to the World in any Liberal *and* Virtuous *Profeſſion, to laviſh out his* Life and Wit *in propagating* Vice and Corruption of Manners, *and in battering from the Stage the ſtrongeſt Entrenchments and beſt Works of* Religion *and* Virtue. *Whoever makes this his Choice, when the other was in his Power, may he go off the Stage unpity'd,* complaining *of* Neglect *and* Poverty, *the juſt Puniſhments of his* Irreligion *and* Folly.

'Tis no diſhonour to be a true *Poet, if indeed a Man be one; that is, a noble* Genius *well cultivated, and employ'd in Writing in ſuch a way, as reaches the End of his Art, and by diſcouraging Vice, promotes the Good of Mankind. But 'tis a* mighty *Diſhonour and Shame, to employ excellent Faculties and abundance of Wit, to humour and pleaſe Men in their Vices and Follies. Such a one is more hateful, as an* ill Man, *than valuable, as a* good Poet. *The great Enemy of Mankind, notwithſtanding his* Wit *and* Angelick Faculties, *is the moſt* odious *Being of the whole Creation.*

Nor is this Abuſe confin'd to the Stage, the ſame Strain runs thro' the other kinds of Poetry. What monſtrous leud and irreligious Books of Poems, as they are call'd, have been of late days publiſh'd, and what is the greater wonder, receiv'd in a Civiliz'd and Chriſtian Kingdom, with Applauſe *and* Reputation? *The ſweetneſs of the Wit, makes the* Poiſon *go down with Pleaſure, and the Contagion ſpreads without Oppoſition. Young Gentlemen and Ladies are generally pleas'd and diverted with* Poetry, *more than by any other way of Writing; but there are few Poems they can fix on, but they are like to pay too dear for their Entertainment. Their Fancies are like to be fill'd with impure* Ideas,

and

and their Minds engag'd in hurtful *Paſſions, which are the more laſting, by being convey'd in lively Expreſſions, and all the Addreſs of an artful Poet.*

For this End among others, I undertook the writing of this Poem, hoping I might be able to pleaſe and entertain, not only without hurting the Reader, but to his advantage. I was willing to make one Effort *towards the reſcuing the* Muſes *out of the hands of theſe* Raviſhers, *to reſtore them to their ſweet and chaſt Manſions, and to engage them in an Employment ſuitable to their* Dignity. *If I ſucceed not my ſelf in this good Deſign, I hope at leaſt I ſhall awaken the Courage and Compaſſion of ſome other* brave Adventurers, *that may more happily attempt this honorable Work.*

To write an Epick Poem is a work of that Difficulty, that no one for near ſeventeen hundred years paſt has ſucceeded in it; and only thoſe two great Wits Homer *and* Virgil *before. That the modern Poets have been ſo unſucceſsful, has not, I imagin, proceeded ſo much from want of* Genius, *as from their Ignorance of the Rules of writing ſuch a Poem; or at leaſt, from their want of attending to them. Tho'* Ariſtotle's *excellent Rules of Poetry were early publiſh'd, and ſoon after illuſtrated by the Comments of ſeveral* Criticks, *yet we do not find that our modern* Writers *were very careful to obſerve them. And indeed, as our* modern Poets *ſeem not to have attended to thoſe incomparable Rules, ſo neither have they carefully conſider'd the great* Models *that* Homer *and* Virgil *left them. Some Readers that are not vers'd in this matter, imagin every thing written in* Heroick Verſe, *is an* Heroick Poem; *but theſe have not conſider'd the* Nature *of ſuch a Work, nor look'd into the* Criticks, *who have written*

on

on this Subject. I ſhall therefore give the Definition *of an Epick or Heroick Poem, that thoſe that have it not already, may now have a true Idea of its Nature.*

An Epick Poem is a feign'd or deviſ'd Story of an Illuſtrious Action, *related in Verſe, in an* Allegorical, Probable, Delightful *and* Admirable *manner, to cultivate the Mind with Inſtructions of Virtue. 'Tis a feign'd or deviſ'd Diſcourſe; that is, a* Fable; *and ſo it agrees with* Tragedy *and* Comedy. *The word* Fable *at firſt ſignified indifferently a true or falſe Story, therefore* Cicero *for diſtinction, uſes* Fictas Fabulas *in his Book* de Finibus. *But afterwards Cuſtom obtain'd to uſe the word always for a feign'd Diſcourſe. And in the firſt Ages, eſpecially in the Eaſtern World, great uſe was made by Learned and Wiſe Men of theſe* feign'd Diſcourſes, Fables *or* Apologues, *to teach the ruder and more unpoliſh'd Part of Mankind.* Theologians, Philoſophers, *and great* Law-givers, *every where fell into this way of inſtructing and cultivating the People in the Knowledge of Religion, Natural Philoſophy, and Moral and Political Virtues. So* Thales, Orpheus, Solon, Homer, *and the reſt of the great Men in thoſe Ages have done, and the famous Philoſopher* Socrates *is by ſome affirm'd to be the Author of many of the Fables that paſs under* Æſop's *name. Moſt of them made their Fables in Verſe, that by the addition of* Harmony *and* Numbers *they might the better attain their End.* Strabo *and* Plutarch *greatly commend this way of teaching the People; and theſe Reaſons may be given for the uſefulneſs of it. Naked Philoſophical Precepts and Doctrines are of themſelves* harſh *and* dry, *hardly attended to, and* ungratefully *entertain'd. If the Hearers are* rude *and* courſe, *or very* vicious, *there is no hope of gaining them by a*

grave

grave *and* ſolemn *Diſcourſe of Virtue, and even the better and more civiliz'd Auditors are hardly kept attentive to it. Man is naturally a lover of* Pleaſure, *and if you would do him Good, it muſt be, by* pleaſing *him; you muſt give him* Delight, *and keep his Mind in a conſtant agreeable Agitation, elſe he will not attend to the moſt uſeful* Counſel *and* Inſtruction. *He is pleas'd already with the* Notions *and* Habitudes, *howſoever* falſe *or* vicious, *that have the* preſent *Poſſeſſion of him, and you muſt give him a great deal of* Pleaſure *and* Entertainment *to engage him to hear you, when you would perſwade him to the trouble, of becoming* Wiſer *and* Better. *Now the firſt Wiſe Men that undertook to* civilize *and* poliſh *the barbarous World, found this way of* Fables *eſpecially in Verſe, to be mighty* Acceptable *to the People: The Contrivance gave them* Delight, *and the Novelty rais'd their* Admiration. *They could learn them perfectly, and repeat them often, by which means the Inſtructions of Virtue covertly contain'd in them, were inculcated on their Minds.*

And we find, that many Ages after Orpheus, Solon, Homer, *&c.* the Divine Law-giver *of the* Chriſtians *thought fit to teach the People by* Apologues, Parables *or* Fables, *under which he cover'd and diſguis'd his Heavenly Inſtructions.*

The Action muſt be Illuſtrious *and* Important; *Illuſtrious in reſpect of the Perſon, who is the Author of it, who is always ſome* Valiant, *or* Wiſe, *or* Pious *Prince or great Commander: But let his Character be what it will in other reſpects (for there is no Neceſſity the* Hero *ſhould be a good or a wiſe Perſon) 'tis always neceſſary he ſhould have* Courage; *which ſingle Quality is ſufficient to make the* Hero. *And the*

Action muſt be important, *both in reſpect of its* Object *and its* End. *'Tis the Action of ſome great Perſon, about ſome* noble *and* weighty *Affair. 'Tis true, there are many other Perſons concern'd, but 'tis the Action of the* chief *Perſon that gives the* Being *and* Denomination *to the Poem. This Action muſt be but one; when it ceaſes, the Poem is ended; and if it be reviv'd, and taken up again, 'tis a new Poem begins. Action is Motion; and if it ceaſes cannot be reviv'd, ſo as to be numerically the ſame. There are indeed many other Actions beſides the* Principal *one, but they all depend on, and have relation to that which is Principal, with the* Unity *of which, the* Unity *of the Poem ſtands or falls. If this principal Action be* broken, *the Poem is* broken *too, if there be any other Action* coordinate *and* independent *on this, the Poem is* monſtrous, *and has as many Heads, as there are found* independent *Actions. The Narration therefore of many Actions ſucceſſively of one great Perſon, or the Hiſtory of his Life related in Verſe, is by no means an* Heroick Poem, *any one great Action being ſufficient for that. That which makes the* Unity *of the Action, is the regular Succeſſion of one* Part *or* Epiſode *to another, not only as* Antecedents *and* Conſequents, *but as it were* Cauſes *and* Effects, *wherein the Reader may diſcern that the former* Epiſode *makes the following neceſſary, and the* Connection *between them is ſuch, that they* aſſiſt *and* ſupport *each other, as the* Members *of the Body do, no Epiſode being out of its place, of a* diſproportion'd *ſize to the Reſt, or that could be ſpar'd from its place, without* maiming, *or at leaſt* deforming *the Whole. If this order of the Epiſodes be preſerv'd, and there appears none but what* naturally *and* probably *reſults from the* principal *Action, then the Action may be look'd on as one.*

The

The Action must be related in an Allegorical *manner; and this Rule is best observ'd, when as* Divines *speak; there is both a* Literal *Sense obvious to every Reader, and that gives him satisfaction enough if he sees no farther; and besides another* Mystical *or* Typical *Sense, not hard to be discover'd by those Readers that penetrate the matter deeper.* Virgil *seems most happy in this Conduct, whose Poem all along contains this double Sense,* Homer *has often only an* Allegorical *Sense without the* Literal, *and therefore is not so well accommodated to this Age, as he was not to that of* Augustus. *But* Arioſto *and* Spencer, *however* great Wits, *not observing this judicious Conduct of* Virgil, *nor attending to any sober Rules, are hurried on with a* boundless, impetuous *Fancy over Hill and Dale, till they are both lost in a Wood of Allegories. Allegories so* wild, unnatural, *and* extravagant, *as greatly displease the Reader. This way of writing mightily offends in this Age; and 'tis a wonder how it came to please in any. There is indeed a way of writing purely Allegorical, as when* Vices *and* Virtues *are introduc'd as* Persons; *the first as* Furies, *the other as* Divine Persons or Goddesses, *which still obtains, and is well enough accommodated to the* present *Age. For the* Allegory *is presently discern'd, and the Reader is by no means impos'd on, but sees it immediately to be an* Allegory, *and is both delighted and instructed with it. The devis'd Story must be related in a* probable *manner; without this all things will be* harsh, unnatural, *and* monstrous; *and consequently most* odious *and* offensive *to the Judicious.* Probability *must be in the* Action, *the* Conduct, *the* Manners; *and where humane means cannot,* Machines *are introduc'd to support it. Nothing is more necessary*

then

then Probability; *no Rule more chaſtly to be obſerv'd.*

An Epick Poem muſt likewiſe be delightful *and* admirable; *and to make it ſo, muſt concur ſublime Thoughts, clear and noble Expreſſion, Purity of Language, a juſt and due Proportion, Relation, and Dependance between the Parts, and a beautiful and regular Structure and Connection diſcernable in the* Whole. *Without theſe it will not be capable of giving* Delight, *or raiſing* Admiration. Admiration *is the* Formal Object *of an Epick Poem, nothing is to be admitted there, but as it is* admirable; *and by this it is diſcriminated from all other ſorts of Poetry. Every* kind *endeavours to* pleaſe *and* delight, *but this only attempts to pleaſe by* aſtoniſhing *and* amazing *the Reader. In an Epick Poem every thing ſhould appear* great *and* wonderful, *the Thoughts cannot be too much* Elevated, *the Epiſodes too* Noble, *the Expreſſion too* Magnificent, *nor the Action too* Wonderful *and* Surpriſing, *if Probability be preſerv'd. No Riches of* Fancy, *no* Pomp *of* Eloquence *can be laid out too much on ſuch a Work where the* Deſign *is throughout to raiſe our* Admiration. *To render the Action the more* Admirable, Homer *and* Virgil *have introduc'd the* Gods, *and engag'd them every where as* Parties; *and tho' I cannot ſay this is* Eſſential *and* Neceſſary *to an Epick Poem, yet 'tis evident, that intereſting* Heaven *and* Hell *in the matter, does mightily raiſe the Subject, and makes the Action appear more wonderful. The Pagan Poets had in this a great advantage, their* Theology *was ſuch, as would eaſily mix it ſelf with their Poems, from whence they receiv'd their greateſt Beauties.* Homer *indeed to raiſe his Subject by his frequent* Machines, *ſeems to have debas'd his* Religion. Virgil's *Conduct, in my Opinion, is more careful*

ful and chaſt. But ſome of our modern Criticks *have believ'd 'tis ſcarce poſſible for a* Chriſtian Poet *to make uſe of this advantage, of introducing* Superiour, Inviſible *Powers into the Action, and therefore ſeem to deſpair of ſeeing an* Heroick Poem *written now, that ſhall reach to the* Dignity *of thoſe of the Pagans. They think the* Chriſtian Religion *is not ſo well accommodated to this matter, as the* Pagan *was; and that if any Attempt be made this way,* Religion *will* ſuffer *more, than the* Poem *will gain by it.* My Opinion *has always differ'd from theſe Gentlemen's, I believe a* Chriſtian Poet *has as great advantages as the* Pagan *had; and that our* Theology *may enter into an Epick Poem, and* raiſe *the Subject without being it ſelf* debas'd. *And this indeed was a ſecond Reaſon why I undertook this Work, ſo full of* Difficulty *and* Hazard. *I was willing to give an Inſtance wherein it might appear, that the Aſſertion I have advanc'd, is* actually *true.*

In the Definition which I have given of an Heroick Poem, according to the Senſe and Judgment of the beſt Criticks, *I have ſaid, its End is to convey ſome Inſtruction of Virtue. But of this, I have diſcours'd at large at the beginning of this* Preface, *and there is no need of repeating it.*

'Tis not for me to proceed to Cenſure other Mens Performances of this Kind; whoever will be at the Pains to read the Commentators on Ariſtotle, *and* Horace's *Rules of Poetry; or that will but carefully conſider* Rapin, Dacier, *and* Boſſu, *thoſe great Maſters among the* French, *and the Judicious Remarks of our own* excellent Critick *Mr.* Rymer, *who ſeems to have better conſider'd theſe matters, and to have ſeen farther into them, than any of the* Engliſh Nation; *will be ſoon able to ſee wherein the Heroick Poems that*

have been publiſh'd ſince Virgil *by the* Italian, French, *and* Engliſh Wits *have been defective, by comparing them with the* Rules *of Writing ſet down by thoſe* great Maſters. *Whether I have ſucceeded better, muſt be left to the determination of the Judicious Reader.*

In this Work I have endeavour'd moſtly to form my ſelf on Virgil's Model, *which I look on, as the moſt* juſt *and* perfect, *and which is moſt eaſily accommodated to the preſent Age, ſuppoſing the* Chriſtian Religion *in the place of the* Pagan. *I do not make any* Apology *for my* Imitation of Virgil *in ſo many places of this Poem; for the ſame* great Maſter *has imitated* Homer *as frequently and cloſely; and I do not find that any of his* Criticks *have condemn'd him for his doing ſo. Nor is it at all* improbable, *but that the* Greek Poet *himſelf imitated his Predeceſſors of the ſame Nation, tho' no doubt he wonderfully improv'd their Model.* Homer, *I believe, was not the firſt Writer of an Epick Poem. We find* Ariſtotle *in his Book of the Art of Poetry makes mention of ſeveral, I ſuppoſe, before him: He tells us of an Epick Poem, intituled,* The Little Ilias, *and another the* Cyprica; *and cenſures them both, as containing many* perfect, diſtinct, *and* independent *Actions. The laſt of theſe Poems is likewiſe mention'd by* Herodotus *in* Euterpe, *by* Athenæus *and* Pauſanias. *And 'tis likely many more ſuch Poems were written before* Homer's *time, who might be well ſuppos'd to have imitated them in what they had done well, as well as to have improv'd them in avoiding many of their Errors.*

What Homer *and* Virgil *have* perform'd *with Honour and univerſal Applauſe, I have* attempted: *What they have been* able, *I have been* willing *to do. If I have not ſucceeded, my diſappointment will be the leſs,*

in

in that Poetry has been ſo far from being my Buſineſs *and* Profeſſion, *that it has imploy'd but a ſmall part of my Time; and then, but as my* Recreation, *and the Entertainment of my idle hours. If this Attempt ſucceeds ſo far, as to excite ſome other Perſon that has a* noble Genius, Leiſure, *and* Application, *to Honour his Country with a* juſt Epick Poem, *I ſhall think the* Vacancies *and* Intervals *that for about two years paſt, I have had from the* Buſineſs *of my* Profeſſion; *which notwithſtanding was then greater then at any time before, have been very well imploy'd.*

Books lately Printed for, and Sold by A. & J. Churchil, *at the* Black Swan *in* Pater-Noſter-Row.

A View of Univerſal Hiſtory, from the Creation to the Year of Chriſt 1695. wherein the moſt memorable Perſons and Things in the known Kingdoms and Countries of the World, are ſet down in ſeveral Columns by way of Synchroniſm, according to their proper Centuries and Years: By *Francis Tallents*, ſometime Fellow of *Magdalen* College, *Cambridge*. The whole graven in 16 Copper-plates, each 15 Inches deep, and 22 broad; bound up into Books, the Sheets lined. A Work of great Exactneſs and Curioſity. Price 16 *s.*

Camden's Britannia, newly Tranſlated into Engliſh, with large Additions and Improvements. By *Edmund Gibſon* of Queens College in *Oxford*.

The General Hiſtory of the Air. By *Robert Boyle*, Eſq; 4°.

A Compleat Journal of the Votes, Speeches and Debates, both of the Houſe of Lords and Houſe of Commons, throughout the whole Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*. Collected by Sir *Simonds Dewes* Baronet, and Publiſhed by *Paul Bowes* of the Middle-Temple, Eſq; The Second Edition. Fol.

The Works of the famous *Nicholas Machiavel*, Citizen and Secretary of *Florence*. Written Originally in Italian, and from thence faithfully Tranſlated into Engliſh.

Mr. *Lock's* Eſſay concerning Humane Underſtanding. The Second Edition, with large Additions. Fol.

------ his Thoughts of Education, 8°.

The Fables of *Æſop* and other Mythologiſts; made Engliſh by Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*, Kt. Fol.

Two Treatiſes of Government: The firſt an Anſwer to *Filmer's Patriarchæ*. The latter an Eſſay concerning the true Original, Extent, and End of Civil Government, 8°.

Notitia Monaſtica, or a ſhort Hiſtory of the Religious Houſes in *England* and *Wales*, &c. By *Thomas Tanner*, A. B. 8°. The

The Reſurrection of the (ſame) Body aſſerted from the Traditions of the Heathens, the Ancient Jews, and the Primitive Church: With an Anſwer to the Objections brought againſt it. By *Humphry Hody*, D. D.

Biſhop *Wilkins* of Prayer and Preaching; Enlarged by the Biſhop of *Norwich*, and Dr. *Williams*, &c.

Conſiderations about lowering the Intereſt, and raiſing the Value of Money, 8o.

Short Obſervations on a Printed Paper, intituled, *For encouraging the Coining Silver Money in* England, *and after for keeping it here.* 8o.

Sir *William Temple*'s Hiſtory of the *Netherlands*, 8o.

------ *Miſcellanea*, 8o.

Dr. *Gibſon*'s Anatomy of Humane Bodies, with Figures, 8o.

Dr. *Patrick*'s new Verſion of all the Pſalms of *David* in Metre, 12o.

Two Treatiſes of Rational Religion, 8o.

Gentleman's Religion, with the Grounds and Reaſons of it. In which the Truth of Chriſtianity in general is vindicated; its Simplicity aſſerted; and ſome Introductory Rules for the diſcovering of its particular Doctrines and Precepts, are propoſed. By a private Gentleman.

The Novels and Tales of the renowned *John Boccacio*, the firſt Refiner of *Italian* Proſe; containing an hundred Curious Novels: By ſeven honorable Ladies, and three Noble Gentlemen, Framed in ten Days. The Fifth Edition much Corrected and Amended.

Logica: ſive, Ars Ratiocinandi. Ontologia; ſive de Ente in Genere. Pneumatologia, ſeu Deſpiritibus. Auctore Joanne Clerico. 12o.

The Hiſtory of *Scotland*. Written in Latin by *George Buchanan*. Faithfully rendered into Engliſh. Fol.

The Lives of the Popes, from the time of our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, to the Reign of *Sixtus* IV. Written Originally in Latin by *Baptiſta Platina*, Native of *Cremona*, and Tranſlated into *Engliſh*. And the ſame Hiſtory continued from the year 1471. to this preſent time; wherein the moſt remarkable Paſſages of Chriſtendom, both in Church and State, are treated of and deſcribed. By Sir *Paul Rycaut*, Kt. The Second Edition Corrected.

The Meditations of *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*, the *Roman* Emperor, concerning himſelf. Treating of a Natural Man's Happineſs; wherein it conſiſteth, and of the means to attain unto it. Tranſlated out of the Original Greek, with Notes; by *Meric Caſaubon*, D. D. The Fifth Edition. To which is added, The Life of *Antoninus*, with ſome Remarks upon the whole. By Monſieur and Madam *Dacier*. Never before in Engliſh. 8o.

Sermons Preached by Dr *Robert Leighton*, late Archbiſhop of *Glaſgow*. Publiſhed at the deſire of his Friends after his Death, from his Papers written with his own hand. The Second Edition. 8o.

The *Roman* Hiſtory written in Latin by *Titus Livius*, with the Supplements of the Learned *John Freinſhemius*, and *John Dujatius*. From the Foundation of *Rome* to the middle of the Reign of *Auguſtus*. Faithfully done into Engliſh. Fol.

Anicius Manlius Severinus Boetius, of the Conſolation of Philoſophy. In five Books. Made Engliſh by the Right Honorable *Richard* Lord Viſcount *Preſton*. 8o.

In the Preſs.

Leland de Viris illuſtribus, and *Boſton* of *Bury*, from the MSS. with large Improvements; and a Continuation. By Mr. *Tanner*.

Sir *Richard Baker*'s Chronicle of the Kings of *England*, continued down to this time.

Cambridge Concordance, Fol.

Prince Arthur.

BOOK I.

I Sing the *Briton*, and his Righteous Arms,
Who bred to Suff'rings, and the rude Alarms
Of bloody War, forſook his Native Soil,
And long ſuſtain'd a vaſt Heroick Toil,
Till kinder Fate invited his Return,
To bleſs the Iſle, that did his Abſence mourn:
To re-enthrone fair Liberty, and break
The Saxon Yoke, that gall'd *Britannia*'s Neck.

Tell, ſacred Muſe, what made th' Infernal King
Uſe all his Arts, and all his Forces bring
The gen'rous *Briton*'s Triumphs to oppoſe,
Afflict his Friends, and aid his cruel Foes.
Tell, why the angry Pow'rs below, combine
T' oppreſs a valiant Prince, and thwart his brave Deſign.

Ambitious *Lucifer*, depos'd of late
From Bliſs Divine, and high Angelick State,
Sinks to the dark, unbottom'd Deep of Hell,
Where Sin, and Death, and endleſs Sorrow dwell:
Here plung'd in Flame, and tortur'd with Deſpair
He plots Revenge, and meditates new War.
His Thoughts on deep Deſigns th' Apoſtate ſpent,
When this Conjuncture favour'd his Intent.
A ſpacious, dusky Plain lay waſt and void,
Where yet Creating Power was ne'er imploy'd

To faſhion Elements, or ſtrike out Light;
The ſilent, loneſome Walks of ancient Night.
In th' Archives kept in Heav'n's bright Towers, was found,
A ſacred old Decree, wherein the Ground
Was ſet diſtinctly out, from Ages paſt,
For a new World, on this unbounded Waſt.
Here did th' Artificer Divine of late,
The World ſo long before markt out, create.
And gave it to the Man he newly made,
Where all things him, as he did Heav'n, obey'd.
In *Eden's* Walks he made his bleſt Abode,
All full of Joy, of Glory, full of *God*.
Nature with vaſt Profuſion on him pours,
Unmeaſur'd Bliſs, from unexhauſted Stores.

Th' Apoſtate raging at his own Defeat,
And envying this new Prince his happy Seat;
Labours to win him to his Side, to bear
Arms againſt Heav'n, and wage Confed'rate War.
Nor did his Arts in vain weak Man aſſail,
His falſe Seraphick Tongue, and Charms prevail.
Deluded Man from his high Station fell
Deſerting Heav'n, to ſerve the Cauſe of Hell.
This fatal Conqueſt o'er fall'n *Adam* gain'd,
A mighty Empire *Lucifer* maintain'd;
Till the bleſt Prince of Peace, Heav'n's Lord and Heir,
By Pity's Tears, and charming Mercy's Prayer
Drawn down from Heav'n, freed loſt Mankind, and broke
The Pow'r of Hell, and Sin's Tyrannick Yoke.
He makes Proud *Lucifer* his Hoſt diſband,
And wreſts the Scepter from th' Uſurper's Hand.
The Prince of Darkneſs owns the Conquerour,
And yields his Empire to a mightier Pow'r.

From

From Idols and their Prieſts the Nations freed,
Celeſtial Light, and Truth divine ſucceed.
Religion large Dominions ſoon obtain'd,
And daily Conqueſts, and freſh Laurels gain'd.
To *Albion*'s Shore ſhe early paſs'd the Main,
And brought along her bright Etherial Train:
From thence ſhe chas'd Infernal Shades away,
And o'er the Iſle, diffus'd a Heav'nly Day.
The Prince of Hell at her Appearance flies,
Spoil'd of his Altars, and his Votaries.
Confin'd to Barb'rous Northern Lands he ſtaid,
Till the fierce Saxon, *Albion* did invade.
Victorious *Octa* who his Shrines ador'd,
Rebuilt his Altars, and his Groves reſtor'd.
Long abdicated Gods make *Albion* mourn,
At theirs, and their devouring Prieſts Return.
Th' Arch-Traytor's Rage hence againſt *Arthur* roſe,
And all th' infernal Pow'rs his Arms oppoſe:
Conſcious ſhould he his glorious End acquire,
And force th' intruding Pagan to retire,
Theirs, with the Saxon Empire muſt expire.
They muſt again forſake fair *Albion*'s Land,
And leave Divine Religion to Command.

Scarce had they left the happy Neuſtrian Coaſt,
Born with a Proſperous Gale, ſcarce had they loſt
The Tops of Spires, and riſing Points of Land,
When *Lucifer*, that did obſerving ſtand
On the high Southern Promontory's Head,
Of *Vecta's* Iſle, the Seas beneath him ſpread;
With ſharp Angelick Ken, views far and wide,
And ſoon Prince *Arthur*'s hateful Fleet deſcry'd.
The Heav'ns ſerenely ſmil'd, and every Sail
Fill'd its wide Boſom, with th' indulgent Gale.

Mercy, Deliverance, Pity, Hope diſplaid
Their Silver Wings, and glad attendance paid,
Sung on the Shrowds, or with the Streamers plaid.
Rage flaſh'd, like Lightning, from th' Apoſtate's Eyes,
And Envy ſwell'd him to the vaſteſt Size.
Then thus he to himſelf.
Was not to me in the fam'd Wars of Heav'n,
The chief Command of all the Forces giv'n,
Sent by Confederate Potentates to wage
Unheard of War, and all Heav'n's Pow'r engage?
When I, to end with Honour the Campaign,
Drew my bright Troops out on the Etherial Plain;
And puſh'd on that great, laſt deciſive Day,
With God-like Vigour, for th' Imperial Sway.
In Luſture chief, in Danger and Command,
Did I proud *Michael's* Veteran Troops withſtand.
Michael, than whom a Braver Combitant,
For Skill and Strength the Foe could never vaunt.
'Gainſt freſh Battalions ſtill pour'd on I ſtood,
Smeer'd with Celeſtial Duſt, and Seraphs Blood.
Had not our Mould been *Æther*, Pure and Fine,
Labour'd with Care, anneel'd with Skill divine;
The Blows of mighty Cherubs Death had cloy'd,
Unpeopl'd Heav'n, and the bright Race deſtroy'd.
With *Michael* pain'd with ghaſtly Wounds, at length
I clos'd, and graſp'd him with Immortal Strength;
And down Heav'n's Precipice, had headlong hurl'd
The great Arch-Angel, to th' Infernal World,
Had not ſwift *Uriel* trembling at the Sight,
That fill'd all Heav'n, with Horrour and dire Fright,
Ruſh'd in, to ſave him from unequal Fight.
Their ſtagg'ring Army ſhrunk, and we had won
The Throne we fought for, But th' Almighty's Son

Brought ſtrong Recruits, to reinforce their Hoſt,
And win back what their general *Michael* loſt.
Tho' overmatcht, did I not firmly ſtand,
The chiefeſt Mark of his Revenging Hand?
Did I from Poſts of greateſt Danger run,
Or once his bright Triumphal Chariot ſhun?
Did I once ſhrink, when ſhowers of poiſon'd Darts,
Dipt in Eternal Wrath, ſhot thro' our Hearts?
When maſſy Rocks of Heav'nly Cryſtal flew,
Which the ſtrong Arms of mighty Seraphs threw?
Did I not run and timely Help afford,
Where Storms of Fire, and loudeſt Thunder roar'd?
'Tis true, o'er-born with Force, at laſt I fell,
But got immortal Fame, tho' with it Hell.
Scarce was I vanquiſh'd and o'erthrown but late
By Power Almighty, and Eternal Fate.
Since that chief Lord, and Prince of Hell I've reign'd
And from the Foe, his new-made World have gain'd
And long maintain'd the Conqueſts I had won;
Now much loſt back to his Almighty Son.
But faithful *Oeta* has once more reſtor'd
This happy Iſle to me its ancient Lord.
Have I been thus for great Atchievements fam'd,
My Deeds throughout all Heav'n and Hell proclaim'd;
And ſhall this Britiſh, deſpicable Wight,
Me and my Prieſts, force to a ſecond Flight?
Rifle my Temples, and in Triumph bear,
Thro' ſhouting Throngs, the Spoils high in the Air?
Who then to me will Hymns of Praiſe return,
Who on my Altars Odorous Incenſe burn?
If I chaſtiſe not this vain *Briton*'s Pride,
That does inſulting on the Ocean ride.
If I ſecure not my new conquer'd Seat,
And all his wild, ambitious Arms defeat.

This having ſaid, to Heav'n he mounts upright,
And to the Northern Pole directs his Flight.
All fir'd with Rage, and full of anxious Care,
With his ſwift Wings, he cuts the yielding Air.
As when the Sun pours from his Orb of Light,
A glorious Deluge, on the Face of Night.
His golden Rays ſhot from the Roſy Eaſt,
Reach in a Moment, the remoteſt VVeſt,
And ſmiling on the Mountains Heads are ſeen,
Th' immenſe Expanſion paſt, that lies between.
The Prince of Darkneſs now, once Prince of Light,
With equall Swiftneſs takes his Airy Flight,
And the vaſt interval of Seas, and Iſles,
Wild Deſarts, ſpacious Forreſts, ſnowy Hills,
Paſt in a Moment, does on *Fiœl* Light;
Of *Lapland Alpes*, chief for amazing Height.
Where *Thor* reſides, who heretofore by Lot
The Sovereign Rule o'er Winds and Tempeſts got.
Here in ſtrong Priſons bound with heavy Chains,
His howling, ſavage Subjects he reſtrains,
And in Eternal Din, and Uproar reigns.
In cloſe Apartments round his Deſart Court,
Fierce Priſ'ners are confin'd of different ſort.
Here boundleſs Stores, and Treaſures Infinite
Of Vapours, Steams, and Exhalations, fit
T' engender Winds, or Snow, or Hail, or Rain,
In Subterranean Magazins remain.
Here new fledg'd Winds, young yelping Monſters try
Their Wings, and ſporting round their Priſons fly.
Here whiſtling Eaſt-winds prove their ſhriller Notes:
Here the hoarſe South-winds, ſtrain their hollow Throats.
Boreas the fierceſt and moſt turbulent,
Of the mad Race, raves in his Dungeon pent.

At th' Adamantine Door vaſt Hills are thrown,
And abrupt Rocks of Ice, pil'd ſevenfold on.
Capricious Whirlwinds, of more Force than Sound,
In everlaſting Eddys turning round,
Grow Giddy, Furious and Extravagant,
And ſtrive to break from their cloſe Den's reſtraint.
When *Thor* unlocks their Priſons, out they fly,
A lawleſs Rout, and with their Helliſh Cry
Out-howl the hideous Monſters of the Seas,
Or ſavage Roarings of the Wilderneſs.
Some range the Flats, and ſcour the Champain Land,
Or roll in tott'ring heaps the Deſart Sand.
Some to the lofty Woods direct their Courſe,
And with an uncontroul'd, impetuous Force
O'erturn oppoſing Structures in their haſt,
Tear up tall Pines, and lay the Foreſt waſt.
Some to the Ocean with like Speed reſort,
And in loud Tempeſts on the Billows ſport.
Embroil the Coaſts, and in wild Outrages
Turn up to Heav'n, the Bottom of the Seas.
But huſht at *Thor*'s Command they all obey,
And to their ancient Priſons haſte away.

To him, thus *Lucifer:* Great Prince, on thee
Fate has beſtow'd the Empire of the Sea,
All there concern'd, invoke thy Deity.
The Merchants pray to thee to fill their Sails,
Enrich thy Prieſts, and purchaſe proſperous Gales.
I too thy Suppliant, ask thy powerful Aid,
A haughty Prince, deſigning to invade
My faithful Subject *Octa*, and beguile
Me of my Hopes of fair *Britannia*'s Iſle;
Sails with a numerous Fleet, with Men and Arms,
And *Octa* trembles at his proud Alarms.

Let

Let him in furious Hurricanes be toſt,
Be ſunk, or wreckt, or on the Ocean loſt,
Beat him at leaſt, from his intended Coaſt.
Make him thy Vengeance feel, thy Power regard,
And be what e'er thou askeſt, thy Reward.

Great Prince, then *Thor* reply'd,
Who rul'ſt the Realms of Hell with Soveraign Sway,
Whom all th' Infernal Thrones, and Pow'rs obey,
I own Obedience to thy high Command,
Who putt'ſt this Scepter firſt into my Hand.
Thou led'ſt in Heav'n our bright Battalions on,
And bravely didſt attempt th' Almighty's Throne;
I ſaw thy mighty Deeds, and kept my Poſt
Cloſe by thee, till that Glorious Day was loſt.
Thy faded Splendor, and illuſtrious Scars,
From ghaſtly Wounds, receiv'd in thoſe juſt Wars,
I view with Reverence, 'tis true ſubdu'd
Headlong we fell from Heav'n's high Tow'rs, purſu'd
With Whirlwinds, and loud Thunder, down to Hell,
And Storms of Fire beat on us as we fell.
Yet after that, thou ledſt us to invade
This Globous World, which we our Conqueſt made.
And my Election Patroniz'd by thee,
This great Command and Province fell to me.

That ſaid, by him their heavy Gates unbarr'd,
Which loud on mighty Iron Hinges jarr'd,
Out-ratling *Eurus*, and loud *Boreas* fly,
And with Outrageous Tempeſts fill the Sky.
They bend their Courſe ſtrait to the Britiſh Coaſt,
And on thoſe Seas lay out their Anger moſt.
Their furious Wings the ſwelling Surges beat,
And rouze old Ocean from his peaceful Seat.

The

The raging Seas in high ridg'd Mountains riſe,
And caſt their angry Foam againſt the Skies.
Then gape ſo deep, that Day Light Hell invades,
And ſhoots grey Dawning thro' th' affrighted Shades.
Low bellying Clouds ſoon intercept the Light,
And o'er the *Britons* ſpread a Noon Day Night.
Exploded Thunder tears th' Embowel'd Sky,
And Sulphurous Flames a diſmal Day ſupply.
The Dire Convulſions, for a certain Space
Diſtorted *Nature*, wreſting from it's Place
This *Globe*, ſet to the Sun's more oblique View,
And wrench'd the *Poles* ſome Leagues yet more askew.
Horrour, Confuſion, Uproar, Strife and Fear
In all their wild amazing Shapes appear.
Mean time old *Chaos* joyful at the Sight,
Look'd and ſmil'd horrible on older *Night*,
Hoping that *Nature*, their grand Foe would crack
With univerſal Ruin, and her Wreck
Would give them all their loſt Dominions back.
The Sailor's Clamour, and enormous Cries,
The Crack of Maſts, mixt with th' outrageous Noiſe
Of Storms and Thunder, rending all the Air,
Form the laſt Scene of Horror and Diſpair.

When the Juſt *Arthur* fill'd with Grief and Dread,
And Pale Confuſion deeply ſigh'd, and ſaid,
O righteous Heav'n, why haſt thou rang'd this Day
Againſt me all thy Terrors in Array!
Arm'd in thy Cauſe thy Temples to reſtore,
And give that Aid thy ſacred Prieſts implore.
If thou ſuch fierce Deſtruction doſt diſpence,
To puniſh ſome unpardon'd old Offence,
On me let all thy fiery Darts be ſpent,
Let not my Crime involve the innocent.

Whelm o'er my guilty Head theſe raging Seas,
And let this Sacrifice thy Wrath appeaſe,
But let the *Britiſh* Youth return in Peace.
That ſaid, his Ship unmaſted, without Guide,
Driv'n by the Winds and Seas impetuous Tyde,
The Sight of all the ſcatter'd Navy loſt,
Strikes on the Quickſand of an unknown Coaſt.

Mean time bright *Uriel*, Heav'n's high Favourite,
Left the celeſtial Palaces of Light,
Sent by ſupream Command, and down he flies,
Let by a Golden Sun-beam thro' the Skies.
Meekneſs divine, ſerene and Heav'nly Grace,
And freſh immortal Youth ſhone on his Face.
God-like his Form, his Looks ſo charming mild
That where ſhe came all raviſh'd Nature ſmil'd.
He ſtrait alights on lofty *Gobeum's* Head,
Which wonder'd at the Heav'n about it ſhed,
From the bright *Cherubim*, who touch'd his Lyre,
Fam'd for its Sweetneſs in the Heav'nly Quire.
Th' enchanted Winds ſtraightway their Fury laid,
Grew wondrous ſtill, and ſtrict Attention paid.
Aerial Demons that by Twilight ſtray,
Sport in loud Thunder, and in Tempeſts play,
Spread their brown Wings, and fly in Clouds away.
The Day returns, the Heav'ns no longer ſcowl,
And fierce Sea-Monſters charm'd forget to howl.
The Winds retreat, and leave the peaceful Waves;
To reſt their Wings, and ſleep in *Lapland* Caves.
Soft *Zephirs* only ſtay to fan the Woods,
And play in gentle Gales along the Floods.
The Ocean ſmiles to ſee the Tempeſt fled,
New lays his Waves, and ſmooths his ruffled Bed.

All

All things thus huſht, great *Arthur* gave Command,
To quit their Ship, ſtuck in the barren Sand,
And in their Boats to make the neighb'ring Land.
They ſpy a Creek not far a peaceful Seat,
Where flying Waves by furious Tempeſts beat,
Find from the fierce Purſuit a ſafe Retreat.
Free from th' outrageous Clamours of the Deep,
They reſt ſecure, and unmoleſted ſleep.
Stretcht ſmooth beneath the ſhady Trees and Rocks,
That guard them from the Winds impetuous Shocks.
Here ſmaller Veſſels may ſecurely ride
And all th' Aſſaults of angry Storms deride.
Here they arriv'd, and Heav'n they firſt ador'd,
Which gave the Aid, their earneſt Cries implor'd.
Which ſav'd them from the Winds, Waves, Rocks, and Storms,
Deaths of ſo many, and ſuch hideous Forms.
Then for their parted Friends, with humble Prayer,
They ask Heav'n's Pity, and indulgent Care.
Now *Arthur* from the Rock, views far and wide
The Seas beneath, if thence might be deſcry'd
The Friends he lately loſt, but views in vain,
No Friend appears on all the Deſart Main.

Return'd he thus began:
Too dark th' Eternal's ways are, too profound,
For the moſt ſharp created Wit to ſound.
Clouds black, as thoſe that riſe the ſacred Fence
Of his high Throne, ſurround his Providence.
Whoſe walks are trackleſs, and on ev'ry Hand
About her Paths, ſhades and thick Darkneſs ſtand.
Her ways are ſo perplext, ſo wide her ſteps,
Such turns and windings, and ſuch frightful leaps;

Such Gulphs, and interpoſing Rocks appear,
There ſuch Aſcents, ſuch dreadful Downfalls here,
That Reaſon ſtrait affrighted ſtops her Pace,
Is ſoon thrown off, and quits th' unequal Chaſe.
Th' Almighty's Councils are ſo high and ſteep,
Immenſe, unbounded, without Bottom deep;
Angels amaz'd from their high Thrones of Bliſs,
Trembling look down on this profound Abyſs.
Sometimes he ſeems to thwart his own Intent,
Stop and defeat his long deſign'd event;
Yet which way e're he ſteers, his end's attain'd,
By uncouth means, with greater Wonder gain'd.
Sometimes his high Permiſſion, leaves oppreſt
The Men moſt like him, and that ſerve him beſt:
But ſtill their Sufferings and ſeverer Fate,
Prepare them for ſome glorious, future ſtate.
Invited by ſad *Britain*'s Prayers, and Tears,
To ſave her State; and eaſe her deadly Fears,
We arm'd, depos'd Religion to enthrone,
T' enlarge the Chriſtian Empire, not our own.
We arm'd thus, to reſtore in Hell's Deſpight,
To Heav'n it's Worſhip, and to Men their Right.
Reſume your Courage then, it can't be true,
That Heav'n's Revenge, ſhould Heav'n's own Cauſe purſue.
Theſe Evils are not in Diſpleaſure meant,
Heav'n is too Juſt, and you too Innocent.
Succeſs and Triumph will our Arms attend,
And theſe rough Ways lead to a glorious End.
With Pleaſure we hereafter ſhall relate
Theſe ſufferings, that will greater Joys create.

He ſaid, and all his anxious Cares ſuppreſt,
And kept conceal'd his trouble in his Breaſt.

With

With looks compos'd, 'twixt Pleaſure and Deſpair,
Grave but ſerene, he bids them all repair
Their ſtrength, exhauſted with much toil and care.
Of Meats and Fruits part of their Naval Store,
Which with them from their Ship they brought aſhore:
Their weary Limbs repos'd, beneath the ſhade
Of well ſpread Trees, a grateful Meal they made.
Rich Wine of *Burgundy*, and choice Champaign,
Relieve the Toil, they ſuffer'd on the Main.

But what more chear'd them than their Meats and Wine,
Was wiſe Inſtruction, and Diſcourſe Divine,
From God-like *Arthur*'s Mouth, by Heav'n inſpir'd;
Which all their Breaſts with ſacred Paſſions fir'd.
Great were his Thoughts, ſtrong and ſublime his Senſe
Of Heav'n's Decrees, Foreknowledge, Providence.
He reaſon'd deep of Heav'n's myſterious Ends,
And made ſtern Juſtice, and fair Mercy Friends.
How high he ſoar'd, how noble was his Flight,
Speaking of Truth divine, and Wiſdom infinite!
He opens all the Magazins above,
Of boundleſs Goodneſs and Eternal Love,
From theſe rich Stores of Heav'n, theſe ſacred Springs
Of everlaſting Joy and Peace, he brings
Ambroſial Food, and rich Nectarean Wine,
Which chear pure Souls, and nouriſh Life Divine.
He then compar'd this tranſient, mortal ſtate,
To the fierce Tempeſt they eſcap'd ſo late,
Which here is every great and good Man's Fate.
If God-like Men for Heav'n embark, and ſtand
Their Courſe direct, to make the bliſsful Land;
Strait Hell the bloody ſignal gives to Arm;
Cain's cruel Offspring takes the dire Alarm;

And

And potent Fiends by Sea their Forces joyn,
T' obſtruct their way, and break their brave deſign.
All with conſummate Malice, furious Rage,
Againſt th' adventurous Voyagers engage.
Through all the Sky they raiſe outrageous Storms,
And Death ſtands threat'ning in a thouſand Forms.
Clouds charg'd with loud Deſtruction drown the day,
And airy Dæmons in wild Whirlwinds play.
Thick Thunderclaps, and Lightning's livid glare
Diſturb the Sky, and trouble all the Air.
Outrage, Diſtraction, Clamour, Tumult Reign
Through the Dominions of th' unquiet Main.
The labouring Bark with Heav'nly Treaſure fraught
Now almoſt ſunk, now up in Tempeſts caught,
Near Sands and Rocks, rides on the dark Abyſs,
Long beaten off from the bright Coaſts of Bliſs.
At laſt Calm Day ſucceeds this ſtormy Night,
And the glad Voyagers find in their ſight,
The Realms of Peace, and the bleſt Shores of Light.
Here they arrive, and find a ſafe Retreat,
And all their Pain, and Labours paſt forget.

There was a Cave hard by, which Nature made
In the hard Rock, and cover'd with the ſhade,
Of ſpreading Trees, that Day could not invade.
Hither the pious Britiſh Prince retires,
To offer Praiſes up, and pure Deſires.
Here rapt'rous Converſe he with Heav'n maintains,
And aided by *Devotion's* pureſt ſtrains,
Combates Almighty Power, and Conqueſt gains.
Devotion, that oft binds th' Almighty's Arms,
And with her Prayers and Tears, her powerful charms,
Of all its Thunder, his right hand diſarms.

She paſſes quick Heav'ns lofty Cryſtal Walls,
And the high Gates fly open, when ſhe calls.
The lovely Goddeſs of Divine Addreſs,
Has to th' Almighty's Preſence free Acceſs.
Her Pow'r can ſentenc'd Criminals reprieve,
Judgment Arreſt, and bid the Rebel live.
Her Voice did once the Sun's ſwift Chariot ſtay,
And on the Verge of Heav'n, held back the falling Day.
She makes contentious Winds forget their Strife,
And calls back to the Dead, departed Life,
Charm'd by her Voice, Rivers have ſtop'd their Courſe,
And the chill'd Fire laid down its burning Force.
Such is *Devotion*'s Power, which *Arthur* knew,
And when diſtreſs'd ſtill to this Refuge flew.
Much to his Conduct he, much to his Arms,
But more he truſted to *Devotion's* Charms.
Of Triumph and Succeſs he rarely fail'd,
For thoſe on Earth, and theſe in Heav'n prevail'd.

Now in the ſilent, ſhady Cave retir'd,
He with her ſacred Fury lay inſpir'd.
The Prince being thus entranc'd, a Heav'nly Light
Shoots ſmiling through the Wood with ſilent flight.
The Trees admire the Glory on them ſhed,
And ſeem'd to ſtart, and humbly bow their Head;
When freſh arriv'd on Earth, with Heav'n's Commands,
Great *Raphael's* glorious Form by *Arthur* ſtands.
Celeſtial Sweetneſs, Mild and Godlike Grace
Ineffable, ſate on his blooming Face.
His Cheeks ſuch Beauty ſhew'd, ſuch Light and Joy his Eyes,
As from full Bliſs, freſh Youth, and Strength immortal riſe.
The pureſt piece of Heav'n's Etherial Blue,
In a rich Mantle, from his Shoulders flew.

Celeſtial Linnen, finely Spun and Wove
On Looms divine, by all the Skill above,
Bleach'd on th' Empyreal Plains till white as Snow,
Made the long Robe which to his Feet did flow.
Immortal Gold, Illuſtrious as the Morn,
And dazling Gemms by high Arch Angels worn,
With pond'rous Pearl from Heav'n's bright Eaſtern Shore,
Adorn the ſhining Garments that he wore.
A Purple Girdle, from the Morning Sky
New rent, does round his ſtarry Veſture tye.
Thus he appear'd, and with the Light he gave,
And unknown fragrancy, fill'd all the Cave.

Then thus he ſpake, Hail mine and Heav'n's kind Care,
Hither I come, drawn by thy powerful Prayer.
Know Righteous Prince, th' Almighty does approve,
Your firm Adheſion, and unſhaken Love.
Ends Great and Wiſe lodg'd in his ſecret Breaſt,
Obſtruct your Wiſhes, and your Courſe moleſt.
Yet ſtill purſue your great and juſt intent,
No Force or Arts ſhall your Deſign prevent,
Propitious Heav'n Decrees your wiſh'd Event.
You on theſe Coaſts for happy Ends are thrown,
And after this, expect the Britiſh Crown.
Your Friends and Navy on the Ocean loſt,
Are All arriv'd ſafe on th' *Armoric* Coaſt:
By the impetuous Tempeſt beaten back,
But Men and Ships ſav'd from the threatn'd Wreck.
You're caſt on *Hoel's* Lands amidſt your Foes,
Who hate your Cauſe, and your juſt Arms Oppoſe.
But fear not *Hoel's* Power, though now your Foe,
By Hell incens'd, he will not long be ſo.
Go then directly to his Court, for there,
A Glorious Work demands your pious Care.

That

That ſaid, with outſtrecht Wings he ſoars upright,
And through the Winds vaſt Empire takes his flight.
He cuts the Clouds, and by the Planets flies
Up the ſteep Cryſtal Mountains of the Skies.

And ſwiftly paſſing through the Starry Sphears,
Before the Throne he in his Place appears:
The Cherub's gone, and with him *Arthur*'s fears.
Who to his Lords returns, and to their Heart,
Courage and Joy, his Words and Looks impart.
His God-like Language does their Fears abate,
And with freſh hopes their troubled Breaſts dilate.

Mean time th' Infernal Thrones and Powers reſort,
At their great Monarch's Summons to his Court.
There they in Council meet, and there debate
Important matters, high Deſigns of State.
Their Prince with Pride extended, mounts his Throne,
Of poliſh'd Gold, whence horrid ſplendor ſhone:
And mingled with the Shades tremendous Light,
More dreadfull thus, as Fires which flame by Night.
In ſad Magnificence, and diſmal State,
He ſits, and round th' Infernal Orders ſate.
Then *Lucifer* began:
Immortal Potentates, Illuſtrious Lords,
The *Britiſh* Youth's ambitious Aim affords,
A weighty Subject for your high debate;
Who ſeeks the Ruin of your Pow'r and State.
You all have heard how with a mighty Force
Embark'd, he ſtraight for *Albion* ſteer'd his Courſe,
King *Octa* to attack, our Votary,
And make our Prieſts from our new Altars fly.
I watch'd, and aided by the Power of *Thor*,
I ſhew'd the Miſcreant another Shore.

His Fleet beat back, and haughty purpoſe croſt,
He wanders, Shipwreckt on th' *Armorick* Coaſt,
Where faithful *Hoel* does the Scepter hold,
Mighty in Arms, and in our Service bold.
Spirits *Divine*, high Peers of Hell ſuggeſt,
By what ſure Plagues he may be more diſtreſt,
His Ruin finiſh'd, and his Sect oppreſt.

That ſaid, a *Fury* crawl'd from out her Cell,
The bloodieſt Miniſter of Death and Hell.
A moſtrous Shape, a foul and hideous ſight,
Which did all Hell with her dire Looks affright.
Huge, full gorg'd Snakes on her lean Shoulders hung,
And Death's dark Courts with their loud hiſſing rung.
Her Teeth and Claws were Iron and her Breath,
Like Subterranean Damps, gave preſent Death.
Flames worſe than Hells, ſhot from her bloody Eyes.
And Fire and Sword Eternally ſhe cries.
No certain Shape, no Feature regular,
No Limbs diſtinct in th' odious Fiend appear.
Her ſquallid, bloated Belly did ariſe,
Swoln with black Gore to a prodigious Size:
Diſtended vaſtly, by a mighty Flood
Of ſlaughter'd Saints, and conſtant *Martyr*'s Blood.
Part ſtood out prominent, but part fell down,
And in a ſwagging heap, lay wallowing on the Ground.
A Monſter ſo deform'd, ſo fierce as this,
It Self a Hell, ne'er ſaw the dark Abyſs.
Horrour till now the uglieſt Shape eſteem'd,
So much out-done, a harmleſs Figure ſeem'd.
Envy and *Hate*, and *Malice* bluſh'd too ſee,
Themſelves Eclips'd by ſuch Deformity.
Her Feav'riſh Thirſt drinks down a Sea of Blood,
Not of the impious, but the *Juſt* and *Good*.

'Gainſt

'Gainſt whom ſhe burns with unextinguiſh'd Rage,
Nor can th' exhauſted World her Wrath aſſwage.

Then thus the Fury *Perſecution* ſpake:
I mighty Prince of Hell, will undertake
This glorious Work, I quickly will inſpire
Hoel, with my ungovernable Fire.
Without remorſe he ſhall my Will Obey,
And cruſh this *Briton*, now his eaſy Prey.
Nero by me rais'd his illuſtrious Name,
And *Diocleſian* got Immortal Fame.
I their rude, inbred Cruelty refin'd,
And ſtampt my perfect Image on their Mind.
My flames all Love's courſe mixture did deſtroy,
And purg'd off ſoft Compaſſion's baſe alloy;
I form'd and diſſiplin'd their untaught Hate,
And rais'd their fierceneſs to a perfect State:
Where ſhame, and all reflecting Senſe is loſt,
And Hell can't purer ſtrains of Malice boaſt.
Inexorable they all Cries withſtood,
Raviſh'd with Slaughter, and regal'd with Blood.
Hard marble Rocks might with more eaſe relent,
And Fire and Plague learn ſooner to repent.
Then *Chriſtian Kings* my Fury entertain'd,
And taught by me, in Blood and Slaughter reign'd.
With pious Rage and fierce deſtructive Zeal,
I firſt inſpir'd their Minds, and did reveal
The myſtery, how deep Revenge to take,
And ſlay the Servants for the Maſters ſake.
How bloody Wrath might with Devotion joyn,
And ſacred Zeal with Cruelty combine.
By me the unknown way they underſtood,
T' attone the *Chriſtian's God* with *Chriſtian Blood*.

By me they ſhook off Fear's and Love's Reſtraints;
And on God's Altars burnt his ſlaughter'd Saints.
I made them call, that all Remorſe might ceaſe,
Murder Compaſſion, Deſolation Peace.
Whilſt my infernal Heats their Breaſts inſpir'd,
To the vile Sect their own mad Zeal acquir'd,
Wider Deſtruction, and more fatal Harms,
Then all your *Scythian*, or your *Gothick* Arms:
And *Rome*, proud *Rome* her ſelf muſt owe to me
Her preſent State, and future Dignity.
The greateſt *Genius* this, I e'er could find,
And to receive my Image beſt inclin'd.
I will her Mind inſpire, and to her Heart
Immortal hate, to *Abel's* Race impart.
Theſe Breaſts ſhe empties with her Infant Jaws,
I file her Teeth, and ſhape her tender Claws.
I Nurſe her on the horrid *Alps* high Tops,
And feed her hunger with *Cerberean* Sops
Dipt in *Tartarean* Gall, and Hemlock Juice,
That in her Veins will noble Blood produce.
Fierce Tygers, Dragons, Wolves about her ſtay,
They grin, and ſnap, and bite, and ſnarling play.
I to her Jaws, throw Infants newly Born;
She ſucks their Blood, and by her Teeth are torn
Their tender Limbs, while I rejoyce to ſee
Such noble Proofs of growing Cruelty.
To her wide Breaſt, and vaſt capacious Soul,
I often Torrents of black Poiſon rowl:
She drinks the livid Flood, and thro her Veins
Mad Fury runs, and wild Diſtraction reigns.
I'll lead her from the Rocks, her Strength full grown,
Fix her high Seat in the imperial Town,
And give her Scarlet, and a threefold Crown.

No Blood will then her mighty Thirſt aſſwage,
No Ravage cloy her *Antichriſtian* Rage.
Her mitred Sons that never can relent,
From the great *Cain* ſhall prove their high Deſcent.
Their Deeds of ſtrange infernal Cruelty,
Shall ſhew their Race worthy of Him and me.
Lay-Bigots, I with Time and Labour wrought,
Some inward Grudgings ſtill againſt me fought:
'Twas hard to raiſe their hate to a degree,
From ſtruggling Nature, and all Pity free.
But theſe Church-Zealots, of a truer Breed,
Are form'd with Eaſe, and ſcarce my Labour need.
Their forward Genius without teaching grows,
And all my hopes, and ev'n my Wiſh out-does.
How often ſhall thy Glorious Sons, O *Rome*,
With *Martyrs* Flames inlighten *Chriſtendom*?
How often ſhall they, to deride their God,
Lift up in Prayer, their Hands all full of Blood?
The waſted World ſhall feel their loud Alarms,
Their bleſt Maſſacres, and their hallowed Arms.
As if their high intent were to Efface,
All Foot-ſteps left of *Abel*'s hateful Race.
Bloody Tribunals, Rapine, Fire and Sword,
And Deſolation, daily Sport afford.
Mankind they ſhall with ſuch dire Plagues attack,
As will their Church a holy Deſart make.
Such is my Zeal to ſerve th' Infernal State,
And ſhall this *Britiſh* Prince eſcape my Hate?
Forbid it *Hell*, and here ſhe made a pauſe;
The Lords in Council gave a loud Applauſe.
The Prince of Darkneſs leaping from his Place,
Did in his Arms, his darling Fiend embrace:
Her Anger then roſe higher, and all Hell
Uneaſie ſeem'd, ſhe grew ſo terrible.

She ſtrait contracts her vaſt dilated Size,
And thro' Hell's dusky Void, ſhe upward flies.
As when rich Towns, great Coſt and Art employ
In Fire-works, to expreſs their publick Joy,
For ſome great Vict'ry won by Land or Sea,
Or on ſome Prince's Coronation Day.
The flaming *Rockets* hizzing fly by Night,
And fill the Sky with unknown Noiſe and Light.
The *Sphears* amaz'd ſtand, or move ſlowly on,
And wonder how the day returns ſo ſoon,
And what new Stars riſe brighter than their own.
So does the *Fiend*, her Snakes all hiſſing riſe,
Through the thick haggair'd Air, and as ſhe flies,
Leaves tracks of Light, caſt from her fiery Eyes.
And now arriv'd on the grey Coaſts of Day,
Direct to *Hoel's* Court ſhe takes her way:
Where ſhe alighted when the *Sun* had hurl'd
His glorious *Orb* hence, to th' other World.
'Twas then when all thing's look'd, as if old *Night*
Had *Nature* cruſh'd, and ſeiz'd her ancient Right.
Whilſt Silence, Shades, and Lights around create,
Sad ſolemn Pomps t' expreſs her Death-like ſtate.
Winds, and wild *Beaſts*, lye in their Dens at reſt,
Nor theſe the Woods, nor thoſe the Seas moleſt.
The ſleeping *Vultures* drop their Prey, the *Dove*
Ceaſes her Cooing, and forgets to love.
The Jocond *Fairies* dance their ſilent round,
And with dark Circles mark the trampled ground.
Tartarean Forms Skim o'er the Mountains Heads,
Or lightly ſweep along the dewy Meads.
Ghoſts leave their Tombs hid Murders to reveal,
Or Treaſures which themſelves did once conceal.

Viſions thro' th' Air, and careleſs *Phantoms* ſtray,
Or round Mens troubled Heads while ſleeping play.

The Fury *Alman*'s Reverend Shape aſſumes,
Odin's High Prieſt, and ſo to *Hoel* comes.
For the Prieſts Form is fitteſt to engage
Princes in Blood, and move deſtructive Rage.
Thus chang'd the *Fiend*, ſuch is her Craft, appears,
And thus began, juſt *Hoel*, all thoſe years
I liv'd, I did with ſtudious Care employ,
How beſt I might the *Chriſtian* Crew deſtroy.
I thy great Soul in this bleſt Cauſe engag'd,
Inſpir'd with Heats Divine, not yet aſſwag'd.
I quit *Elyſian* Pleaſures to impart,
What does with greater Joy extend my Heart;
And will do thine, *Arthur*, curſt be that Name,
Deſigning Empire, and Illuſtrious Fame
Embark'd with Arms, fair *Albion* to invade
But by juſt Heav'n, is thy cheap Captive made.
Purſu'd in Thunder, and in Tempeſts toſt,
At laſt he's Shipwreckt on this happy Coaſt.
With his ſad *Friends* he wanders up and down,
Naked, perplext, deſerted, and undone.
But yet juſt Heav'n decrees him greater Harm,
But ſaves that Glory for your Zealous Arm.
To take his Life muſt be your pious Care,
And with the Gods divided Honour ſhare.
Thus you their En'my, and your own remove,
Secure your Peace, and pleaſe the Pow'rs above.
To *Chriſtians* this can be no Injury,
That call for *Torments*, and are pleas'd to *Dye*.
They all ſeem fond, to wear the *Martyr's* Crown,
And meet the Flames, with greater of their own.

No *Rights*, no Rules of *Juſtice* you invade,
For *Ruin*'s their Profeſſion, *Death* their Trade.
Go then, and grace the *Briton*, that comes on
To meet you, and receive the *Martyrs* Crown.
Remove this Pillar of the Church, and all
The unſupported Roof, will crack and fall.
Take this *Defender* of their Faith away,
The paſſive Rabble, tamely will Obey.
Their Lives in Sport you may at leiſure take,
They quickly fall, that no Reſiſtance make.
The Gods into your Hands have caſt your Foe,
To take his Life will pleaſe Heav'n, him, and you,

That ſaid, ſhe breath'd her Soul into his Breaſt,
And her wild Fury all his Veins poſſeſt.
Infernal Flames Rage in his poiſon'd Blood,
And his ſwoln Heart Boils with th' impetuous Flood.
The *Fiend* her Shape of thickned Air diſſolves,
And diſappears, *Hoel* ſurpriz'd revolves
The welcome meſſage in his Mind, and ſtrait
Commands his Lords and Guards ſhould on him wait,
On the firſt Shooting of the tender Day,
So eager did he ſeem to ſeize the Prey.

Now was the Eaſtern Sky-dy'd Purple ſpread,
For fair *Aurora*'s radiant Feet to tread:
She mounts ſerene, and with mild dawning Light,
Smiles on the lowring, dusky Face of Night;
That to victorious Day yields up her Seat,
Whilſt her black Forces ſilently Retreat.
As when a *Lyon* at the Fall of Day,
Rouz'd with fierce Hunger up to Hunt his Prey,
Stretches his Limbs out, Yawns, and tries his Paws,
And for ſure Death prepares his cruel Jaws.

He ſtands, and rolls about his angry Eyes,
Laſhing his Sides to make his Fury riſe.
Then ſcowrs the Hills, ranges the Forreſts o'er,
And thunders thro the Deſart with his hideous Roar.
The *Winds* all huſht ſit trembling on the Trees,
And ſcarcely whiſper out a gentle Breeze.
Wolves dare not Howl, but grinning ſoftly creep,
And *Leopards* ſtretcht out, feign themſelves aſleep.
Th' affrighted *Herds* cloſe in their Covert ly,
And to eſcape his Rage, with Terrour dy.
Thus *Hoel*, with infernal Rage poſſeſt,
With fierce deſire ſpeeds to the bloody Feaſt.
A deadly Storm does on his Forehead lowr,
Himſelf his Rage, *Arthur* his Hopes devour.
Breathing out *Death* he march'd, but at mid-day,
He ſtands by Heav'n arreſted in his way.

The Air ſerene, a black thick Cloud appear'd,
And as it hover'd o'er their Heads, were heard
Celeſtial *Flutes*, and *Harps* divinely Strung,
With *Hymns* and *Hallelujahs*, Set and Sung
By the beſt Maſters of the Quire above,
With Bliſs tranſported, and inſpir'd with Love.
Whilſt *Hoel* and his Friends pleas'd, and amaz'd,
Liſten'd, and on the Scene deſcending gaz'd:
The broken Cloud, pours out pure Floods of Light,
Show'rs of Celeſtial Rays tranſcendent bright,
And Storms of Splendor, dazling Mortal Sight.
Th' illuſtrious *Tempeſt* does on *Hoel* beat,
Who falls aſtoniſh'd, headlong from his Seat:
Confounded with unſufferable Day,
Groveling in *Glory* on the ſhining Way,
And with bright Ruin overwhelm'd, he lay.

'Twas then, a ſoft, ſtill Heav'nly *Voice*, that broke
From out the Cloud, to trembling *Hoel* ſpoke.
'Gainſt me, what Fury did thy Arms engage?
What mov'd thee with inexorable Rage,
Vain Man, to perſecute my Saints and Me?
In vain thou ſeek'ſt to baffle Heav'n's Decree.
Vain is thy Force, and impotent thy Hate,
Too weak thy Arms, to ſtem the Tyde of Fate.
The Torrent bears thy faint Reſiſtance down,
Retire, or in Eternal Ruin Drown.

Then *Hoel* thus, O tell me, who thou art,
Great *Spirit*, and thy Will to me impart.
Tell me if Error has my Feet miſled,
What ſafer Paths I may hereafter tread.

The Voice reply'd:
I am the *Chriſtians God*, whom you purſue;
Go meet my Servant *Arthur*, he ſhall ſhew
At large, what thou haſt to *believe*, what *do*.
The Scene here diſappear'd, his Lords came round,
And rais'd reviving *Hoel* from the Ground.
Who marches on, the *Britiſh* Prince to find,
And Act not what himſelf, but Heav'n deſign'd.
With anxious Thoughts the Viſion he revolves,
And to Obey Heav'n's high Command reſolves.
Whilſt to his Lords the Viſion he relates,
They find themſelves advanc'd to *Conda*'s Gates.

Arthur mean time, to whom great *Raphael*'s word,
Unſhaken Hopes, and Courage did afford;
Proceeded on his Way, but ſent before
Embaſſadors to *Hoel*, to explore

His temper, and the Genius of his Court,
That he juſt ſteps might take by their Report.
He choſe out to diſcharge this weighty Truſt,
Valiant *Pollandor*, *Roderick* the Juſt;
And Faithful *Galbut*, Friends that in diſtreſs,
(A thing unknown to Courts) their Love expreſs.
Soon after *Hoel* had his Entrance made,
At the ſame City they arriv'd, and ſtaid
But little, for th' admiſſion which they pray'd.
Then *Hoel* firſt the *Britons* thus addreſt,
Let no ſad Thought your pious Prince moleſt:
A Meſſage ſent from Heav'n preventing yours,
To me great Joy, Safety to him procures.
Friendſhip and Love, fill my enlighten'd Mind,
From Hatred purg'd, from Treachery refin'd.
Return, and let your Valiant Leader know,
His *God* has to a *Friend*, transform'd his *Foe*.
Tell him he's ſafe from all intended Harms,
And that I haſt, t' Embrace him in my Arms.

With Regal Bounty, he to all preſents
Rich Swords, and various ſplendid Ornaments.
To *Arthur* ſends a *Chariot*, dazling Bright,
Which to the Sun return'd redoubled Light.
And *Horſes* of th' *Iberian* Noble Race,
That right Deſcent from the ſwift *Eurus* trace.
Bold, Gen'rous, Sprightly, as th' Illuſtrious Breed,
Which in th' Etherial, blue Encloſures Feed.
That thro' Heav'n's Waſt, with the *Sun's* Chariot play,
And govern *Time*, by carrying round the Day.
Their Furniture of Gold, their Bridles Gold,
And golden Bits, their champing Mouths did hold.
They haſt, and all their Diligence employ,
To fill Juſt *Arthur*'s Mind, with Peace and Joy.

To him returning they impart at large,
The kind, endearing Things they had in Charge.
As when his Sons to *Jacob* did relate,
That *Joſeph* liv'd, and liv'd in Regal State;
Telling of all his Riches, Power, Renown,
Egypt's Support, and Prop to *Pharoah*'s Crown.
Reſiſtleſs Floods of ſudden Pleaſure Roll
Along his Veins, and break in on his Soul.
He ſinks beneath the preſſure of his Joy,
And *Joſeph*'s Life, does almoſt his deſtroy.
Then Doubts and Fears, his Joys high Tyde oppoſe,
From which Contention fiercer Tempeſts roſe.
While his croſs Paſſions fight with equal Power,
Each Triumphs in his turn, as Conquerour.
The *Patriarch* in this Diſtraction loſt,
Is in each Storm with equal Danger toſt.
But when the Chariots and rich Train he ſaw,
He did from thence freſh Life and Vigour draw.
His Breaſt from all contending Paſſions freed,
Calm Joy, and unmoleſted Peace ſucceed.
Enough the *Patriarch* was heard to Cry,
I'll haſt to *Joſeph*'s Arms, and in them Dye.
So when Juſt *Arthur* heard the Meſſage firſt,
His wavering Mind with Fears and wiſe Diſtruſt,
And riſing Tydes of ſuddain Joy was toſt,
Uncertain which ſtrong Paſſion preſs'd him moſt.
But when he ſaw the Preſents *Hoel* ſent,
His Doubts ſuppreſs'd, he grew more Confident:
And his calm Mind eas'd of his anxious Cares,
T' embrace his new, and generous Friend prepares.

And now advancing *Night* the Sky invades,
While cloſe purſu'd by the Victorious Shades,

The

The Rayes that faintly from the Ground recoil,
On the green Fields, let fall their pearly ſpoil.
When *Arthur* to his ſecret Joys retires,
Where his exhaling Soul to Heav'n aſpires,
In ſacred *Anhelations*, and inflam'd *Deſires*.
Fixt *Contemplation* feeds his Hope and Love,
With rapt'rous Preludes to the Joys above.
His raviſh'd Eyes view the unmeaſur'd Bliſs,
In the next Life enjoy'd, believ'd in this.
So *David* often paſs'd the ſilent Night,
And in his Tranſports felt ſublime Delight,
Surpaſſing all that mighty Monarchs have,
Which his own Crown, and all his Triumphs gave.
While baſer Birds the humble Valley love,
And ſing contented with their little Grove;
The *Eagle*'s generous Pride does nobly riſe
To Heav'n, and thence does this low World deſpiſe.
Scorning a Vulgar Bough, he thinks he ſees
Woods in the Clouds, and hanging Groves of Trees.
Thither he haſts, and leaves th' ignoble Brood,
That aim no higher, to their Shrubs and Wood.
If to his Prey he ſtoops, aſhamed he flies
Back to his airy Dwelling in the Skies.
Where in the Clouds he hides his Royal Head,
Safe from the Snares, which watchful Fowlers ſpread:
So Men of courſer Mould, and baſer Birth,
Pleas'd with the Duſt lye grov'ling on the Earth.
For Food their Souls all foul and bloated, ſeek
The Damps and Steams, that from its Bowels reek.
While Men *divinely* Born, ſtill upwards move,
And ſcorn this *World*, that courts in vain their Love.
In Flames of Zeal, and Pangs of pure Deſire,
Theſe to the Seats of *Light* and *Peace* aſpire.

Where they converſe with the bleſt *Minds* above,
And wonder what on Earth invites Mens Love.
This Molehill Earth has loſt its former Charms,
Molehill for Bulk, and Stings wherewith it ſwarms.
With Wonder they obſerve how Mortals Pride,
Can into Kingdoms this ſmall Heap divide.
How one t' enlarge the Empire he has got,
Invades the Borders of his Neighbour's Spot.
How this proud Monarch of a Turf, is vext
With reſtleſs cares, to diſpoſſeſs the next.
As Heav'ns vaſt *Globes* that fill the World with Light,
Seem little *Balls* to diſtant Mortals ſight,
That in the moſt capacious *Planets*, we
No room for States and large Dominions ſee.
So theſe more noble Minds advanc'd ſo high,
Believe the ſame of us, who from the Sky,
The low-hung *Earth*'s contracted Body Spy.
They keep above free from the fatal Nets,
Which for unwary Feet the Tempter ſets.
Free from the Earth's dark ſmoke, and endleſs Noiſe,
They dwell in Peace, and feed on Heav'nly Joys.
Such Pleaſures *Arthur* while retir'd, enjoy'd,
And wiſh'd he ever might be thus imploy'd.

And now the radiant Gates of th' Eaſtern Sky,
Unbar'd by bright *Aurora*, open fly:
Strait iſſues out the *Sun* with mighty Force,
As Giants do, prepar'd to run his Courſe.
The joyful *Britons* all things ready make,
And their new Friend to meet, their Journy take.
Scarce had the Sun his glitt'ring Chariot driv'n,
Up the ſteep Brow, and ſharp Aſcent of Heav'n,
When the glad Princes did each other meet,
And *Hoel* thus did firſt the Stranger greet.

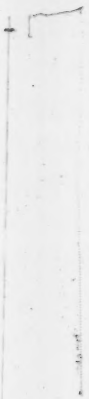
As

As a faint Traveller in *Arabian* Sands,
Scorcht with the Burning Sun-beams, panting ſtands,
Views the dry Deſart with deſpairing Eyes,
And for the Springs, and diſtant Rivers ſighs.
As *Sailers* long for Land, Heav'n's Aid implore,
And with their greedy Wiſhes graſp the Shore;
When beaten from the hoſpitable Coaſt,
And in loud Storms upon the Ocean toſt;
Where Ruin in ſo many Shapes appears,
They ſcarcely can attend to all their Fears.
I've wiſh'd to ſee you with the like Deſire,
The *Oracle* of whom I muſt enquire,
The way to *Peace* and Everlaſting *Bliſs*,
Which loſt in Night, and unknown Paths, I miſs.
When firſt I ſet out with a hoſtile Mind,
And Evils which I dread to name, deſign'd;
The Powers that guard your ſacred Life alarm'd,
Soon interpos'd, and my wild Hand diſarm'd.
Kind Heav'n that both our Safeties did deſign,
Turn'd from your Head the Blow, the Guilt from mine.
For on the way a Glory dreadful Bright,
Around me ſhone, and with exceſſive Light,
As they do Stars, the weaker Sun-beams drown'd:
I, as trantfixt, fell Headlong to the Ground.
'Twas then a wondrous Heav'nly *Voice* I heard,
The words were theſe, but no bleſt Face appear'd.
'Gainſt me what Fury does thy Arms engage?
What moves thee with inexorable Rage,
Vain Man, to perſecute my Saints and me?
In vain thou ſtriv'ſt to baffle Heav'n's Decree.
Vain is thy Force, and Impotent thy Hate,
Too weak thy Arms to ſtem the Tide of Fate.

The Torrent bears thy faint Reſiſtance down,
Retire, or in eternal Ruin drown.
I ſtraight cry'd out, O tell me who thou art,
Great *Spirit*, and thy Will to me impart.
Tell me if Error has my Feet miſled,
What ſafer Paths I may hereafter tread.
The *Voice* reply'd:
I am the *Chriſtian's God*, whom you purſue,
Go find my Servant *Arthur*, he ſhall ſhew
At large, what thou haſt to believe, what do.

Prince *Arthur* paus'd a while, then ſilence broke,
And friendly thus th' *Armoric* King beſpoke.
Th' Eternal's Providence I muſt adore,
That has compell'd me to th' *Armoric* Shore.
That I might here, ſerve ſuch a glorious End,
And to the Chriſtian Cauſe gain ſuch a Friend.
Goodneſs Divine, King *Hoel* does invite
By Miracles, t' enjoy Celeſtial Light.
Caſt on your Coaſts, with Pleaſure I will ſtay,
To aid and guide you in your Heav'nly way.
To whom th' *Armoric* Monarch thus Reply'd;
While we to *Nannetum* together ride,
Inſtruct, O Pious Prince, my willing Mind:
It is a task your God has you deſign'd.
Unfold his Heav'nly Will, and let me know,
What *Worſhip* to him, what *Belief*, I owe.
To whom the Prince, this favour firſt I ask,
Before I undertake the pious Task:
That you'll diſpatch your Servants to the Coaſt,
To ſeek my Friends out, in the Tempeſt loſt.
And if by chance caſt on th' *Armoric* Shore,
They wander up and down, diſtreſs'd and poor,

Your angry Subjects, may not them annoy,
Nor with devouring Flames, their Ships deſtroy.
This Friendſhip ſhewn, I'll with a chearful Mind,
Attempt the Task by you, and Heav'n enjoyn'd.
When the paſt Night did with her dusky Train
Advance, o'er-ſhadowing all th' *Aerial* Plain;
A ſudden Tranſport did my Soul engage,
And all my Limbs ſhook with the ſacred Rage.
Straight caught up from the Body, through the Skies
To the third Heav'n, my raviſh'd Soul did riſe:
Where Things ineffable I ſaw, and heard
Divine *Inſtruction*, which my Mind prepar'd
To aid you in your Heav'nly Way, and ſhew
What *Worſhip* to th' *Eternal Mind* is due.
Straight *Hoel* to the Shores his Servants ſent,
Who might the Harms, that *Arthur* fear'd, prevent.
Who might the hapleſs *Britons* kindly treat,
And ſafe conduct them to his Royal Seat.
Such Love the King to *Arthur*'s Friends expreſt,
Who now prepar'd t' obey the King's Requeſt.



Prince Arthur.

BOOK II.

ATtentive *Hoel*'s Eyes on *Arthur*'s Face
Were fixt, who thus began with God-like grace.
Before th' unſhaken Pillars of the Earth
Were Reer'd, before prolifick *Nature's* Birth,
Before the Regiſter of *Time* begun,
Or Heav'n's bright Forces throng'd about the Sun,
Was a wild *Void*, that no ſet Bounds reſtrain'd,
Where Silence, Night, and Deſolation reign'd.
Where yet no glimmering track of Light appear'd,
No Diſcord yet, or Harmony was heard.
From Ages paſt lay in th' *Eternal's* Mind,
A finiſh'd Model of a *World*, deſign'd
To be Erected by Almighty Hands,
Where now this Round, Capacious Fabrick ſtands.
The deep Foundations laid, in Heav'n they ſaid
A ſtrange new *World* was making, Fame ſoon ſpread
The tydings through the Palaces of Bliſs,
To ſee a work ſo wonderful as this;
Millions of *Angels* to Heav'n's Turrets fly,
And on the Cryſtal Terras of the Sky,
Stood in bright Throngs, and on *Creation* gaz'd,
And at the Sight were raviſh'd, and amaz'd.

Almighty Vigour ſtrove through all the Void,
And ſuch prolifick Influence employ'd,

That ancient, barren *Night* did pregnant grow,
And quicken'd with the *World* in Embrio.
The ſtruggling Seeds of unſhap'd Matter ly,
Contending in her Womb for Victory.
No Order, Form, or Parts diſtinct and clear,
Did in the Crude Conception, yet appear.
Thick *Darkneſs* did the unripe *Light* Embrace,
Which faintly glanc'd on *Chaos* ſhady Face.
The unfledg'd *Fire* has no bright Wings to riſe,
But ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd, with the *Water* lies.
It's ſprightly, ruddy Youth not yet attain'd,
The glitt'ring Seeds, Mother of *Fire*, remain'd
Like golden Sands, thick ſcatter'd on the Shore,
Of the wild Deep, and ſhone in burning Oar.
In glowing Heaps the *Stars* lay dusky bright,
Rude and unpoliſh'd Balls of unwrought Light.
The *Sphears* pil'd up about their *Poles* were Furl'd,
Deſign'd the Swadling Bands of th' Infant World.
The Sky diſpers'd, lay in Etherial Oar,
And azure Veins, betray'd th' Empyreal Store.
The watry Treaſures in th' unfaſhion'd Birth,
Lay in the rough Embraces of the Earth.
But at the great Command will Thaw, and throw
The Droſs off, and like melted Metals flow.
Beſides vaſt numbers of looſe Atoms ſtray,
And in the reſtleſs Deep of *Chaos* play.
In dark Encounters they for Empire ſtrive,
And gain what *Chance*, and wild *Confuſion* give.
Which joyntly here poſſeſs the Sov'raign Sway,
Pleas'd with thoſe Subjects moſt, that leaſt Obey.
Order, a baniſh'd Rebel, flies the Place,
And Strife and Uproar fill the noiſy Space.
Tumult and Miſ-rule pleaſe at *Chaos* Court,
And everlaſting Wars his Throne Support.

Troops

Troops arm'd with *Heat* have here a Battel won,
But *Moiſt* and *Cold* the Victor ſoon dethrone.
Here heavier Seeds ruſh on in numerous Swarms,
And cruſh their Lighter Foes, with pond'rous Arms.
The lighter ſtrait Command with equal Pride,
And on wild Whirlwinds in mad Triumph ride.
None long ſubmits to a Superiour Power,
Each yields, and in his turn is Conquerour.
If ſome grown mild from fierce Contention ceaſe,
And with calm Neighbours court a ſeperate Peace;
If Truce they make, and in kind Leagues combine,
Their ſhort Embraces ſome rude Shocks disjoyn.
Th' Eternal's Voice compos'd theſe *Atoms* jars,
And juſtling Elements inteſtine Wars.
He ſets impriſon'd *Heat* and *Vigour* free,
And ſuits and ranges Natures that agree.
He through the *Maſs* a mighty Ferment ſpread,
And where it came miſ-ſhap'd Confuſion fled.
Dark *Chaos* now throws off his gloomy Face,
Puts on freſh Beauty, and a Heav'nly Grace.
Th' *Almighty ſpake*, and ſtrait the ſprightly *Light*
With lovely Looks broke from th' Abyſs of Night;
On Golden Wings it mounts, and in its way
Its Smiles diffuſe new Morn, and unripe Day.
Aloft vaſt ſpreading Sheets of *Ether* riſe,
Matter for *Sphears*, and pure tranſparent Skies.
The *Sky* which for its Compaſs ſcarce finds room,
Spun thin, and wove on Nature's fineſt Loom:
The new-born World in its ſoft Boſom wraps,
And all around its Starry Mantle laps.
The *Sun's* vaſt *Globe* which till the Birth of Day,
All Rough and Cloudy in wild *Chaos* lay;
Well wrought and poliſh'd, is advanc'd on high;
The vagrant Beams which ſtray'd about the Sky,

Now becken'd by *Creating* Power obey,
And the bright Forces hither haſt away.
Then hov'ring on the Spungy Globe they wait,
And round their new appointed Manſion ſate.
The thirſty *Orb* drinks in the liquid Beams,
And now but one vaſt Sea of Glory ſeems:
It ſelf a Heav'n with dazling Luſtre bright,
Pours out pure Floods of overflowing Light.
Here as in Furnaces of boiling Gold,
Stars dipt come back, full as their *Orbs* can hold
Of glitt'ring *Light*, here too the *Moon* all drown'd,
Does with the Golden Metal fill her Round.
Sometimes half dipt, it but in part adorns
Her Face, and ſhines with Blunt, refulgent Horns.
Th' Etherial Plain now cultivated bears,
A ſhining Harveſt of Illuſtrious *Stars*.
Which at a diſtance ſeem ſmall Lights, but near
Capacious *Realms*, and glorious *Worlds* appear.
The *Sphears* ſpread forth their Boſoms, now refin'd,
And Belly out, like Sails ſwoln big with Wind.
The *Air* beat out, and purified does lye,
A Cryſtal deep between the Earth and Sky.
Through this thin Void the Sun's indulgent Beams,
Flow gently on the Earth in Golden Streams;
Which kindly ſteal away the Watry Store,
And rob the Earth, but to enrich it more.
The *Earth* with its own Burden tir'd, and preſt
Down with its weight, lies in the midſt at reſt.
A *Deep* broke up, *God* calls the Waters, they
Feel the Command, and with quick Flight Obey.
In mighty Heaps the foaming Deluge flows,
High Liquid Walls and curling Ridges ſhows.
Some waters with a ſmooth and gentle Tyde,
On the Earth's plain and level Surface Glide.

Others that meet a Steep abrupt Deſcent;
Run down in Floods more loud and turbulent.
At laſt they flow from the high Precipice,
In noiſy Falls into the dark Abyſs.
Till the vaſt Deluge with its liquid Store,
Fills up the Deep, and crowns the Ambient Shore.
Now their tall Heads the riſing *Mountains* ſhow,
And wide mouth'd *Vallies* ſink themſelves as low.
The Earth as yet all bare and naked lay,
For Heav'n's Command th' impriſon'd Spirits ſtay:
God ſpake, and ſtraight a lovely *Spring* appears,
And every Field freſh, verdant Cloathing wears.
Green *Herbs* adorn the Hills aſpiring Heads,
And ſmiling *Flowers* enrich th' enamell'd Meads.
Trees ſtarting up, lifted their Heads ſo high,
They met the Clouds deſcending from the Sky.
Some rang'd in beauteous Order, Stately ſtood,
Others preſs'd cloſe, and throng'd into a Wood.
Some where the Sun gives more indulgent Heat,
Tranſparent Gums, and Od'rous Juices Sweet.
The fragrant *Balſom-Tree*, diſtills around,
Her healing Riches, on the neighbouring Ground.
The humble *Jeſs'mine*, breaths Perfumes abroad,
And wanton *Zephyrs* bear the balmy Load.
Pure Cryſtal *Rivers* through the Meadows flow,
Their flowry Banks ſmile on them, as they go:
Their watry Train in Snaky Windings ſlides,
And in their Streams the *ſcaly* Nation glides.
Birds glad to try their Wings riſe from the Earth,
And with their Songs they celebrate their Birth.
Beaſts in their various Kinds all Mild, and Tame,
Stood gazing round, and wonder'd whence they came.
The Bleating *Flocks* wander on every Hill,
And lowing *Herds* the Ecchoing Vallies fill.

The ſporting *Lyon* paws the wanton *Bear*,
Wolves ſeek the Woods, the Lawns the timorous *Deer*.
The Creſted *Snake* draws thro' the flowry Plain,
The ſhining Volumes of his Spiral Train.
Leviathan in th' Ocean takes his place,
Prince of the Waters, and the Finny Race.
Rolling amidſt the Waves, he takes his Sport,
As a great Sea-God in his watry Court.
Swimming to Land he drives high Seas before,
Like a great Iſland floating near the Shore.
In wanton Paſtime he ſucks in with Eaſe,
Then ſpouts againſt the Skies th' exhauſted Seas:
Like ſome prodigious Water-Engine, made
To play on Heav'n, if Fires ſhould Heav'n invade.
So fair, ſo rich a Paradiſe as this,
Almighty Power call'd from the dark Abyſs:

To keep the Birth-Day of the World, the *Spring*
Does all her Joys and fragrant Riches bring.
Nature appearing in her brighteſt Dreſs,
Does all her Sweets and Heav'nly Charms expreſs.
The *Sphears* in tuneful Meaſures Roll above,
And Heav'n's bright *Orbs* in beauteous Order move.
The ſmiling *Earth* diſcovers perfect Joy,
Where nothing noxious can its Peace annoy.
The *Air's* ſo ſoft, ſuch balmy Odours fly,
So ſweet the *Fruits*, ſo pure and mild the *Sky*,
The Bliſsful States, too great to be expreſt,
By all the Pleaſures of the wanton Eaſt,
By th' *Arab's* Sweets, from *Zephirs* tender Wings
Gently ſhook off, or what the Merchant brings
Of Forreign Luxury with tedious Toil,
From *Aſia's* Coaſt, or ſoft *Campania's* Soil.

Thus

Thus after five days Labour *Nature* ſtood,
God view'd his Creatures, and pronounc'd them *Good.*
But ſtill there wanted one who might adore
Divine Perfections, and Heav'n's Gifts implore.
Who might *himſelf*, and his great *Author* know,
Obey his *God*, and Rule as God below.
Then *Man* was made, the Author fram'd and wrought
The nobler Mould, with more Concern and Thought.
His *Mind* made up of pure Etherial Air,
Came from the Hands Divine all Brighr and Fair.
And lodg'd in Clay, did at its Entrance give
So quick a touch, as made that Clay to live:
And both united with ſuch wondrous Art,
In part he's *Angel*, *Animal* in part.
In whom the Bounds of both the Worlds are ſeen,
Where *Earth* does terminate, and *Heav'n* begin.
One part, like ſprightly Flames, will upward move,
Kin to the bleſt, unbody'd *Minds* above;
The other, only ſhap'd and quicken'd Earth,
From moulded Duſt receives its humble Birth;
Yet *Life* Divine, and high Perfection gains,
Ennobled by the Gueſt it entertains.
His *Form* erect, and Cherub-like his Face,
Where Sweetneſs temper'd Stern and Manly Grace.
Mild to be lov'd, and awful to be fear'd,
He, like ſome new diſcover'd God, appear'd.
Then did *th' Almighty* to his Boſom give,
To bleſs him perfectly, his Conſort *Eve.*
Of a more ſoft and nicely temper'd Mould,
Her ſtrokes were tender, his more ſtrong and bold.
Sweetneſs that raviſh'd, milder than the Morn,
And perfect Beauty did her Looks adorn.
She like a *Goddeſs*, with the Heav'nly Charms
Of bluſhing Innocence, comes to his Arms.

What Joys Divine did on the Fav'rite wait,
Theſe happy Hours that knew his Native State!
His *Work* thus finiſh'd, and *Creation* done,
Th' Almighty reſts on his Eternal Throne.
Straight the loud Shouts and Acclamations giv'n,
Shook the high Towers and jarring Gates of Heav'n.
There ſtood an *Alabaſter* Mount that ſhone,
In th' Air ſublime, from the Imperial Throne
Remov'd at diſtance, and between them lay,
All pav'd with Stars, a broad, frequented way.
Hither for great Aſſemblies they repair,
From all the Regions of th' Etherial Air.
Here they in perfect Love and Peace debate,
Th' affairs that moſt affect their ſacred State.
Hither the Princes of the Heav'nly Court,
Follow'd with Throngs unnumber'd, now reſort.
There met, a ſolemn *Jubilee* they Vote,
In Honour of the Wonders lately wrought.
Straight a *Proceſſion* publick was enjoyn'd,
And thus perform'd t' adore *th' Eternal* Mind.

Trumpets march'd firſt, and chiefly that whoſe Sound,
Shall ſtrike Convulſions thro' the trembling ground;
Break their dark Priſons down, and call away
Th' awaken'd Dead, on the great Judgment Day.
Next Heav'nly *Viols*, ſoft harmonious *Flutes*,
Reſounding *Dulcimers*, and tuneful *Lutes*
And *Harps*, like that which hangs the glitt'ring Pride,
As Poets feign, of young *Apollo's* ſide.
With perfect Skill here choſen *Cherubs* play,
And Celebrate th' *Almighty's* Reſting Day.
Then the bleſt *Voices* came with Hymns of Praiſe,
Angelick Muſick, ſweet Melodious Lays,

Such

Such as bright Spirits in high Raptures ſing,
Around the Throne of their Eternal King.
Now the firſt Rank of Potentates and Peers,
Mighty *Arch-Angels*, and high Thrones appears.
Crowns of ſubſtantial, maſſy Glory made,
Adorn'd with *Gems*, and *Flow'rs* which never Fade,
And *Greens* of Heav'nly growth all wreath'd between,
Are on the Heads of this bright Order ſeen:
Freſh Greens and Flow'rs, ſuch as their Gardens bring,
Bleſt with mild Rays, and Everlaſting Spring.
Vials of *Incenſe* in their Hands they bear,
And the ſweet Clouds in Wheels roll up the Air:
Odours not to be told, fann'd from them fly,
And wondrous Fragrancy Perfumes the Sky.
Each had his *Lyre*, which from his Shoulders hung,
With Golden Wire, like radiant Sun-beams, ſtrung.
Such was their Splendour, with ſuch Grace they trod,
In Looks and Motion each appear'd a God.
Hither thick Crowds of vulgar *Angels* made,
And to admire this glorious Order ſtaid,
And, as they paſs'd, humble Obeiſance paid.
Then lower Ranks in long Proceſſion paſs'd,
With Crowns and Badges of Diſtinction grac'd.
And all ſo Splendid, all ſo Rich and Gay,
That Heav'n before, ne'er ſaw ſo bright a Day.
Unfading *Roſes* of a Heav'nly Red,
On the bright Pavement were profuſely ſpread.
Elyſian Jeſs'mine, and bleſt *Am'rant* lay,
In od'rous heaps along the Milky way.
The *Fountains* all, ſuch Coſt was then beſtow'd,
With unexhauſted Springs of *Nectar* flow'd.
And now advanc'd before th' Imperial *Throne*,
Which lofty with exceſſive Brightneſs ſhone,

They from th' uneaſie Luſtre of the Light,
Protected with ſpread Wings their dazled ſight.
In proſtrate *Adoration* down they fell,
Oppreſt with Glory unſupportable.
Entranc'd, Tranſported, Raviſh'd, there they ly;
And with bleſt *Hallelujahs* fill the Sky.
In Songs Sublime they praiſe th' *Eternal Mind*,
His Works from all the Ages paſt deſign'd,
His *Greatneſs*, *Wiſdom*, *Empire* unconfin'd.
His *Juſtice*, that no Force or Prayer can move:
His ſpotleſs *Truth*, and Everlaſting *Love*.
They Sing th' *Eternal Son's* Immortal Praiſe,
And to an equal height the ſacred *Spirit* raiſe.
Then all ariſing from the ſacred Quire,
O'erflowing with unbounded Joys, retire
To the bleſt Shades of the Celeſtial Bowers,
Where oft they chooſe to paſs their happy Hours.
Their Hunger here delicious *Banquets* met,
With vaſt Profuſion on rich Tables ſet,
Banquets Divine, not ſuch as Mortals Eat.
High Diſhes in long Pomp and Order ſtood,
Fill'd with choice Fruits, rare Meats, all Angels Food.
Ambroſial Juices, ſweet *Nectarean* Wine,
Raviſh'd their Taſt, and made their Faces Shine.
The *Sons of God* thus chear'd, diſſolve in Joy,
Whilſt his high Praiſes their bleſt Tongues employ.
In Joys and Triumphs ſo the Day they ſpend,
Such Mirth and Show the Feſtival attend.
Then, when the Ev'ning came, or what inſtead
Of Evening there, does in its turn ſucceed:
Glorious *Illuminations* made on high,
By all the *Conſtellations* of the Sky,
In bright Degrees, and ſhining Orders plac'd,
Spectators charm'd, and the bleſt Dwellings grac'd.

Through

Through all th' inlight'n'd Air rare Fireworks flew,
Which the Celeſtial Youth with Shouting threw.
Comets fly up with their red ſweeping Train,
Then fall in Starry Showers, and glitt'ring Rain.
In th' Air ten Thouſand *Meteors* blazing hung,
Which from Heav'n's gilded Battlements were flung.
Here furious, flying *Dragons* hiſſing came,
Here harmleſs *Fires* play in a lambent Flame.
Such univerſal Joy in Heav'n they ſhew'd,
And in ſuch hallow'd Mirth the day conclude.
In ſuch Delights they paſs their time above,
And ſo ſhall we, if like them, we Obey and Love.

In all the Joys that happy Minds attain,
Bleſt *Adam* firſt began to live and reign.
He to fair *Eden's* Paradiſe reſorts,
Where every Senſe its proper Pleaſure courts.
The joyful Spring by ſoft *Favonius* fan'd,
Diffus'd her Riches with a wanton Hand.
From new-blown Flowers luxurious Odours fly,
And Heav'nly *Landſchapes* meet his raviſh'd Eye.
The twining Branches weave him ſhady Bowers,
And Hony-Dews fall in delicious Showers.
Birds with their Songs their Soveraign ſalute,
From Boughs that bend beneath their Golden Fruit.
Pure *Streams* to him their Cryſtal Waters bring,
And the glad *Fiſh* leap up, to ſee their King.
The harmleſs *Beaſts* their humble Homage paid,
And the ſole Monarch of the World obey'd.
Uninterrupted *Peace* his Mind poſſeſt,
And Joys unutterable fill'd his Breaſt.
He view'd his great *Creator's* glorious Face,
Clearly reflected from fair Nature's Glaſs:

On her bright *Form* he ſaw th' Impreſſions ſhine,
Of *Wiſdom* Infinite, and *Pow'r* Divine,
Whence all things, as free Emanations flow,
As Streams their Being to their Fountain owe.
Which binds faſt Nature's vaſt unſhaken Frame,
Leſt it diſſolve to Nothing, whence it came.
Whilſt in his Thoughts the pleaſing Objects move,
He feels his Breaſt all fir'd with Heav'nly Love.
His Eyes thus fixt, the great Seducer's Skill,
Could not engage his Thoughts, or move his Will.
A day ſerene ſmil'd on his God-like Mind,
Free from black Clouds, and undiſturb'd with Wind.
No *Guilt*, no *Frown* from Heaven diſturbs his Soul;
Calm as deep Rivers in ſtill Evenings roll.
No Storms of *Paſſion*, ſuch as us moleſt,
Annoys the Peaceful Region of his Breaſt.
No boiling *Luſt* ſwell'd the o'erflowing Blood,
To bear down Reaſon with th' impetuous Flood.
His ſpotleſs Mind knew yet no other Fire,
Then thoſe pure Flames, which Heav'nly *Minds* inſpire.
O happy Man! above deſcription bleſt,
Had he maintain'd the Station he poſſeſt.
Upon the Cryſtal *River's* flowry ſide,
Which winding did in ſlow Meanders glide
As loath to leave the bliſsful Place, there ſtood
A *Tree* that roſe above th' *Heſperian* Wood,
Its Fruit ſeem'd pleaſant, but forbidden Food.
For he who with enormous Bounty pours
On Man, freſh Pleaſures in inceſſant Showers;
That nothing can diſturb his flowing Joys,
Unleſs Variety ſuſpends his Choice:
Bids him not Eat the fatal Fruit, to prove
His due *Obedience*, and his conſtant *Love*.

The grand *Apoſtate* for high Crimes diſplac'd,
From Heav'n, by fierce *Almighty* Vengeance chas'd,
Till down th' unfathom'd Precipice he fell
Confounded to the fiery Gulph of Hell:
With Rage and Envy ſees Man's happy State,
Whence he for ever loſt had fall'n ſo late.
Himſelf undone urg'd with infernal Spight,
And dire Revenge, makes Ruin his delight.
That he from Heav'n might this fair Province gain,
That *Sin* and *Death* might wider Sway attain,
And he his baleful Empire might extend,
Conceal'd beneath the ſpecious Air of *Friend*,
He does to Man the fatal Tree commend;
As ſuch whoſe Worth tranſcends the greateſt price,
The Flower and Beauty of his Paradiſe.
Pleaſing to Taſt, but much more to the Mind,
Which thoſe that Eat, ſhould boundleſs *Knowledge* find.
Then points up to the fair forbidden Meat,
Bids him be Wiſe, and boldly take and Eat.
He tempts him with the flatt'ring Hopes of Bliſs,
Great as his God's, and laſting too, as his.
This gaudy Scene of Glory charm'd his Eye,
And his proud Thoughts at God-like Greatneſs fly.
The bright *Illuſion* turn'd his giddy Head,
And with vaſt Hopes his vain Ambition fed.
Thus gazing at the Glory of a God,
The Precipice was hid, on which he trod.
The ſplendid *Phantome* now advances nigh,
And in his reach appears *Divinity*.
Which ſtraight he graſps at, and to hold the more,
Empties his Hand of what it held before.
But ſooner might he graſp unbody'd Minds,
And with clos'd Arms claſp in the raging Winds.

The glorious Shadow from his Hands does ſlide,
Mocks his Embraces, and defeats his Pride.
He Eat, but did no other Pleaſures find,
Than the ſad *Terrours* of a guilty Mind.
His cheated Hopes can no new *Knowledge* boaſt,
But of the *Ill* he feels, and *Good* he loſt.

Thus fell loſt Man, ſtraight troubled *Nature* moan'd,
And ſhaking, with a ſtrong Convulſion groan'd.
Ev'n *Paradiſe* look'd Sad, the *Herds* repin'd,
And lofty *Cedars* ſhook without a Wind.
The *Roſes* fade, the Golden *Apples* turn'd
Pallid, and all the Sick *Creation* mourn'd.
To the thick Trees in vain fall'n *Adam* made,
To hide his blacker *Guilt* beneath their Shade.
Cloſe Trees may ſo their well mixt Branches ſpread,
That Sun-beams cannot pierce their ſhady Head;
But *God's* clear Eye needs not ſo groſs a Ray,
His Glory ſheds a more Illuſtrious Day.
But had he been from his bright Eye conceal'd,
The crying Guilt had to his Ear reveal'd
Apoſtate Man, that Voice to Heav'n does riſe
Loud, as the Thunder-claps, for which it cries.
What a black Train of *Woes* and hideous *Fears*,
Headed by one bold Crime, to Man appears!
The Serpent's Venom ſpreads through all his Veins,
And *Sin's* Contagion unreſiſted reigns.
A Death-like *Damp* ſhoots through his poiſon'd Blood,
And fear's cold Chains arreſt the beating Flood.
A dreadful Face of Things confounds his Eye,
He cannot ſtay ſecure, nor can he fly.
Black Thoughts of *Vengeance* ſeize his guilty Heart,
And *Conſcience* wounds him, with her poiſon'd Dart.

Amidſt the Trees he ſtarts at every Noiſe,
Grows Pale, and thinks he hears th' *Almighty*'s Voice:
The trembling Branches make him tremble more,
Now feebler, than the Fig-leaves, which he wore.

Man's Soul, by this rude Shock from's *Center* driv'n,
Stands ſo a-skaunt, and ſo remote from Heav'n,
Tis ſcarcely warm'd by its weak, Oblique Ray,
And has at beſt but a Cold, darkſome Day.
Fall'n from its bright Etherial Seat on high,
Down to the loweſt Regions of the Sky,
It feels th' attractive *Earth*'s Magnetick Force,
And round this low-hung Ball directs its Courſe.
As when a *Planet*, once all fair and bright,
Sickens, and ſhines with pale and faded Light;
By ſome fierce *Storm* bred in its Bowels rent,
As Clouds are by the Thunder in 'em pent.
The mighty Orb disjoynted cracks, and all
The broken Parts in Noiſy Ruin fall.
The hideous, burning *Hull* does floating lie,
And with the wondrous Wreck affrights the Sky.
Sometimes it blazes with a diſmal Light,
And then grown dim, ſeems loſt and drown'd in Night:
Then ſinking does the Starry Sky forſake,
Contented ſome inferiour Seat to take:
Where Heav'n new moulds the Heap, and from th' Abyſs,
Calls forth perhaps a *Moon*, or *Earth*, like this.
So *Man* ſeduc'd by the *Impoſtor* fell,
From *Heav'ns* bright Coaſts, to the black Verge of *Hell*.
There he his Luſtre loſt, and God-like Grace,
Shews the ſad Ruins of a Heav'nly Face.
Where *Peace* dwelt undiſturb'd, and ſmiling Light,
Confuſion now, *Chaos* and horrid *Night*.

Black, frowning *Clouds*, and murmuring Thunder roll,
O'er the vext Region of his guilty Soul.
Fierce, driving *Storms*, and bleak Tempeſtuous Wind
Beat on the waſteful Deſart of his Mind.
Revenge, *Deſpair*, *Grief*, *Jealouſie*, and *Fear*,
Have in their Turns, ſupreme Dominion here.
Reaſon dethron'd, muſt the Commands obey
Of this wild Rout, that holds the Sovereign Sway.

Mean time, th' *Almighty* does his Summons ſend,
Thro' Heav'n for all his *Angels* to attend.
High in the midſt of the Etherial Skies,
A Mount of rocky Diamond did riſe:
Inſuperably ſteep, and too ſublime
For the tir'd Wings of Cherubims to climb.
O'er-looking Heav'ns wide Vales and ſpacious Plains
It ſtands, and unmoleſted Peace maintains.
Here the *Almighty*'s bright *Tribunal* ſtands,
Whence his *Decrees* are ſent, and high *Commands*.
Hence he gives *Laws* to all the Worlds below,
And hence eternal *Right* and *Juſtice* flow.
Hence *Puniſhments* proceed, and juſt *Rewards*,
Hence *Orders* come to all th' Angelick Guards,
To keep the Peace of Heav'n, and next ſecure
On Earth th' afflicted, from th' Oppreſſor's Power.
And now the Thrones and Powers the Vally fill,
And ſtand adoring round the ſacred Hill.
Adam's Rebellion they had newly heard,
And God's fierce Wrath in dreadful Signs appear'd.
Lightnings and *Thunders* iſſue from his *Throne*,
Lightnings ſcarce heard of, Thunder ſeldom known.
Tremendous Murmurs, and a mighty Sound
Of wondrous Ruine from the Hill rebound.

T' ex-

T' expreſs incens'd *Omnipotence*, conſpire
Whirlwinds, thick *Darkneſs* and conſuming *Fire*,
United Terrors, which with Fury broke
From the bleſt Mount, whence thus th' *Almighty* ſpoke.

The *Man* I made, and with my *Image* grac'd,
And next to your Angelick Order plac'd,
Revolting to th' Apoſtate Prince of Hell,
Againſt my Throne has yielded to Rebel.
The *Death* I threaten'd, now I muſt inflict,
So *Juſtice* bids, nor is its Rule too ſtrict.
You're here from all the Regions of the Sky,
To hear the *Rebel* doom'd, and ſee him *Dye*.

He ſpake, and thro' all Heav'n a Terror ſtrook,
The *Spheres*, and all the Frame of Nature ſhook.
The *Moon* grew Pale, the *Sun* all Dim appear'd,
And all the *Sons of God* ſtood Mute, and fear'd.
Th' *Almighty* his Vindictive Arm makes bare,
Stretch'd out his Hand, and did for *Death* prepare.
Mercy Shreek'd out, and trembling on her Face,
Fell down, and did with Tears his Feet Embrace,
Offspring Divine, in Heav'n the moſt belov'd,
By whom ev'n Fate unchangeable is mov'd.
Her Looks ſo moving, ſuch Celeſtial Grace,
So mild, and ſweet an Air dwell on her Face,
So tender and engaging all her Charms,
That oft th' *Almighty's* Fury ſhe diſarms.
Her Language melts *Omnipotence*, Arreſts
His Hand, and thence his Vengeful Lightning wreſts.

Then thus ſhe ſpake:
Shall the ſucceſsful, ſly *Impoſtor* boaſt,
That by his Power the new *Creation's* loſt?

Shall he thus Triumph in his impious Deed,
And all our Hopes defeat from *Adam*'s Seed?
Muſt this fair *Race* be loſt, ſo lately made,
And Hell made Bold your Empire to invade?
Adam has ſinn'd, and Heav'n's high Grace abus'd,
But ſinn'd betray'd, and by Hell's Fraud ſeduc'd.
Can't *Wiſdom* Infinite, Expedients find,
To puniſh *Guilt*, and yet preſerve Mankind?
Compaſſion, with ſtern *Juſtice* mixt, will draw
Honour to Heav'n's juſt Government, and Awe
All from offending the Eſtabliſh'd Law.

At this, the Eternal *Son* roſe from his Place,
The bright Effulgence of his *Father's* Face,
His fair and expreſs Image, full of Grace.
In whom Divine, Subſtantial Glory dwelt,
And who Almighty Life and Vigour felt.
Th' Eſſential *Wiſdom*, th' Everlaſting *Word*,
The Univerſal *Heir*, and Soveraign *Lord*.
And thus he Silence broke, mine be the Task
To do what Juſtice and Compaſſion ask.
To Reſcue *Man*, my Self will *Man* become,
Aſſuming Subſtance from a *Virgin's Womb*.
A willing *Sacrifice*, I'll Death Embrace,
Juſtice t' Attone, and Ranſom *Adam*'s Race.

The *Father* ſtraight aſſented, *Mercy* ſmil'd,
To ſee the *Serpent* of his Prey beguil'd.
Juſtice well-pleas'd, accepts the offer'd Price,
And Heav'n's aton'd by its own *Sacrifice*.
The Heav'ns with loud rebounding Shouts did ring,
And the glad Angels in new Anthems ſing,
The *Interceſſor*, and *myſterious King*.

The

The rolling Years their Circles fill apace,
And well-breath'd Time runs its appointed Race.
Till it brought on the Hour when all ſhould ſee,
The *Son* make good to Man, his bleſt Decree.

That our expected Hope might be enjoy'd,
Divinity appears with Man alloy'd.
His native Glory darts deſtructive Light,
And bright Oppreſſion pours on Mortals Sight:
He therefore draws a humane Veil between,
That temper'd Luſtre might not Kill, when ſeen.
Here two Extreams of Diſtance infinite,
In one ineffable, myſterious Knot unite.
God lives conceal'd, within a Mould of Clay,
And does in Duſt himſelf, and's Glory lay.
He that in all th' expanded Skies wants room,
Lies now encompaſs'd with a Virgin's Womb.
Immenſity is wrapt in Swadling Bands,
The Prince by whom the World's wide Fabrick ſtands,
Supported in his Mother's Arms we ſee;
And vaſt *Eternity* begins to be.
He leaves his ſtarry Seat, and glitt'ring Crown,
And lays his dazling Robes of Glory down:
Then in an humble travelling Dreſs is ſeen,
Seeking, as unknown Strangers do, an Inn.
Lord of the World, to whom proud Monarchs owe
Their Crowns and Scepters, he that does beſtow
Honours and Wealth profuſely on the Great,
Can't for his own Repoſe, find out a Seat,
But muſt from Men, to kinder Beaſts, Retreat.
No other Court receives the new-born King,
Who to debaſe himſelf, did chooſe to bring,
No other Pomp, but naked Innocence;
Nothing for Ornament, or for Defence.

He that the Wants of all the World ſupplies,
Himſelf oppreſs'd with Pain and Hunger, Cries.
He Man's Aſſiſtance asks in vain, to whom
For Aid and Comfort all th' afflicted come.
Angels that did the Royal *Stranger* know,
The greateſt Signs of Joy and Triumph ſhow.
The Out-guards of their Camp ſaw marching round,
Celeſtial Splendor riſing from the Ground;
And gave th' Alarm, the ſhining Squadrons fly
To th' Out-lines, and the Frontiers of the Sky:
To ſee the wond'rous *Mediator* Born,
Whom they adore, though ſtupid *Hebrews* ſcorn.
Some with ſpread Wings ſhoot ſwiftly thro' the Air,
And to the Shepherds firſt the Tydings bear,
That a great *Shepherd* was at *Beth'lem* Born,
Whoſe Deeds and Triumphs ſhould that Name Adorn.
Tho Angels Sing, obdurate Men are mute,
Nor will their *Saviour*, and their *King* ſalute.

Yet ſome few famous Sages come from far,
Conducted by a brighter Morning Star,
Left all the Wealth and Wonders of the Eaſt,
To ſee a greater *Sun* and *God* riſe in the Weſt.
To find the Prince to *Herod* they reſort;
For where ſhould Kings be found, but in a Court?
But the directing Star that led their Way,
Stands ſtill, and points down with a ſtreaming Ray,
To a mean Stable where the Stranger lay.
Where they with humble Adoration View,
The Infant *Interceſſor*, known to few.
Whom they preſent with Odoriferous Gums,
Choice Spices, and *Arabia's* rich Perfumes.

The

The Sun of Righteouſneſs begins to riſe,
And Streaks with radiant Lines the Purple Skies.
Here did he from his healing Wings diſplay,
The tender Dawn of *Everlaſting* Day.
Pale Terrour thro' the Courts of Darkneſs flew,
And Hells ſad Regions double Sorrow ſhew.
Th' infernal Spirits wandring in the Air,
As Thunder-ſtruck, in Anger and Deſpair,
With Shreeks and hideous Yellings fly the Sight,
And the keen Horrour of the Heav'nly Light.
Like obſcene Birds of Night, they haſte away
And ſhun in Clefts and Caves the Riſing Day.
The Prince of *Darkneſs* now begins to fear,
The Diſſolution of his Empire's near.
Th' ambiguous *Oracles* with Fear ſtruck Dumb,
Proclaim'd by Silence, the *Meſſiah* come.

Troubled and Sad th' Infernal Counſel ſate,
Thoughtful how beſt t' avert th' impending Fate.
Various Projections, deep Deſigns were laid,
How beſt the dreaded Foe they might invade.
They firſt the Fury *Jealouſie* diſpatch,
To *Herod*'s Court who might Occaſion watch,
To kindle ſtrong Suſpicions in his Breaſt,
That th' Infant from him ſhould his Scepter wreſt.
She did ſo well perform her Helliſh Part,
Herod ſoon yielded to her ſubtil Art.
For while the Sages leave their Eaſtern home,
And to admire the wondrous Infant come.
Herod, afraid his raviſh'd Crown to loſe,
The Royal Infant's hated Life purſues.
What to pale Tyrants dreadful won't appear,
When *Love* and *Innocence* can move their Fear.

'Tis

'Tis true,
A *King*, he is, whoſe *Empire*'s vaſt extent,
Shall paſs all Bounds, and laſt when Time is ſpent.
Submiſſive Monarchs ſhall their Scepters lay
Before his Feet, and his Juſt Laws obey.
Kingdoms oppreſt ſhall his ſtrong Aids invoke,
And thruſt their Necks beneath his gentle Yoke.
The *Roman* Eagles ſhall the Conqueror own,
And *Cæſar* Court him to aſcend his Throne.
Admir'd by all, he ſhall in Triumph go
Where fruitful *Nile*, or fam'd *Hydaſpes* flow,
Unchekt by *Africk* Heats, or *Scythian* Snow.
Nations invited by his Fame, ſhall come,
More than e'er made their Court to conquering *Rome*,
In ſplendid Embaſſies to ſue for Peace,
And Worlds unknown his Empire ſhall encreaſe.
The Earth ſhall baniſh'd *Juſtice* now regain,
And *Love* and *Truth* attend the happy Reign.
Soft *Peace* and *Joy* the chearful Earth ſhall Crown,
And Savage Beaſts ſhall lay their Fierceneſs down.
The Lyon, Wolf, and Lamb, no more their Prey,
And little Infants ſhall promiſcuous *play*.
The years in Golden Harneſs ſmiling paſs,
And keeping beauteous Order run their Race.
Nor ſhall his Kingdom ceaſe, or Subjects die,
For when Time finds its empty Channel dry,
And all its diſappearing Streams ſhall ſleep,
Loſt and ingulph'd in vaſt Durations Deep:
Then ſhall this *King* his full Dominion gain,
And in Eternal Peace, and Triumph Reign.
But 'tis not Worldly Empire he deſign'd,
His Scepter is his *Grace*, his Throne the *Mind*.

Kings unmoleſted may their Scepters ſway,
And Peaceful Subjects without Strife obey.
They may unrivall'd, and unenvy'd reign,
And all their Pomp, and Regal State maintain.
The great *Redeemer* has his Court unſeen,
And reigns in *Light*, and Heavenly *Love* within.

But from the falſe *Uſurper's* Cruelty,
Officious Angels, warn their Prince to fly.
He and his happy Parents leave their Home,
And all to *Egypt's* ſafer Borders come.
Egypt, tho' for its Monſters famous grown,
Is now by treach'rous *Paleſtine* out-done.
For here they find a more ſecure Abode,
Egypt once *Jacob* ſav'd, and now his God.
The wandring God returns, the Tyrant dead,
To rich *Judæa's* Soil from whence he fled.
Where he begins his Kingdom to aſſert,
And his mirac'lous Virtue to exert.
The *Blind* receiv'd their Sight, their Feet the *Lame*,
And the *Dumb* ſpake to celebrate his Fame.
Loud *Storms* and *Winds* were huſht at his Command,
And fierce wild *Beaſts* did tame and harmleſs ſtand.
The wondring *Dead* ariſe, and haſty come,
Obſequious to his Call, from out their Tomb.
With freſh-created Fiſh and Loaves, he fed
Th' admiring Crowd, that lay around him ſpread.
To the *Decrepit* he new Force appoints,
And with ſtrong Nerves new-brac'd their wither'd Joynts.
His Breath oft cool'd fierce *Feavers* raging Flames,
And his ſole Word the deadly *Poyſon* tames.
Round him in Crowds the ſick and feeble throng,
The ſick grow eaſie, and the feeble ſtrong.

Freſh healing Vertue he diffus'd around,
And dying Men roſe leaping from the Ground:
The Languiſhing reviv'd, th' Afflicted cheer'd,
Took healthful Looks, and ſmil'd when he appear'd.
Demons at his Command vext Men forſake,
And to th' Infernal Caves and burning Lake,
Their haſty Flight, with piercing Screeches take.

Such *Miracles* did his high Office prove,
And Univerſal Admiration move,
Of all the chiefeſt was his wondrous *Love*.
He whom rebellious Men might juſtly fear,
In all his choſen Terrors would appear,
With Military Pomp, and Trumpets ſound,
His ſhining Hoſt of Cherubs pour'd around;
Arm'd with keen Lightning, and the ſharpeſt Sword,
That all his Magazins of Wrath afford,
To lay all Waſte before him, and Efface
All Footſteps of Apoſtate *Adam*'s Race,
He, unexampled *Love*! Attempts to win
Man from the Curſe of *Death*, and Curſe of *Sin*,
With Pity, more than that of Mothers Hearts,
With *Mercy*'s Charms, and *Love*'s perſuaſive Arts.
His high Deſign was with his Heav'nly Light,
To chaſe away th' Impenetrable Night,
That cover'd this loſt World, and re-inſpire
Man's frozen Breaſt, with freſh Celeſtial Fire.
Th' *Almighty*'s faded Image to repair,
That its bright Lines might ſhine diſtinct and fair.
To raiſe laps'd Minds to that high State of *Love*,
Of *Light* and *Bliſs*, the Bleſt enjoy above.
To pull all bold Uſurping Paſſions down,
And ſettle Reaſon in its ancient Throne.

To break Sins heavy Chains, its Slaves releaſe,
And fix 'twixt Earth and Heav'n a laſting Peace.

The *Jews* amus'd with Worldly Empire's Charms,
Hoping ſome Monarch with Victorious Arms,
With *Roman* Pomp and Grandeur would ariſe,
The great *Redeemer*'s, humble State deſpiſe.
Inſpir'd from Hell, his Meſſage they refuſe,
Deride his Perſon, and his Deeds accuſe.
He that Supplies on all in want beſtow'd,
Feaſting with Miracles the hungry Crowd:
Finds from th' obdurate *Hebrew* no relief,
But with the Twelve Companions of his Grief,
He walk'd on his Eternal Purpoſe bent,
Scatt'ring his Heav'nly Gifts where'er he went.
Yet did unwelcom through their Regions ſtray,
From thoſe ungrateful Cities thruſt away,
Whence he had *Devils* and *Diſeaſes* caſt,
Him, and his proffer'd Heav'n, they from them chas'd.
At laſt his ſpotleſs *Innocence* traduc'd,
He ſtands before the *Roman* Throne accus'd.
On *Cæſar*'s King, *Pilate* in Judgment ſits,
Condemns him, yet his Innocence acquits.
To pleaſe th' inexorable *Jews* he ſheds
Blood, and Heav'n's dreadful Curſes on their Heads:
That done, he waſh'd his guilty Hands in vain,
The Blood he ſpilt, alone could Purge that Stain.

No Form of Cruelty his Foes omit,
They give ſharp *Stripes*, and on his *Face* they ſpit;
Which now adoring Angels bluſh to ſee,
Not for its Splendor, but Deformity.
To pleaſe united Cruelty and Scorn,
On's wounded *Head*, they fix a Crown of Thorn:

They dreſs him in a Purple *Robe*, that gone,
His Blood with richer Purple dyes his own.
A *Reed* his Hand muſt for a Scepter ſway,
Which with a Rod of Ir'n ſhall that Contempt repay:
They bow in Scorn before him, whilſt he ſate
A Pageant Prince, the mockery of State.
What various Shapes of Cruelty are ſhewn,
Under, and on his *Croſs* he's made to groan:
And yet he bears a heavier Load within,
The preſſure of the World's united Sin.
Stretcht on the curſed *Tree* his Body hangs,
Groaning its Life away in dying Pangs.
Forſaken both of Earth and Heav'n, his Breath
He waſted in the Pains of lingring Death:
Whilſt on his *Soul* the blackeſt Horrors dwell,
That feels the Pains, without the Guilt of Hell.
The barb'rous *Hebrews* for whoſe ſake he dy'd,
Stand by, and ſee their Sov'raign *Crucify'd*,
Without the ſlight Compaſſion of a Tear,
Scarce in the Crowd, does one ſad Face appear.
Their Inſolence dares mock his dying Moans,
Sport with his Torments, and deride his Groans:
Though ſolid Rocks touch'd with Compaſſion rent,
The more obdurate *Jew* does not relent.

For *Man* he dies, that Heav'n may be aton'd,
He dies, the *Univerſe* afflicted groan'd;
Heav'n's everlaſting Frame ſhook with the Fright,
And the ſcar'd *Sun* ſhrunk back, and hid his Light.
Thro' th' Earth's dark Vaults a ſhiv'ring Horror fled,
That whil'ſt Convuls'd threw up th' awaken'd Dead:
Thin pallid *Ghoſts* come ſweeping o'er the Graſs,
And howling Wolves glare on them as they paſs.

Hoarſe

Hoarſe Thunder rolls in Subterranean Caves,
Chaos to hearken ſtills his raging Waves.
Ev'n *Hell* gap'd horrible, ſuch was the fright,
And thro' the Chaſm let thro' prodigious *Night*:
Night that extinguiſh'd the Meridian Ray,
And with its gloomy Deluge choak'd the Day.
Sad Moans were heard, Shreeks, Howlings, Midnight Cries,
And Globes of Fire hung blazing in the Skies.
A fierce Convulſion thro' the *Temple* went,
The Pillars trembled, and the *Veil* was rent.
The *Heav'n*'s and *Earth* both ſuffer'd when he dy'd,
As *Nature*'s Self, were with him Crucify'd.
Down by their Sides the ſilent *Angels*, laid
Their Golden Harps, and neither ſung nor play'd;
Their drooping Wings, and Looks dejected ſhow
Sadneſs, as much, as thoſe bleſt Realms can know.

Thrice the ſwift Sun, his radiant Chariot drove
O'er the blue Hills, and out-ſtretch'd Plains above:
As oft the Moon had ſhot her paler Light,
In Silver Threads thro' the brown Veſt of Night:
When the *Reviving Saviour* leaves his Tomb,
And, as new-born, breaks from the Earth's dark Womb.
The Chains of Death ſhook off, he from the Ground,
Do's with new Force, *Antæus* like, rebound:
He comes in Triumph from the conquer'd Grave,
And this bleſt proof of *Reſurrection* gave.
Oft to his mournful Friends their Lord appear'd,
And their ſad Minds with Heav'nly Pleaſures cheer'd:
He then the Plan of his wiſe Kingdom laid,
Who ſhould ſubmit, and who ſhould be obey'd.
To theſe he gave a Power to looſe, and bind,
And with fixt Bounds that Sacred Power confin'd:

He ſet the Rights his Subjects ſhould enjoy,
Which Princes muſt Protect, but not Annoy:
And by wiſe Laws fixt all things that relate,
To the Support of his new founded State.

That done, purſu'd by their admiring Eyes,
Born on a ſhining Cloud he did ariſe,
In Heav'nly Pomp Triumphant thro the Skies.
The Clouds dividing in Obſequious haſte,
Smil'd, gilded by his Glory, as he paſs'd.
Great *Michael*, *Raphael*, and the reſt that boaſt,
The chief Commands in the Celeſtial Hoſt,
Great Princes, Thrones, and high *Seraphick* States,
With ſplendid Equipage pour'd from the Gates;
Sublime in high Celeſtial Chariots rode,
Far out of Heav'n, to meet th' aſcending God.
The Pow'rs and high Dominions with their Train,
Shone glorious bright on all th' Etherial Plain.
On a fair Hill that the wide Vale commands,
The numberleſs Angelick Army ſtands,
Drawn up in ſhining Lines, and Warlike Bands.
The Trumpets all ſalute him paſſing by,
And in the Air diſplay'd the Banners fly.
And now arriv'd at Heav'n's Eternal Gate,
Attended with his long Triumphal State,
The bleſt Inhabitants due Honours give,
And all in Arms, their conquering Prince receive.
Diſpos'd in glorious Ranks each Order Shines,
And all the way the bright Militia Lines.
On's *Chariot* Wheels the thronging Cherubs hang,
With whoſe loud Shouts the Heav'n's high Arches rang.
Thus did he to th' *Eternal*'s Palace ride,
The Guards ſtood to their Arms on either Side:

Entring

Entring he took his Place, and Brightly ſhone
On the Right Hand, of his great *Father*'s Throne:
Where he ſhall our great *Interceſſor* ſtay,
Till the laſt Summons to the Judgment Day.

He ceas'd, and *Hoel* in his Arms embrac'd,
His God-like Friend, and cry'd, I'm highly grac'd
With this Divine Diſcourſe, what Thanks to you,
Illuſtrious Prince, what Thanks to Heav'n are due?
Bleſt *Peace* came wafted on the raging Waves,
And your late Wreck, me and my Kingdom ſaves.
Kind Heav'n for me hath call'd forth Joy and Light,
From thoſe fierce Storms, and that outrageous Night,
That forc'd your Veſſels on th' *Armorick* Shore,
Your Loſs I mourn, but Heav'n's Deſigns adore.
Long have I ſtray'd in gloomy Darkneſs loſt,
Deep Gulphs, thick Woods, and trackleſs Mountains croſt;
In endleſs Mazes, and in endleſs Night,
Without a Glimpſe of Day, or Ray of Light.
The Gates of *Light* thrown open, you diſplay
The firſt reviving Beams of Heav'nly *Day:*
Which darts acroſs the Shades in ſhining Streaks,
And on my Mind in tender Dawning breaks.
How much I wiſh to ſee this Light Divine,
Riſe to its Noon, and in full ſplendor ſhine?
You've open'd Heav'n's Eternal Springs, whence flow
Thoſe ſacred Rivulets, which you beſtow
On the parch'd Region of this barren Breaſt,
Now with pure Streams of Living Waters bleſt.
I drink them in with Joy, but thirſt for more,
And for this thankful, ſtill more Aid implore.

He ceas'd, the Prince who to oblige him ſtrove,
Thus ſpake, all Seaſons offer'd I'll improve,
To give more *Light*, and kindle greater *Love.*

My

My Toil and Sufferings when review'd, will pleaſe,
Caus'd by the ſtormy Winds and angry Seas,
If I can thus aſſiſt your Heav'nly Courſe,
Thro' gloomy Night, thick Miſts, and Tempeſts force,
Thro' all the Snares of Hell, till you attain
Th' Eternal Haven, where bleſt *Spirits* Reign.
Now to the Foot of Heav'n's ſteep Precipice,
Ready to plunge into the deep Abyſs,
The Red-fac'd *Sun* had roll'd the ſinking Day,
Shooting along the Plains a level Ray.
The loving *Turtle* to his Airy Neſt,
Flies with his moaning Mate, to Coe, and reſt.
The timorous *Hare* ſteals from the Brakes to feed,
And from the Yoke the lab'ring *Ox* is freed.
With ſtrutting Teats the *Herds* come lowing home,
And *Beaſts* of Prey o'er Hills and Forreſts roam.
And now the Princes, that had paſs'd the Day
In various talk, to *Conda* came, to ſtay
Till the appearance of the Morning Ray.

Prince Arthur.

BOOK III.

NOW the Victorious *Sun* the *Night* invades,
Chaſing from Hill to Hill, the flying Shades.
Up roſe the Princes, and were ſoon prepar'd
To take their Way, attended with their Guard.
In the ſame Chariot friendly they abide,
Maintaining pleaſing Converſe, as they ride.
The *Britiſh* Captains, and th' *Armorick* Train,
On either Side their generous Courſer's rein.
They paſt not far, when *Hoel* thuſt addreſt,
With pleaſing Looks, his Pious, Britiſh Gueſt:
Your lofty Subject now, brave Prince, reſume,
How ſhall your *Lord* from Heav'n to Judgment come,
What follows, what precedes the general Doom?

The *Briton* then began:
Before the Son of *God* appears on high,
Prodigious Signs are ſeen thro' all the Sky.
New-lighted *Comets* ſhake their Fiery Hair,
Or trail their flaming Trains along the Air.
Vaſt circling Flakes of Fire the World amaze,
And intermixt, prodigious *Meteors* blaze.
The Sky ſhines terrible with Lightning's Flame;
And Thunder ſhakes the Univerſal Frame:
Th' impetuous Roar, o'erturns Heav'n's lofty Towers,
And Starry Fragments fall in burning Showers:

Rent Clouds, pour Seas of raging *Sulphur* down,
Whoſe livid Flames th' extinguiſh'd Sun-beams drown.
Croſs the red Air the flaming Torrents fly,
Guſhing from all the fiery Springs on high.
The melting *Orbs*, and Firmaments conſpire,
To make up one Tempeſtuous Sea of Fire.
The glowing *Sphears* diſſolve with Heat, and all
In mighty Floods of liquid Cryſtal fall.
The lofty Digues gape wide, that ſtood around,
And from the dark Abyſs did Nature bound;
Chaos comes pouring thro' the hideous Crack,
And Nature's Ruins, and th' amazing Wreck
Of burning Worlds, lie floating on his Waves:
Scarce its high Bank th' Empyreal Region ſaves.
Heav'n's ſpacious *Balls* are on each other hurl'd,
Ruin with Ruin cruſh'd, and *World* o'erturn'd with *World*.
Confuſion, Noiſe, and Horror fill the Air,
The Earth, loud Cries, Diſtraction, and Deſpair.
Fierce Storms of raging Vapours, that aſpire,
Mixt with hot Steams, from ſubterranean Fire,
That Lakes of Sulphur burning all beneath,
That kindled *Naphtha*, and hot Metals Breath;
The Earth's grip'd Bowels with Convulſions rack,
And with loud Noiſe their trembling Priſons crack.
Impriſon'd Thunder roars for wider room,
Proclaiming loud the World's approaching Doom.
The *Globe* diſtorted, burſt, disjoynted, rent,
Gives to the burning Exhalations vent:
Thro' gaping Clefts, the flaming Tempeſt flies,
And Hurricanes of Fire confound the Skies.
Great Cities, Mountains, Rocks, and ſhatter'd Hills,
Vaſt abrupt Tracks of Land, and ſinking Iſles,
Sap'd by the Flame, that underneath deſtroys;
Fall down with mighty Cracks, and dreadful Noiſe;

Prodigious

Prodigious Ruine filling all the Caves,
And daſhing high the ſubterranean Waves.
Ætna, *Veſuvius*, and the fiery kind,
Their Flames within blown up with ſtormy Wind;
With dire Concuſſions, and loud Roar complain
Of deadly Gripes, and fierce conſuming Pain.
The lab'ring *Mounts* belch droſſy Vomit out,
And throw their melted Bowels round about.
Broad Sheets of Flame, Pillars of Pitchy Smoak,
And glowing Stones, the Airy Region choak.
Down their ſcorcht Sides metallick Torrents flow,
And form a diſmal, flaming Sea below:
The fiery Deluge rolls along the Ground,
Dreadful for Colour, horrible for Sound.
Huge Stones, and vaſt unmelted Cakes of Oar,
The thick, unweildy Tide encumber more.
Horrour in Triumph, ſmear'd with Smoak and Blood,
Rides croſs the Ridge of the tremendous Flood.
It burns new Channels riding o'er the Plain,
And turns o'er Cities with its pond'rous Train.
Down to the Deep it rolls its maſſy Waves,
Out-roars the Ocean, and its Waters braves:
Plung'd in the Seas it unextinguiſh'd lies,
And o'er the Waves the glowing Wedges riſe.
Th' affrighted Seas the burning Horrour fly,
And the bare Shores beneath the Deluge fry.
Into the Air th' exhaling Ocean goes,
Where *Waters* ſlept, a Lake of *Sulphur* glows,
All the hot Seeds, and hidden Stores of Fire,
From ſubterranean Priſons freed, conſpire
With their bright Arms to lay all *Nature* waſte,
And to the general *Conflagration* haſte.
A *fiery Chaos* Reigns with lawleſs Power,
And unreſiſted Flames the World devour.

Theſe Signs firſt giv'n, amidſt the Starry Sphears,
With all the Pomp of Heav'n the *Judge* appears.
Before his Chariot Wheels, that roll on high,
Whirlwinds, and Clouds diſcharging Thunder fly,
And curling Lightnings run along the Sky.
Immortal *Thrones*, pour'd out from Heav'n's bright Gates,
Dominions, Powers, *Seraphic* Potentates,
Crown'd *Saints*, and *Martyrs* rang'd in glorious Rows,
Attend his Chariot, and his State compoſe.
The dazling Pomp ſtretches acroſs the Sky,
From utmoſt Eaſt to Weſt, and paſſing by
The Heav'nly Orbs, comes on deſcending ſlow,
Into the Airy Region here below.
O'er all the Sky, Heav'n's mighty Army ſhines,
And here it halts in deep embattel'd Lines.
In bright Celeſtial Armour clad, they ſtand,
Their Swords of temper'd Flame drawn in their Hand:
They mark a *Camp* of ſpacious Circuit out,
And caſt up Cryſtal Ramparts round about.
On ſome fit Eminence, they raiſe on high
Their Lord's Auguſt Pavilion in the Sky:
His bright, ſublime *Tribunal* here they place,
On which he ſits, with awful, God-like Grace.
Such Flames of Fire, wheeling in Clouds of Smoak,
Iſſue from thence, as from Mount *Sinai* broke.
Array'd with Majeſty, and cloath'd with Light,
He Glory darts too fierce for Angels Sight.
In *Hallelujahs* they his Greatneſs ſing,
And the ſhook Sphears, with loud *Hoſannahs* ring.
Thus on the Throne, the Saviour ſits prepar'd,
To judge the World, to puniſh and reward.

And

And now th' unnumber'd Armies ready ſtand,
Graſping revenging Firebrands in their Hand,
And only wait their Leader's high command.
The Signal giv'n, a general Shout, ſhall ſhake
The Heav'n's around, greater than Armies make
Ruſhing to Battel, or was heard in *Rome*,
When conquering *Cæſar* came in Triumph home.
Their furious Arms devouring Tempeſts throw
On all the guilty, trembling World below.
They pour down mighty, fiery *Cataracts*,
Flaming *Bitumen*, and *Sulphurous* Lakes;
Red Showers of fiery Arrows hiſſing fly,
And flaſhing Lightning flames around the Sky.
Fires from above, combin'd with Fires below,
O'er all the Earth in ruddy Torrents flow.
Vengeance Divine, waſtes Nature's burning Store,
And drowns the Earth in *Fire*, all drown'd in *Guilt* before.
The Heat diſſolves the *Fabrick* of the World,
The broken parts fall down, confus'dly hurl'd:
Chaos reſtor'd does in wild Triumph reign,
And ruin'd Worlds his hideous Throne ſuſtain.

Some great *Archangel* now ſprings forth on high,
And with the loudeſt Trumpet of the Sky,
Summons th' aſtoniſh'd, gazing World to come,
To *Judgment*, and the Univerſal *Doom*.
The dreadful Noiſe ſhakes Heav'n's Etherial Mounds,
And in loud Ecchoes from the Sphears rebounds:
In Ecchoes terrible, and piercing ſhrill,
That the low World with dire Amazement fill.
The guilty *Fiends* ſhreek out at theſe Alarms,
That in the Air fly thick in murmuring Swarms:

Their

Their *Prince* himſelf trembles, and dares not ſtay,
But ſpreads his broad, dun Wings, and ſhoots away.
They ſink confounded to th' Infernal Deep,
Or into Clefts, and hollow Mountains creep.
They find the fatal Hour's arriv'd at laſt,
That ſhall revenge their bold Rebellions paſt:
When to their Torments they ſhall be reſtrain'd,
And lie beneath, on flaming Billows chain'd.
When *Hell* no more its Pris'ners ſhall releaſe,
And *Sin's* black Empire muſt for ever ceaſe.

No leſs the dreadful Sound, and awful Sight,
Confound proud *Tyrants*, and their Guards affright.
What Horrour now diſtracts each guilty Soul,
In their ſad Breaſts, what ſtorms of Vengeance roll;
How will they bear this diſmal Scene of Woe,
Where will they ſtay ſecure, or whither go?
Terrour, Diſtraction, Anguiſh, fierce Deſpair
Drink up their Vitals, and their Heart-ſtrings tear.
Ten Thouſand poiſon'd Darts ſtrike thro' their Reins,
And wound them with unſufferable Pains.
The Vulture bred within their Bowels gnaws,
And *Conſcience* gripes them with her Harpy's Claws.
Such Wounds, ſuch Stings, ſuch Pangs muſt now be born,
Of everlaſting *Death*, the ſad Forlorn.
What ſtrange Confuſion in their Looks appears,
What wild Amazement, Guilt and deadly Fears!
What howling Lamentation, what dire Cries,
What doleful Shrieks, and Yellings fill the Skies!

Beſides, the Trumpet ſhakes the trembling Ground,
The ſtartled *Dead* awaken at the Sound:
The *Grave* reſigns its ancient Spoils, and all
Death's Adamantine Priſons burſt, and fall.

The

The *Souls* that did their forc'd Departure mourn,
To the ſame *Bodies* with ſwift Flight return:
Whoſe ſcatter'd Parts God calls together, they,
To their appointed Meeting haſte away.
The Crowding Atoms re-unite apace,
All without tumult, know, and take their place.
Th' aſſembled *Bones* leap quick into their Frame,
And the warm *Blood* renews a brighter Flame.
The quicken'd Duſt feels freſh and youthful Heats,
While its old Task, the beating *Heart* repeats.
The *Eyes* enliven'd with new Vital Light,
Open, admiring whence they had their Sight.
The *Veins* too, twine their bloody Arms around
The Limbs, and with red, leaping Life abound.
Hard twiſted *Nerves* new brace, and faſter bind
The cloſe knit Joynts, no more to be disjoyn'd.
Strong, new-ſpun Threds Immortal *Muſcles* make,
That juſtly fixt, their ancient Figure take.
Brisk *Spirits* take their upper Seats, and dart
Thro' their known Channels thence, to every part.
The Men now draw their long-forgotten *Breath*,
And ſtriving break the unweildy Chains of Death.
Victorious *Life* to every Grave reſorts,
And rifles Death's unhoſpitable Courts:
Its Vigour thro' thoſe dark Dominions ſpread,
From all their gloomy Manſions frees the Dead.
Now ripe Conceptions thro' the Earth abound,
And new ſprung Men ſtand thick on all the Ground.
The Sepulchres are quick, and every Tomb
Labours with Life, and grows a fruitful Womb.

But how the *Dead* are chang'd, their Bodies more
Unlike each other, than their Souls before!

How

How monſtrous foul the *guilty* Dead ariſe,
Each ſtruck with Horrour from his Neighbour flies!
How much deform'd they look, all ſtain'd with *Sin*,
Black and miſ-ſhap'd without, but more within.
Ugly and Fiend-like, from their Graves they crawl,
And on the Ground, like bloated Vermin, ſprawl:
And like them too, their Bodies have their Birth,
From putred Damps and Vapours in the Earth.
So Serpents that entangled lay aſleep,
From out their Beds diſturb'd, and waken'd creep:
They hiſs, and caſt their fiery Eyes around,
And with their loathſome Bellies mark the Ground.
For flight their Poyſonous Volumes they diſplay,
And urg'd with Fear and Anguiſh, haſte away.
So this foul Brood are forc'd their Graves to leave,
And to the Ground their grov'ling Bellies cleave:
Earthy and Black, confin'd ſo long to Night,
They dread the Horrours of the chearful Light.
Amazing change! ſee, ſome of theſe were they,
Whoſe Heads were crown'd, whoſe Hands did Scepters ſway.
Theſe did rich *Purple*, and fine *Linnen* wear,
And every Meal fed on delicious Fare.
That hideous *Thing*, that for a Covert ſeeks,
With hollow Eyes, fall'n Jaws, and ghaſtly Cheeks,
That monſtrous Thing, was once, when kept with Care,
Proud of its *Beauty*, and look'd wondrous *Fair*,
Set off with all the Ornaments, that pleaſe
The Eye, and pamper'd with Luxurious Eaſe.
But how the guilty Crowd, wreckt with Deſpair,
With diſmal Cries fill all the ecchoing Air;
When they the *Trumpet*'s dreadful Summons hear,
And find the Univerſal *Judgment* near!
Back to their Graves, the ugly Monſters fly,
And in thoſe Coverts would for ever lie.

They

They call aloud for Death, and wiſh they might
Melt to thin Air, be drown'd, and loſt in Night.

But when Bleſt *Minds* their *Bodies* meet, no Pair
Can look more Beautiful, and charming Fair.
The happy *Souls* ſhoot ſwiftly thro' the Sky,
And to the Graves and Sepulchers they fly:
Where they their long-forſaken *Bodies* greet,
Which, like old Friends, they with freſh Pleaſure meet.
Bodies, that ſeem, they are ſo Pure and Bright,
All thicken'd *Glory*, cloſe compacted *Light*;
Purg'd and refin'd from all that's courſe and groſs,
As melted Gold throws off the baſer Droſs.
Smiling they riſe, ſuch Charms, ſo ſweet a Grace
They ſhew, as dwell not on a Mortal Face.
Theſe riſing *Stars* their Heav'nly Beams diſplay,
Bright Harbingers of Everlaſting Day.
Such Beauties, ſuch mild Glories ſhall we ſee,
In the glad Spring of Immortality.
Yet theſe bleſt Sons of Light, that Angel-like,
Would Mortal Eyes, with deadly Luſtre ſtrike,
Were thoſe, that once their Excellence diſguis'd,
Liv'd here oppreſs'd, and like their Lord, deſpis'd.
Welcom to them this long-expected Hour,
Safe by their *Judge's* Favour, from his Power:
High Tides of Joy into their Boſoms run,
And Everlaſting *Life* they feel begun.
This ſhall paſt Griefs in deep Oblivion drown,
Compleat their Triumphs, and their Virtues Crown.
Theſe in the Spring, great Care and Toil beſtow'd,
And water'd with their Tears, the Seed they ſow'd:
The Harveſt now their happy Hours employs,
In reaping Pleaſures and Immortal Joys.

Bright *Cherubims* deſcending thro' the Air,
To theſe bleſt Men with ſpeedy Flight repair,
Then to the gen'ral Doom aloft they fly,
And on their Wings convey them thro' the Sky.
In all the way encouraging their Charge,
Telling of all the Joys of Heav'n at large.
Plac'd in the Preſence of their *Lord*, they ſtand
In their appointed Seats, at his Right-hand.

Whilſt other *Angels* from the Deep of Hell,
Drive up the *Fiends* that in thoſe Regions dwell.
With Swords of keeneſt Flame compelling ſome,
And dragging others to the gen'ral Doom.
In Anguiſh and Deſpair, the yelling Fiends,
Curſe, Gnaſh, and Bite th' Eternal Chain that binds
So cloſe, and ſtrait, then turn their Heads away,
From the fierce Terrour of ſo bright a Day.
And impious *Men*, in no leſs Horrour, fly
To all the Shades, and Coverts they deſcry:
Mountains and Rocks their fruitleſs Cries invite,
To fall, and hide them from the *Judge*'s Sight.
For riſe they muſt, and loſe their vain Deſire,
Caught up in Whirlwinds, and in Storms of Fire.
Before the *Judge* the Pris'ners ſtand in ſight,
And take the Left-hand, as the Juſt the Right.

Th' Eternal *Books* before the *Judge* are brought,
Where all Mens long-forgotten Deeds are wrote.
And firſt are read the Vertues of the *Juſt*,
Their *Zeal* for Heav'n, their *Courage*, *Hope*, and *Truſt*:
The *Prayers*, the *Tears*, the *Alms* themſelves conceal'd,
Before applauding Angels are reveal'd.
The righteous *Judge* their Innocence declar'd,
Allots the glorious Kingdom, he prepar'd
For pure and holy Minds a bleſt Reward.

Their

Their Guardian Angels at their Lord's Command,
Crown the glad *Saints* with an Officious Hand.

Who now in perfect Bliſs, their time employ,
Diſcourſing, to promote their mutual Joy,
How firſt they left the pleaſurable way,
Where wanton Streams of ſoft Delights, convey
Charm'd *Souls*, that with the treach'rous Tyde muſt go,
To the dead Lake of *Pain*, and endleſs *Woe*.
How firſt they lik'd the dark and loneſome Road,
Which leads to Bliſs, and the bleſt Minds Abode.
How when in Shades they mourn'd, a Heav'nly Ray
Darted a welcome, tho' imperfect Day.
How *Vertue*'s guidance they implor'd and gain'd,
And what bleſt Converſe with her they maintain'd:
How thro' dark Pathes ſhe did their Feet conduct,
Correct the Wanderers, and the reſt inſtruct.
How by her Aids they bore tempeſtuous Shocks,
Climb'd o'er oppoſing Hills, and hanging Rocks;
Till they at length the Peaceful Realms did gain,
Where *Joys Divine*, and endleſs Tranſports reign.
How ſweet and fair Crown'd *Innocence* appears,
No more toſt on the Waves of Hopes and Fears?
On Mortal Face ſuch Beauties never ſhone,
Like thoſe of *Virtue*, ſeated on her Throne.

Next this, th' *Apoſtate Angels* are accus'd,
That open Force, or ſecret Arts they us'd,
To ſet their Leader, on th' *Eternal*'s Throne,
Subvert *Chriſt*'s Empire, and advance their own.
That *Man* by them ſeduc'd, did firſt Rebel,
Relinquiſh'd Heav'n, and to their Party fell.
That they the curſt Defection did ſupport,
And new-born Men, to new Rebellions Court.

That they with indefatigable Care,
Freſh Heats fomented, and renew'd the War.
Whence Plagues and Deſolation wide, and vaſt,
And uncontroll'd Deſtruction laid all waſte:
Hence *Noah*'s univerſal Deluge came,
And hence the World lies now o'erwhelm'd in Flame.
For theſe black Crimes they're ſentenc'd to the Pains,
Of fiercer Fire, and doom'd to heavier Chains.

Next *Cain*'s Rebellious Off-ſpring are accus'd,
As Heav'n's inveterate Foes, who long abus'd
Goodneſs Divine, whom Everlaſting *Love*,
And Life *Eternal*, had no Charms to move.
They would no reconciling Terms embrace,
Alike by Threats unchang'd, or Acts of Grace.
They did with Wine and Noiſe the Method find,
To Calm a Conſcious, ſelf-revenging Mind.
To lay aſleep th' uneaſie Judge within,
Till they with Care and Pains, grew bold in Sin.
For when the ſacred *Spirit*, did convey
Into their Breaſts, a ſecret Heav'nly Ray,
Which did, where cheriſh'd, ſoon bring on the Day:
With haſty Care they choak'd the new-ſprung Light,
Calling to Aid the Shades of Hell, and Night.
Divine Compaſſion's Force they never felt,
Nor would in Flames of *Love Eternal* melt.
Their Hearts untouch'd did all Heav'n's Stroaks repel,
Temper'd, and harden'd in the Forge of Hell.
No Overtures of *Peace*, no Offers made,
Tho' of an endleſs Kingdom, could perſwade
The unrelenting Rebels, to lay down
Their impious Arms, to take a Heav'nly Crown.
They ſtill aſſerted with their lateſt Breath,
Their fixt Confed'racy with Hell, and Death.

'Tis

'Tis on them charg'd, that others too that fell,
Drawn by their Arts, embark'd for Death and Hell.
They led them to the flow'ry Banks, and ſhow'd
The flatt'ring Tide, where ſmiling Pleaſures flow'd.
Where the charm'd Voyagers did careleſs ride,
Bewitching *Syrens* ſinging on their Side:
Till the falſe Flood betray'd them thither, where
It falls into the Gulph of black Deſpair.

Here ſecret Crimes are publiſh'd, and his Name
Who lov'd the *Sin*, but fear'd th' attendant *Shame*.
The ſly *Adulterer*, who till the late
Approach of Night, and ſilent Shades did wait,
For the Careſſes of the *Harlot*'s Bed,
And at the early Dawn of Twilight fled;
Is here upbraided, for his careful Flight
Of Mens, whilſt he contemn'd th' *Almighty*'s Sight.

Th' *Audacious* Wretch, who did Heav'n's Laws deride,
And all its Thunder and dire Threats defy'd;
Who did cloy'd Nature to freſh Guilt excite,
Beyond her own ev'n Vicious Appetite:
Anti-Platonic that could Pleaſure take
In naked *Vice*, and ſinn'd for ſinning's Sake;
Who could, abſtracted from Enjoyment, ſport
With *Guilt*, and *Vice* ev'n in Idea court.
Who did himſelf, ſo much he lov'd the Fame,
The ſecret Triumphs of his Luſts proclaim,
Strives in the Crowd to hide his guilty Head,
Whilſt his high Charge, and black Indictment's read.
Th' aſtoniſh'd Wretch Sinks, Trembles, Dies to ſee
Enrag'd *Omnipotence*, and frowning *Majeſty*.
Such deadly Torments on his Bowels feed,
Such Agonies he feels, as far exceed

All

All Shapes of Horrour, Mortals ever ſaw,
Poets invent, or troubl'd Fancies draw.
That There's a *God*, he gives a full Aſſent,
On the moſt ſure, but ſaddeſt Argument:
He can his *Being*, and his *Power* atteſt,
From the Almighty Vengeance in his Breaſt.
Thus he at laſt believes, and trembles too,
On the ſame grounds that tortur'd *Spirits* do.
The Droll'ry which derided Heav'n's juſt Cauſe,
He hears repeated, but without Applauſe.
His Jeſts and bold Diſcourſes, will not fit
This place, nor paſs, ev'n with his Friends, for Wit.
Will he his feeble Arguments produce,
And make them here, renew their former Uſe?
Will he aſſert his Innocence, and plead,
'Twas only harmleſs *Nature* he obey'd?
That he to *Vice* did not his Mind enſlave,
But only pleas'd the Appetites Heav'n gave.
Will he inform the Judge, it cannot be,
A Being Good, and Merciful, as He,
Can ſo much Rigour to his Errors ſhow,
And make a Creature for Eternal Woe?
The Wretch's bold Objections will appear,
His wanton Fancy's wild Capriches here.
Able no more to ſtifle with their Night,
The natural Dictates of his inbred Light.
They can't the deadly Stings within controul,
Nor eaſe the Horrors of his tortur'd Soul.

And now leſs hardy Pris'ners are Arraign'd,
Which had not this obdurate temper gain'd.
Of ſuch a Pendulous, Diſtracted Mind,
That oft to Heav'n, and oft to Hell inclin'd:

To make up *Peace*, they would with neither part,
But ſhar'd between them a divided Heart.
Theſe travell'd on ſo long the happy Way,
Which leads to Life, and pure Etherial Day:
Till they reach'd Heav'n's bright Confines, could deſcry
The Peaceful World of Immortality.
But then, diſcourag'd at the ſteep Aſcent,
And the ſtrait Gate, thro' which the Trav'llers went,
Gave back, and did of their paſt Toil repent.
But how they now abhor the Cowardize,
Which made them almoſt Conquerors, miſs the Prize:
Made them deſert a proſperous Cauſe as loſt,
Which could ſo many Spoils, and Triumphs boaſt.
Curſt Sloth, that could perſwade them to forſake
Chriſt's Camp, when ſuch a *Kingdom* was at Stake.

Each hears his aggravated Crimes at large,
Devils accuſe, and *Conſcience* backs the Charge.
They can't excuſe, or hide their *Crimes*, nor fly,
Nor what's the Refuge of the wretched, dy.
Now let their paſt Enjoyments Succour give,
Let *Wit*, and *Wine* their deadly Fears relieve.
Let their dear *Riches* their Aſſiſtance lend,
Honour and *Pomp* th' ambitious Man defend.
Let them ſollicite with their loudeſt Cries,
Thoſe Gods, they ſerv'd, to ſave their Votaries.
Bleſt Heav'n, that Man with ſuch a ſwift Career,
Purſues thoſe Toys which are ſo uſeleſs here.

The *Judge* will all his Terrours now aſſume,
And thus pronounce the Pris'ners dreadful Doom.
For ever curſed Souls from me depart,
As you did oft my Cauſe, I you deſert.

Go,

Go, burn in Everlaſting Fire, prepar'd
For *Devils*, take that ſad, but juſt Reward.
Sink to the Bottomleſs Abyſs of Hell,
Where Agonies, and endleſs Sorrow dwell:
Go to thoſe Manſions of Deſpair, and lie
In never-ceaſing Torments, go, and die.

The Rebels this expected Sentence paſt,
With Thunder and Tempeſtuous Fire are chas'd,
To *Hell's* black Gulph, thro' all th' Etherial Waſte.
Where they ſhall ſee no chearful Ray of Light,
Doom'd to the Horrours of Eternal Night.
Th' *Almighty*'s Arrows Feſter in their Heart,
Drink up their Blood, and gall with deadly Smart.
His Wrath conſumes the Wretch, his Power ſuſtains,
And, like fierce Poiſon, o'er their Vitals reigns.
They waſte their Souls in Cries, and howling Moans,
And ſpend *Eternity* in fruitleſs Groans.

Now the abſtruſeſt Paths of *Providence*,
Which gave the wiſeſt Men ſo great Offence,
Are ſo unriddl'd, and made eaſie here;
The Night diſpell'd, they ſhine as Noon-day, clear.
Juſtice, that did till now her Graces ſhrowd,
And walk'd on Earth, encircled with a Cloud;
That did ſuch by, and uncouth Ways frequent,
Perplex'd with Windings, frightful for Aſcent;
See this bright *Goddeſs* to her Throne reſtor'd,
Unveils her Majeſty to be ador'd.
Her Cloud thrown off, her Form is all *Divine*,
No Luſtre now, her Glory can out-ſhine.
Such are the Beauties of her Charming Face,
Fair *Mercy*'s Self, looks not with ſweeter Grace.

Rivals no longer, they are here combin'd,
And in ſo ſtrict a Bond of Friendſhip joyn'd;
They ſeem diſtinguiſh'd only by their Name,
Their *Charms* alike, their *Votaries* the ſame,
And both are Worſhip'd with an equal Flame.

Juſtice to all in ſuch due Meaſures ſhown,
The Judge returns to his Celeſtial Throne:
And as he goes, crown'd Saints, and Seraphs ſing
Loud Songs of Praiſe to their Triumphant King.
He enters Heav'n attended with his Train,
Who in the new *Jeruſalem* ſhall reign.

The City ſtands on pure expanded Fields
Of riſing *Ether*, which wide Proſpect yields,
O'er all the Gulph, and out-ſtretcht Vales below,
O'er all th' Inferiour, ſpacious Orbs can ſhow.
The Walls are Marble of the richeſt Vein,
And their high Towers, o'er-look the Azure Plain.
Of poliſh'd *Gold* the glorious Structures riſe,
With gilded Spires, and Turrets in the Skies.
From Heav'nly Quarries on their Front appear
Rich *Stones*, like Winter Stars, but far more clear:
Immortal *Rubies*, *Diamonds*, *Saphires* met,
In beauteous Mixture, and bright Orders ſet.
Rare Works, where Coſt immenſe, and Art combine,
Built and adorn'd by th' Architect Divine,
To be for Holy *Minds* a bleſt Abode,
Th' Imperial Seat, and Reſidence of *God*.
The Streets are all of fine, Etherial *Glaſs*,
Pure, like the ſpotleſs Minds, that thro' them paſs.
Thro' theſe Eternal, living Rivers flow,
Trees on their Banks, in goodly Ranges grow,
Which with their golden Fruit, immortal health beſtow.

Twelve Gates of Orient *Pearl* unſhaken ſtand,
Shut, and unbarr'd by the Almighty's Hand.
A ſteepy Gulph is plac'd beneath the Walls;
And down as low as Hell's Abyſs, it falls;
Leſt Hoſtile Fiends ſhould leave their burning Lake,
And bold Excurſions to theſe Regions make.
The *Air*'s Serene, and fit for happy Minds,
Secure from Thunder, and th' Aſſaults of Winds.
No Clouds, but thoſe of curling *Incenſe* riſe,
By playing *Zephirs* toſt about the Skies;
Which with their gentle Breath ſweet Odours blow,
Which from Bleſt Woods, and Heav'nly Gardens flow.
No noxious Damps, the Region's ſo ſublime,
From Hell's Infernal Caves, can hither Climb.
No foul terreſtrial Steams pollute the Air,
No Breaths aſcend, but thoſe of *Praiſe* and *Prayer*.
Eſſential Glory from th' *Almighty*'s Face,
With its reſplendent Efflux, lights the Place.
All Heav'n's fair *Orbs*, thinn'd and beat out in Light,
Would not ſpread out a Day, ſo pure and bright,
As that, the *Saints* Illuſtrious Order ſheds,
From the encircling Glory round their Heads.
The vanquiſh'd Sun would there ſeem Dark, his Light
Whence our courſe Day proceeds, would there make Night.
So Glorious are the Dwellings of the Saints,
Out-done by nothing, but th' Inhabitants.

On lofty Thrones the Heav'nly Princes ſit,
In Robes as white as *new-fall'n* Snow, and writ
In Golden Characters, their Foreheads bear
Their *Saviour*'s Name, their Breaſts his *Image* wear.
Immortal Vigour ſhines on ev'ry Face,
They look with Mild, but with Majeſtick Grace.

Thick

Thick Beams of Light ſtream out from ev'ry Head,
Each *Saint* does his own Heav'n about him ſpread,
His radiant Feet on pointed Glory tread.

Safe on the Shore with Pleaſure they behold,
How the thick Waves are on each other rowl'd.
What Dangers of a ſtrange amazing Shape,
What fatal Rocks, they ſcarcely did eſcape.
They hear the Winds grow loud and turbulent,
See Clouds ſwoln big, with Thunder in 'em pent,
With which the lowring Sky is over-caſt,
Hang down upon the Seas which they have paſt.
Viewing theſe Woes themſelves did once endure,
They ſtand ſurpriz'd, as if not yet ſecure.
Amaz'd at all the Glory they poſſeſs,
Wonder almoſt ſuſpends their Happineſs.
They on ſo ſweet, and rich a *Climate* thrown,
Forget their Dangers, now for ever gone.
Th' *Almighty* they enjoy, at whoſe Right-hand
Fulneſs of *Joy*, and *Life Eternal* ſtand.
Down from his Throne, as Light does from the Sun,
Rivers of freſh Delight for ever run.
With raviſh'd Eyes they drink in Heav'nly Beams,
Which from his Face flow down in Glorious Streams.
They gaze ſo on the *Beatifick* Sight,
Till they become all Intellectual *Light:*
So long they his ſubſtantial Brightneſs view,
Till they all grow *Divine*, and God-like too.
So quick they feel the mighty Influx come,
The moſt Capacious, thirſty Souls want room:
They widen and extend themſelves, to hold
Thoſe Floods of *Joys*, which to their Breaſts are roll'd;
Till they a vaſt, unmeaſur'd Bliſs poſſeſs,
And ſtrive beneath th' unweildy Happineſs.

If but a Glimpſe of Heav'n, whoſe Glory ſtreams
Thro' the thick Clouds in weak, refracted Beams,
Can pleaſe ſo much, what Joys have thoſe above,
Where perfect *Knowledge*, kindles perfect *Love* ?
Tranſports Ineffable their Minds employ,
Delug'd in Glory, loſt in Tides of Joy.

Here *Innocence* will all its Luſtre ſhow,
The mournful Looks thrown off, it wore below.
Sorrows for ever baniſh'd hence, repair
To the low, guilty Regions of the Air.
There no black Clouds of *Diſcontent* appear,
Which ſpread themſelves o'er theſe dark Vallies here :
No *Groans* are heard, no *Tears* fall down the Face,
To interrupt the *Joy*, of this bleſt Place.
No croſſing *Arms*, or ſad dejected *Eyes*,
Seek out the ſecret Corners of the Skies.
If Courſe, Terreſtrial Pleaſures, court the Senſe
With ſuch ſtrong Charms, that few can make defence ;
When backward Nature's forc'd by Wit, and Art,
All her delicious Treaſures to impart.
When the ſhort Days in all Delights are ſpent,
Which ſoft, luxurious *Aſia* can invent :
What are the Nobler Pleaſures, which tranſport
The bleſt, that reign in this Celeſtial Court ?
Which no Decay, or Intermiſſion know,
Debas'd, when liken'd to the beſt below.
The Clouds all broke, the Tempeſt chas'd away,
The ſmiling Skies diſcloſe a chearful Day.
They've chang'd the Deſart's dry and barren Sand,
For all the Riches of a fruitful Land :
Where with Immortal Food they're ever fed,
And drink pure Pleaſures at the Fountain's Head.

Hatred,

Hatred, Diſtreſs, and Grief, are baniſh'd hence,
The ſad Companions once, of Innocence.
No dying *Martyrs* Flames, or private Cries
Of *Innocents* oppreſt, diſturb the Skies.

Here our Delights are mixt with baſe Allay,
We have at beſt but a Tempeſtuous Day:
Our Sweets are ſtill attended with a Sting,
And great Enjoyments, greater Sorrows brings.
Delights, thoſe Beautiful Illuſions, play
Around us, and, when graſp'd, they glide away.
Here tempting Joys, our fond Embraces fly,
Choice, Foreign Flow'rs, they only Blow, and Dye.
They ſhew themſelves, but will not with us dwell,
But, like hot Gleams, approaching Storms foretel.
Pure unmixt Pleaſures on us never flow'd,
But ſtream, like watry Sun-beams, thro' a Cloud.
But thoſe above, ſee no unlovely Day,
Their *Joys* no Mixture know, nor fear Decay.
In thoſe bleſt Realms they know no thoughtful Care,
Ever to Triumph is th' Employment there.
There's no Viciſſitude of *Day*, and *Night*,
No *Years*, or *Ages*, meaſure Heav'n's Delight;
Time has quite finiſh'd, and gone thro' its Round,
It did their Grief, but can't their Pleaſure Bound.
Its Streams here diſembogu'd for ever ly,
Loſt in th' Abyſs of *Immortality*.
They no ſad Fears of future Sorrows know,
Compleatly Happy, and for ever ſo.
For *Ever!*
We ſtrive in vain to hold this Boundleſs Space;
Too wide and vaſt, for Mortals to Embrace.
Our Arms may claſp the Earth with greater Eaſe,
And ſpread themſelves a-ſhore round all the Seas.

When

When Ages have their wideſt Circle run,
Heav'n wears not, ſtill its *Joys* are but begun.
The Hero's here forget their toil and pain,
And in Eternal *Peace*, and Triumph reign.

No more the Scoffer mocks their pious Care,
As Native Dulneſs, and ungrounded Fear.
How different Fate he and the Impious kind,
Chain'd in the dark infernal Priſons, find?
Near the wild *Deep* where reſtleſs Atoms fight,
And th' unfrequented Coaſts of ancient *Night*,
Where Nature ne'er on Pregnant Matter ſate,
To hatch warm Life, and its ſtraight Bounds dilate:
There ſtands the vaſt, unbottom'd Gulph of Hell,
Where *Sin* and *Death*, in all their Terrors dwell.
Beyond the Verge of Day, theſe Regions lie,
As low and black, as Heav'n is bright and high.
Horror, and *Night* hang diſmal o'er the place,
And grizly Forms fill all the gloomy ſpace.
Dead Seas of pond'rous *Darkneſs* lie around,
And the ſad Realms, from Light's grey Frontiers bound.
Darkneſs which blunts the ſharpeſt pointed Ray,
And unannoy'd, repels th' Invading Day.
The ſluggiſh Air is choak'd with ſoultry Gleams,
With poiſonous Damps, and ſuffocating Steams;
Which from wide Lakes of boiling Sulphur riſe,
Laden with Groans, and Everlaſting Cries.
No ſuch malignant Breaths, ſuch deadly Reeks,
The delving Miner that hid Treaſure ſeeks,
E'er let out from a ſubterranean Cell,
As thoſe which break from the black mouth of Hell.
A fiery Sea burns fiercely all beneath,
Blown up, and kindled by th' *Almighty*'s Breath.

In flaming Heaps the livid *Ocean* rolls,
And ſcalding Waves involve deſpairing Souls.
The boiling Floods terrific Colours ſhew,
Some deeply Red, and others faintly Blue.
Theſe with the Shades contend, but can't diſpel
The Darkneſs which ſurrounds the burning Cell:
Or if they do, they dart pale, diſmal Light,
Worſe than the Horrors of the blackeſt Night.
The troubled *Whirlpool* belches Burnings out,
And throws red Seas of Sulphur round about.
Columns of *Smoke*, with ſpiral Flames of *Fire*
Inwreath'd, from wide-mouth'd Furnaces aſpire.
Hence the black Region is annoy'd with Fumes,
Stench, Reeks, and Flame, which kills, but not conſumes.
So when a *Mount*, hot with metallick Seeds,
In its rich Sides a ſecret Burning feeds;
Soultring within, it casts up Pitchy Smoke,
And the dead Air aſcending Vapours choak.
In mighty Floods the wide *Volcano's* throw
Their melted Treaſures out, and overflow
With glowing Torrents, all the Neighb'ring Ground,
Which lies beneath a burning Deluge drown'd.
Thro' all the Air the liquid Riches fly,
And Floods of Fire daſh thick againſt the Sky.

All *Hope* for ever baniſh'd flies this Place,
And fixt *Deſpair* ſits Pale on ev'ry Face.
Grief, Anguiſh, Terrour, Shame, Confuſion here,
In Forms more terrible than Death, appear.
Here hateful *Sin* throws off its flatt'ring Charms,
And ſhews a Monſter in the Sinner's Arms.
It now no more can pleaſe awaken'd Eyes,
Stript of ſtoll'n Beauties, and the fair Diſguiſe

Of promis'd *Good*, it does it ſelf diſcloſe
Its hideous Shape, and ghaſtly Viſage ſhows.
Th' affrighted Sinner ſeeing, fain would fly
Th' Embraces of ſuch foul Deformity:
He would forget their paſt Endearments now,
And from the Monſter ſtrives in haſte to go:
But 'twill not be; thoſe Friends on Earth muſt dwell
For ever, ſad Companions too, in Hell.

This fiery Gulph, was as their juſt reward,
For *Lucifer*, and his black Hoſt prepar'd;
Where now the *Fiends*, once faireſt Sons of Light,
Lie plung'd in Flame, chain'd in Eternal Night,
Theſe wretched Minds, once pure and free from Stain,
In the bright Palaces of Heav'n did reign.
Array'd with dazling Brightneſs, there they dwelt,
Bleſt with their great *Creator's* ſight, and felt
The beaming Influx breaking from his Face,
And ſhar'd the Pleaſures of that Bliſsful Place.
Till with the task of bleſt Obedience tir'd,
They to th' *Eternal's* Sacred Throne aſpir'd.
Incens'd with ſuch Ambitious Aims, their *Lord*
Strikes thro' the Rebels with his flaming Sword.
Headlong he caſts them from the Seats above,
No longer now, the Creatures of his Love.
Flaming, and Thunder-ſtruck, the Traytors fell,
And ſunk down to the fiery Jaws of Hell.
As when ſtrong-riſing Flames reſiſtance find,
Beat downwards, by a fierce, impetuous Wind:
The liquid Pyramids, with labour bend
Their tops, and ſink, ſtill ſtruggling to aſcend.
So did theſe *Beings* of a Heav'nly Race,
Fall from the Regions of their Native Place;

Still

Still working up, they ſunk in Pain and Toil,
For downwards thrown, their Natures ſtill recoil.
So difficult's an *Angel*'s Fall, and thus
Sinking's to them, what riſing is to us.

But who has Strength t' oppoſe th' *Almighty*'s Hand,
Who can againſt his deadly Terrours ſtand?
He with a ſingle Word, an angry Frown,
Subdu'd this *Hoſt*, and caſt them headlong down.
Confounded, and amaz'd they ſink, and all
Heav'n's Plagues, and Wrath, purſu'd them in their Fall.
Here they muſt lie far from the Coaſts of Bliſs,
Chain'd in the Dungeons of the dark Abyſs:
Where now they feel what *Guilt's* Demerits are,
Weltring in Fire, and tortur'd with Deſpair.
How much they curſe the ſad Exchange, black *Night*,
And endleſs *Death*, for Heav'nly *Joy* and *Light*.
Sunk deep in liquid Fire they lift their Eyes,
Red both with Heat and Anguiſh, to the Skies:
Then rave aloud, to think what Joys they've loſt,
To think how dear their bold Rebellion coſt.
Nor is the Change of theſe two Dwellings ſuch,
So great, but they themſelves, are chang'd as much.
See how deform'd they are, to what before,
Stript of the Glory that in Heav'n they wore;
How much they look too like their guilty State,
How foul, and how unlike themſelves of late.
Such fatal Changes one bold Crime can make,
Heav'n's loſt, nay more left for a burning Lake.

Man's Crime th' Infernal Gates did open lay,
And rais'd, and pav'd, a broad and eaſie Way;
Leading a-croſs the Gulph from Earth to Hell,
Where now, loſt *Men*, with impious *Spirits* dwell.

A Way that's throng'd with mighty Crowds of thoſe,
That for *Delight* and *Eaſe*, this Paſſage choſe.
In Sports and Mirth they journey on, and find
All the Delights which pleaſe a *Vicious* Mind.
The Way's ſo wondrous ſmooth, ſo prone and broad,
They rather fall, than travel down this Road.
But how ſurprizing is their Journey's End,
To what dire Seats does this ſmooth Paſſage tend?
Down to th' Infernal Gulph they ſporting glide,
Born on enchanting Pleaſure's wanton Tide.
A ſad exchange they meet, outrageous Seas
Of Sulphurous Fire, for Luxury and Eaſe.
In Darkneſs chain'd, on flaming Billows toſt,
Too late they find themſelves for ever loſt;
Hopeleſs they rave, and curſe the eaſie Way,
That did their Feet to theſe ſad Realms betray.

Hither the *Damn'd*, the final Sentence paſt,
With *Cherubs* bright, revenging Swords are chas'd:
Purſu'd with everlaſting Wrath, they take
Their woful Refuge, in the burning Lake.
Transfixt on unextinguiſh'd Fire they lie,
Burn without waſte, without expiring die.
Thoſe Agonies, thoſe Terrors here they know,
That from a ſelf-revenging *Conſcience* flow.
Grip'd with the ſad Remembrance of their Sin,
They feel the *Stygian* Viper gnaw within.
With deadly Stings, th' *Almighty* wounds their Hearts,
And in their Breaſts ſticks deep his fiery Darts.
Along their Veins tempeſtuous Vengeance rolls,
Pouring Deſpair, and Horrour on their Souls.
Who can with everlaſting Burnings dwell,
And bear the Guilt, and Puniſhment of Hell?

What

What Strength or Courage can ſupport the Load
Of Wrath, inflicted by th' *Almighty God?*

Hear how the *Damn'd* devour'd with Plagues, begin
To curſe aloud their *Judge*, *Themſelves*, their *Sin.*
Tranſported with their Anguiſh, Grief, and Shame,
They gnaſh their Teeth, and bite the raging Flame.
Then ſunk in deep Deſpair, ſuch Sighs they breath,
Such diſmal Groans, which but to hear, is Death.
A ſecret Fire their Breaſts, like *Ætna*, feed,
And like that too, do their own Thunder breed.
Their Helliſh Nature its own Puniſhment,
Is a worſe Plague, than Furies can invent.
Their *Luſts*, like Vultures, tear their inward parts,
And never-ceaſing Torments, rend their Hearts.
Their vicious *Appetites*, not yet deſtroy'd,
Still crave the Pleaſures, they on Earth enjoy'd:
Though thoſe are gone, the fierce, untam'd Deſire
Remains, and burns worſe than their Lake of Fire.
But what's the moſt afflicting Plague of Hell,
With all theſe Woes, they muſt for ever dwell.
For *Ever!* fatal State, for *Ever!* who
Can bear the Doom of *Everlaſting Woe?*
What deadly Pangs, what fierce Convulſions rend
Their Breaſts, who know their Pains ſhall never end?
How the deſpairing *Damn'd* cry out, Is this
The Place we choſe, inſtead of Heav'nly Bliſs?
Is this black *Priſon*, theſe tormenting *Chains*,
This Lake of *Fire*, and theſe Eternal *Pains*,
The diſmal Recompence our Crimes afford,
And muſt we thus curſt, tortur'd, and abhor'd,
In theſe conſuming Flames, theſe Torments ly,
To all the Ages of *Eternity?*

Curſt be the fatal *Crimes*, which we obey'd,
Which ſtole our Hearts, and have our Lives betray'd.
Curſt be the tranſient falſe *Delights* that ſhew'd
The Charms, which we ſo greedily purſu'd;
Till down the ſteepy Precipice, we fell
Into this deep Abyſs of *Death*, and *Hell*;
Curſt be the treacherous *Joys*, that leave us now
Doom'd to Deſpair, loſt in Eternal Woe.

He ended, *Hoel* highly pleas'd, expreſt
The grateful Senſe, which fill'd his joyful Breaſt.
Methinks he cry'd, I view th' Infernal Caves,
And ſee the *Damn'd* float on the raging Waves
In the dire Lake, where flaming Brimſtone rolls,
And hear the diſmal Groans of tortur'd Souls:
Then looking up, I ſee the Bleſt above,
Diſſolv'd in Raptures of Eternal *Love*.
I ſeem to view their bright, triumphant Throngs,
And hear their *Harps*, and ſweet Harmonious *Songs*.
Then he the *Briton* various queſtions asks,
Who with great Joy performs the pious Tasks,
He teaches ſacred *Myſt'ries* yet behind,
And ſtamps the *Chriſtian* Image on his Mind.

Prince Arthur.

BOOK IV.

IN ſuch *Divine* Diſcourſe, on things ſublime,
The Royal *Pair* with Pleaſure paſs'd their Time.
Now the day wears, the Sun-beams faintly bound,
And taller Shadows ſtretch along the Ground.
Advanc'd, the riſing Eminence they gain,
Which gave full proſpect o'er the fertile Plain,
Where the Imperial Seat of *Hoel* ſtands,
And all the Soil and Towns around, commands.
Fair *Liger* the *Armoric* Region's Pride,
Does thro' the Vale in ſmooth Meanders glide,
And rolls his Silver Volumes by its ſide.
Here the *Nannetian* Heroes did of old,
For Arms and Wiſdom fam'd, the Scepter hold.
Arthur the Structure's height, and Pomp admires,
The lofty Walls, ſtrong Towers, and glitt'ring Spires.
He views the rich and fruitful Region round,
Where wanton *Nature* ſate in Pleaſure crown'd,
Scattering with laviſh Bounty on the Soil,
Riches and Joys, without the Owner's Toil.

To Martial Sports by thirſt of Honour led,
The active Youth o'er all the Fields are ſpread.
Some of robuſter Limbs advance their Name
In wreſtling Rings, the fam'd *Olympick* Game.

Some

Some rein their manag'd *Steeds* with Manly grace,
Some ſwift in *running*, ſtrain to win the Race.
Some hurling pond'rous *Balls* their Fellows brave,
Some twang the *Bow*, and ſome the *Colours* wave.
But all deſert their Games, and Warlike ſport,
And round the Kings, run ſhouting to the Court.
Which was an ancient, ſtately *Pile*, that ſtood
On the ſweet Banks of *Liger*'s peaceful Flood.
Alighted here, th' *Armoric* Prince expreſt,
All ſigns of welcom to his Royal Gueſt.
He leads him to a fair and ſpacious Room,
Hung with rich Pieces, from the fineſt Loom:
Rare Workmanſhip, where fam'd *Sydonian* Art
Did all her Force, and happy Strokes impart.
Each piece freſh Pleaſure, and new Wonder feeds,
Fill'd with th' *Armoric* Kings Heroick Deeds:
Their great Exploits in ſingle Combate done:
The Towns they conquer'd, and the Fields they won.
Pleas'd with the Skill, and Story, *Arthur* ſtands,
And much of this, and much of that, demands.

Mean time, within a *Supper* they prepare,
With great Magnificence, and Regal Fare.
Strong, brawny Servants ſweat, and panting ſtrode,
O'er-burden'd with the *Meats* unweildy Load.
The Iv'ry *Tables* groan beneath the weight,
Of high pil'd *Diſhes*, all of maſſy Plate,
In decent Order ſet, and Princely State.
All things appear, which curious ſearch can find,
Or in the *Finny*, or the *Feather'd* Kind:
Which *Hills*, or ranſack'd *Foreſts* can impart,
Profuſely heap'd, ſet off with coſtly Art.
Of Poliſh'd Gold capacious *Goblets* ſhine,
With ſparkling *Stones* enrich'd, and ſparling *Wine*.

Delicious

Delicious *Fruit* crown'd with freſh *Laurel* ſtood
In lofty Pyramids, a golden Wood.
Great *Lights* in ſilver Sconces plac'd on high,
Shine round the Room, and more than Day ſupply.
The Kings both ſate, the *Britons* take their place,
The other ſide th' *Armorick* Captains grace.
Chearful and highly pleas'd, they ſit, and eat,
And now the Art they praiſe, and now the Meat.
Choice *Inſtruments*, ſome Strung, and ſome of Wind,
Were heard, in ſweet melodious Conſort joyn'd,
The lively *Hoboy*, and the ſweet-mouth'd *Flute*,
The ſprightly *Violin*, and warbling *Lute*;
With the ſonorous *Viol*, mingling ſound,
Soft Ayres, and Heav'nly Harmony compound.

But that which *Arthur* with moſt pleaſure heard,
Were noble Strains, by *Mopas* ſung the Bard,
Who to his *Harp* in lofty Verſe began;
And thro' the ſecret Maze of *Nature* ran.
He the great *Spirit* ſung, that all things fill'd,
That the tumultuous Waves of *Chaos* ſtill'd.
Whoſe *Nod* diſpos'd the jarring Seeds to Peace,
And made the Wars of hoſtile *Atomes* ceaſe.
All *Beings* we in fruitful Nature find,
Proceeded from the great *Eternal* Mind;
Streams of his unexhauſted Spring of Power,
And cheriſh'd with his Influence, endure.
He ſpread the pure *Cerulean* Fields on high,
And Arch'd the Chambers of the Vaulted Sky:
Which he, to ſuit their Glory with their Height,
Adorn'd with *Globes*, that reel, as drunk with Light.
His Hand directed all the tunefull *Sphears*,
He turn'd their *Orbs*, and poliſh'd all the *Stars*.

He fill'd the *Sun*'s vaſt Lamp with golden Light,
And bid the ſilver *Moon*, adorn the Night.
He ſpread the Airy Ocean without Shores,
Where *Birds* are wafted with their feather'd Oars.
Then ſung the Bard how the light *Vapours* riſe
From the warm Earth, and Cloud the ſmiling Skies.
He ſung how ſome, chill'd in their Airy flight,
Fall ſcatter'd down in pearly Dew by Night.
How ſome, rais'd higher, ſit in ſecret Steams
On the reflected Points of bounding Beams;
Till chill'd with Cold, they ſhade th' Etherial Plain,
Then on the thirſty Earth deſcend in *Rain*.
How ſome, whoſe parts a ſlight Contexture ſhow,
Sink hov'ring thro' the Air, in fleecy *Snow*.
How part is ſpun in ſilken Threads, and clings
Entangled in the Graſs in glewy Strings.
How others ſtampt to *Stones*, with ruſhing ſound
Fall from their Cryſtal *Quarries*, to the Ground.
How ſome are laid in Trains, that kindled fly
In harmleſs *Fires* by Night, about the Sky.
How ſome in *Winds* blow with impetuous Force,
And carry Ruine where they bend their Courſe:
While ſome conſpire to form a gentle Breez,
To fan the Air, and play among the Trees.
How ſome enrag'd grow turbulent, and loud,
Pent in the Bowels of a frowning Cloud;
That cracks, as if the Axis of the World [hurl'd.
Was broke, and Heav'n's bright Towers were downwards
He ſung how Earth's wide *Ball* at *Jove*'s command,
Did in the midſt on Airy Columns ſtand.
And how the Soul of *Plants*, in Priſon held,
And bound with ſluggiſh Fetters lies conceal'd,
Till with the Spring's warm Beams, almoſt releaſt
From the dull weight, with which it lay oppreſt,

Its

Its Vigour ſpreads, and makes the teeming Earth
Heave up, and labour with the ſprouting Birth:
The active *Spirit* freedom ſeeks in vain,
It only works and twiſts a ſtronger Chain.
Urging its Priſon's ſides to break away,
It makes that wider, where 'tis forc'd to ſtay:
Till having form'd its living Houſe, it rears
Its Head, and in a tender *Plant* appears.
Hence ſprings the *Oak*, the Beauty of the Grove,
Whoſe ſtately Trunk, fierce Storms can ſcarcely move.
Hence grows the *Cedar*, hence the ſwelling *Vine*
Does round the *Elm* its purple Cluſters twine.
Hence painted *Flowers* the ſmiling Gardens bleſs,
Both with their fragrant Scent, and gawdy Dreſs.
Hence the white *Lilly* in full Beauty grows,
Hence the blue *Violet*, and bluſhing *Roſe*.
He ſung how *Sun-beams* brood upon the Earth,
And in the *Glebe* hatch ſuch a numerous Birth;
Which way the genial warmth in *Summer* Storms
Turns putrid Vapours to a Bed of *Worms*.
How *Rain*, transform'd by this prolifick Power,
Falls from the Clouds, an animated Shower.
He ſung the *Embryo*'s growth within the Womb,
And how the Parts their various Shapes aſſume.
With what rare Art the wondrous Structure's wrought,
From one crude Maſs to ſuch Perfection brought;
That no part uſeleſs, none miſplac'd we ſee,
None are forgot, and more would Monſtrous be.

Such was the ſplendor of King *Hoel*'s Feaſt;
Which ended, *Arthur* ſtraight retires to reſt.
Hoel not ſo, but with the *Britons* ſate,
Asking of *Albion*'s paſt, and preſent State.

Much he inquires of their inteſtine Jars,
Much of the *Picts*, and of the *Saxon* Wars.
At laſt, requeſted *Lucius* to relate,
Prince *Arthur*'s Story, and King *Uter*'s Fate:
Lucius began, the reſt attentive wait.

How ſad a Task do your Commands impoſe,
Which muſt renew unſufferable Woes?
Which muſt our Grief with freſh Affliction feed,
And make your generous Heart with pity bleed.
Whilſt I the diſmal Scene of Ills diſcloſe,
And bleeding *Albion*'s ghaſtly Wounds expoſe:
The cruel Foes in telling would relent,
And with their Tears, the Spoils they caus'd, lament.
Pity would *Picts* and *Saxon* Breaſts invade,
And make them mourn, o'er the dire Wounds they made,
But ſince you're pleas'd to hear our Country's Fate,
I'll pay Obedience, and our Woes relate.

Great *Empires*, like their Founders, Mortal are,
And the ſad marks of Age, and Sickneſs bear.
Their ſtrong Foundations mouldring wear away,
And ſapp'd by Time's devouring Teeth, decay.
Triumphant *Rome*, with Pomp and Grandeur crown'd,
Proudly ſurvey'd the Conquer'd World around.
The Cold and Burning *Zone* obey'd her Arms,
And either *Pole* trembled at her Alarms.
Where Storms can beat, or angry Billows foam,
Where Sails can fly, or ſavage Beaſts can roam,
Proud *Tyber*'s ſwelling Tide no Banks withſtood,
Which o'er the *Globe* roll'd her Victorious Flood.
To ſo ſublime a pitch of Power and Fame,
Rome's wiſe and valiant Sons advanc'd her Name.

Sons,

Sons, that ſhe bore when vigorous Youth did crown
Her Limbs with Beauty, and with Strength full grown:
Enervated with *Age* and *Vice* at laſt,
She found her Strength, and Youthful Vigour waſte.
Decrepit grown, a puny wither'd Race,
Feeble of Head and Arms, her Womb diſgrace.
Of all her *Romans*, *Rome* remains bereft,
Old Names alone, with modern Vices left.
The Noble *Scipios*, and brave *Cæſars* gone,
A ſtarv'ling Brood puts their great Titles on.
Her *Legions* now can no new Triumphs ſing,
Her molting *Eagles* hang their ſickly Wing.
To break her Yoke the *Provinces* rebel,
Thoſe ſhe invaded, now ſhe can't repel.
Fierce *Northern* Storms chaſtiſe old *Tyber*'s Pride,
And to its Banks chaſe the retreating Tide;
Loud, foaming Torrents, from high *Scythian* Hills,
From bleaky *Continents*, and frozen *Iſles*,
In one vaſt Sea combin'd, come pouring down.
And *Rome*'s fair Cities, and rich Valleys drown,
A barb'rous Flood of *Vandals*, *Goths*, and *Huns*,
Their Banks broke down, the Provinces o'er-runs.
As a tall *Oak* that Young and Verdant ſtood
Above the Grove, it ſelf a Nobler Wood;
His wide extended Limbs the Foreſt drown'd,
Shading its Trees, as much, as they, the Ground.
Young, murmuring Tempeſts in his Boughs are bred,
And gathering Clouds frown round his lofty Head.
Outrageous Thunder, ſtormy Winds, and Rain,
Diſcharge their Fury, on his Head, in vain.
Earthquakes below, and Light'ning from above,
Rend not his Trunk, nor his fixt Root remove:
But then his Strength, worn by deſtructive Age,
He can no more his angry Foes engage.

He ſpreads to *Heav'n* his naked, wither'd Arms,
As Aid imploring, from invading Harms.
From his diſhonour'd Head the ſlighteſt Storm
Can tear its Beauties, and his Limbs deform.
He rocks with every Wind, while on the Ground
Dry Leaves, and broken Arms lie ſcatter'd round.
So *Rome* decay'd.
Britannia's warlike Youth on this Pretence,
Is call'd off from her own, to *Rome*'s defence.
Till the exhauſted, weak, deſerted Iſle,
Tempted fierce Neighbours, to an eaſie Spoil.
Britannia of her Valiant Son's bereft,
Expos'd to every Raviſher is left.
The ſavage Foes, that did her Anger dread,
And from her Arms, to Wilds and Mountains fled,
Now leave the Coverts, where they ſculking ſtaid,
And roaring out, th' unguarded Land invade.
A cruel Rout of Northern *Scots* and *Picts*,
The direful Marks of barb'rous Rage inflicts.
Their Arms from Blood and Ravage never ceaſe,
Where once they baſely crouch'd, and fawn'd for Peace.
Wide Ruine, Deſolation, Rapine, Spoil,
Rage in the Bowels of th' unhappy Iſle.
So *Wolves*, the faithful *Maſtiffs* gone, grow bold,
And fiercely leap into th' unguarded Fold:
The trembling *Flock* they ſeize with eager Claws,
And tear their mangled Limbs with ravening Jaws.
Till they ſtand panting with th' uneaſie load,
O'ercloy'd with Carnage, and oppreſt with Blood.

Britannia thus diſhonour'd, ſpoil'd, diſtreſt,
And by her proud, inſulting Foes oppreſt,
Is forc'd of ſtronger Neighbours, to implore
That Aid and Help, ſhe us'd to lend before.

Urg'd

Urg'd by her Fate, and hard Neceſſity,
She dreads th' Expedient, that ſhe's forc'd to try.
Hard fate of Princes, who to prop their State
Oppreſt and ſinking, heap on greater weight!
Fatal Diſtemper, where we ſeek for Eaſe
From Drugs, more dang'rous than the ſharp Diſeaſe.

A Warlike Race in *frozen Climates* bred,
Leaving their *Wilds*, by Valiant Captains led;
A fertile Soil, and milder Regions ſought,
And won the happy Seats for which they fought.
Bold by Succeſs, which waited on their Arms,
They ſtill advanc'd in thick, victorious Swarms.
Till Seas as wild, oppos'd their Torrent's Force,
And watry Banks reſtrain'd their rapid Courſe.
They ſtretcht their Seats along the *Belgian* Coaſt;
No Soil, can more of Nature's Favour boaſt:
No Region's bleſt with more indulgent Beams,
With fatter *Glebe*, with more, or ſweeter *Streams*.
The warlike *Saxons* here their Empire rear'd,
With Plenty crown'd, and by their Neighbours fear'd.

King *Vortigern*, unable to oppoſe
The barb'rous *Picts*, and fierce *Albanian* Foes,
With humble Language, and rich Preſents pray'd
This mighty Nation to afford him Aid.
The *Saxon* Princes with his Prayer comply'd,
Britannia was too fair, to be deny'd.
As Friends they landed on our naked Coaſts,
And ſtill pour'd on their freſh, unnumber'd Hoſts.
They chas'd indeed the barb'rous *Picts* away,
But ſeiz'd, themſelves, the *Kingdom* as their Prey.
The *Lyon*'s Title to the Crown they plead,
As Friends receiv'd, as Conquerors obey'd.

No

No more let *States*, vext with Inteſtine Wars,
Call in great *Princes* to compoſe their Jars.
What *Britons* by their ſad Deliverance won,
Was, by a ſtronger Foe, to be undone.
'Tis true, oppreſt, they did their Wrongs reſent,
But 'twas too late their Counſels to repent.
Britannia's weak, precarious Kings obey
The proud *Protector*'s Arbitrary Sway.
Our Forts, and Navies, and the chief Commands,
Were, on Pretence of *Caution*, in their Hands.
Th' inſatiate Leeches do for ever crave,
And for their Service, ask us, all we have.
Our Strength is ſpent, and barb'rous Avarice
Draws all our Wealth into her deep Abyſs.
Rapine and Murder all our Cities fill,
Our haughty Friends take leave to Spoil and Kill.
Theſe dire *Protectors*, arm'd with Lawleſs Power,
The *Plowman*'s Hopes, and *Merchant*'s Gains devour.
What we prepare, the ravenous Harpies eat,
And from our frighted Children tear their Meat.
We ſtarve and die, while they poſſeſs our Food,
Grow Sleek with Eaſe, and Fat with Spoil and Blood.
Villains diſhonour *Virgins* in our ſight;
And bloody *Ruffians* break our Doors by Night.
To ſeek redreſs, and of our Wrongs complain,
Was but to add Deriſion to our Pain.
How bitter then were ſad *Britannia*'s Moans,
What deep-fetch'd Sighs were heard, what deadly Groans?
Betray'd and ruin'd by a treacherous Friend,
We ſaw the Error, which we could not mend:
We curſt our Folly, but we curſt too late,
And all that our Miſtake ſhould imitate.
We wiſh'd Ten Thouſand Woes and Plagues might light
On their curſt Heads, who ſhould again invite

Victorious

Victorious Kings, with *Foreign* Arms to bleſs
Their *Native* Country, and their Wrongs redreſs;
They'll readily aſſiſt your Cauſe, and fight,
To do, to injur'd *States*, and *Princes*, Right:
But ſtill they keep, what, by their Arms, is won;
Great *Monarchs* conquer for themſelves alone.
They want a fair Pretence to ſeize the Prey;
They come as Friends, but will as Maſters ſtay.
Thus *Albion* far'd, may *Heav'n* her Sons reſtrain,
From ſplitting on this fatal Rock again.

In vain we ſtrove to break the ſervile Yoke,
Our Impotent Attemps new Wrongs provoke.
At laſt, no greater Evils left to fear,
We took freſh *Hope*, and Courage from Deſpair:
Fury from Ruine ſprung rag'd in our Veins,
And *Death*'s ſeem'd lighter, than the *Saxon* Chains.
Each free-born *Briton* thought the Choice more brave,
To die their *Victim*, than to live their Slave.
We that could ne'er the *Tyrant*'s Yoke endure,
Boyl with Revenge, now Slaves to Foreign Power.
Kings *Uter*'s Breaſt ſwells with diſtracting Rage,
Whoſe wounded Soul, no Language could aſſwage;
Aſham'd his Country's Freedom to out-live,
He takes the Councils, Grief and Fury give.
His *Knights* together call'd attentive wait,
While *Uter* ſits on his high Chair of State.
His troubled Looks reveal'd his inward wound,
And Storms of Fury on his Forehead frown'd.

Who thus began; you ſee what Tides of Woe,
What angry Seas o'er all your Country flow.
Th' inſulting *Saxon* claims our Land, and draws
From greater Power, the Juſtice of his Cauſe.

Thro'

Thro' all our Towns our Foes triumphant ride,
Wearing their awful Title by their ſide.
They ſhed your *Blood*, and helpleſs *Maids* deflow'r,
Exhauſt your *Treaſure*, and your *Land* devour.
A faithleſs Nation, that no Rule of Right,
Reveres as ſacred, but ſuperiour Might.
We oft our Fate in bloody Fields have try'd,
But *Heav'n* has Vict'ry to our Arms deny'd.
Egyptian Plagues lay waſte our ruin'd Land,
No *Moſes* here, holds his controlling Wand.
Humbly invok'd, *Heav'n* will perhaps relent,
And of its fierce, accuſtom'd Wrath repent.
Perhaps the *Saxons* Crimes with louder Cries,
For greater Vengeance importune the Skies:
Let us howe'er make one ſtrong Effort more,
Our Country's Peace, and Freedom to reſtore.
We'll take the Field, 'twill gain us greater Fame,
To periſh there, than here, with Grief and Shame.
How much my Soul diſdains th' Inglorious Chain?
I'll fall with *Honour*, or with *Honour* reign.

Tumultuous Paſſions, *Wrath*, *Revenge*, and *Shame*
Invade our Breaſts, and our gall'd Souls enflame.
Strait, with one Voice, we all for Arms declare,
And every Breaſt already feels the War.
Reſolv'd to make the vanquiſh'd *Saxons* fly,
Or in the juſt and brave Attempt to dy.
With Fury urg'd, we part from *Uter*'s ſight,
Reſolv'd for Freedom, and our Native Right.
Thro' all our Towns we ſpread the loud Alarm,
And animated all our Men to Arm;
To vindicate their raviſh'd Country's Cauſe,
To baniſh Foreign *Gods*, and Foreign *Laws*.

'Tis

'Tis ſtrange, how ſoon the *Britons* Blood was fir'd,
What Life and Hope their drooping Hearts inſpir'd.
They ſaw fair *Liberty* extended lie,
The *Saxon* Whips and Torments lying by:
They view her ſquallid Face, exhauſted Veins,
And beauteous Limbs eat in with ruſty Chains.
They heard her mournful Groans, and piercing Cries,
Her interrupted Sobs, and dying Sighs.
They ſaw from gaping Wounds, the guſhing Blood
Enrich the Pavement, with a noble Flood.
While Pity, Mercy, Hope in Sorrow drown'd,
To finiſh the ſad Scene, ſtood weeping round.
The *Britons* rave, reſolving her Defence,
And vow her Reſcue at their Blood's expence.
In *Albion* this fair Emp'reſs ſtill obey'd,
An unconteſted Scepter ever ſway'd.
As univerſal Soul ſhe Life diffus'd,
And Warmth to all the heaving Maſs infus'd:
She ever gave to all true *Britons* Hearts
More Vigour, than their own warm Blood imparts.
'Tis quick'ning *Liberty*, that gives us Breath,
Her Abſence more, than that of *Life*, is *Death*.
Such love to Liberty the *Britons* ſhow,
Such were her Charms, and may they ſtill be ſo.
May never *Briton*, ceaſing to be Brave,
Submit his Neck, content to be a Slave:
May thoſe be doubly curſt, that would betray
Their Country's Freedom, to a Foreign Sway.

Our Men enrag'd, in numerous Bodies meet,
Arm, Arm, was heard the Cry in every Street.
The *Plowman* haſtens to a nobler Toil,
Unyokes his *Ox*, and leaves untill'd the Soil.

Abandons all his Hopes, and ruſtick Care,
Lays down his *Goad*, and ſhakes the warlike *Spear*.
The *Tradeſman* quits his *Shop*, and takes the *Field*,
And makes his thirſt of *Gain*, to thirſt of *Honour* yield.
Arm'd *Tenants* crowd about their valiant *Lords*,
And full of Courage, wave their threatning Swords.
Near *Sorbiodunum*'s ſtately Walls, a Town
For Strength and Beauty, of the firſt Renown;
Whoſe ſpacious Plains rich Seas of waving *Corn*,
And lowing *Herds*, and woolly *Flocks* adorn;
Our Univerſal Rendezvous was ſet,
Where all our Squadrons, and Battalions met.

Mean time the Cautious *Saxon* was alarm'd,
And to diſpel the gathering Tempeſt, arm'd.
Octa the famous *Hengiſt*'s Son, a bold
And warlike Prince, did then the Scepter hold.
Hengiſt that did the firſt our Land invade,
And brought to *Albion* his deſtructive Aid.
The Fifth from mighty *Odin*, whoſe great Name,
Had tir'd the flaggy Wings of weary Fame.
The Stock, from which a Race Illuſtrious ſprings
Of numerous Hero's, and Victorious Kings.
That founded *Empires*, and that living led
Their Conquering *Armies*, and their *God*, when dead.
They ſoon the Hills by their long Marches gain,
And with their Troops o'erſpread the ſpacious Plain.
We with their haſty March alarm'd, prepare
To guard our Camp, and wait th' approaching War.
Our Parties now in rude Rencounters, try'd
Their Courage, ſtill th' advantage on our ſide.
Th' advancing Hoſt at laſt appear'd in ſight,
But Toil and wearing Day, deferr'd the Fight.

Now *Night* advancing, draws her Sable Train
Along the Air, and ſhades th' *Etherial* Plain.
King *Uter* with his Lords in Council ſate,
Things of th' important Juncture to debate.
Where Meaſures were concerted to oppoſe
With warlike Arts, and Force, th' impending Foes.
Their *Provinces* the great Commanders ſhare,
And from the Council to their Poſts repair:
Where they their Troops diſpoſe, and Orders give,
How the Invading *Saxon* to receive.
Encamp'd we lay on advantageous Ground,
With ſtrong Entrenchments, and high Works around.
Our chearful Troops great Joy and Courage ſhow,
And from the Works defie the powerful Foe.
All things diſpos'd with Military Care,
We wait in Arms, th' approach of *Day* and *War*.

Now did the Morn diſcloſe her ſmiling Ray,
And from the *Eaſt* let forth th' important Day.
To bloody Labour all things did invite,
And ſounding *Trumpets* Martial Heat excite.
Heav'n's ſtarry Roof reſounds with warlike Noiſe,
With *Horſes* Thunder, and their *Riders* Voice.
The *Saxons* and the *Britons* ſtand prepar'd,
Thoſe, to attack, and theſe, their Poſts to guard.
King *Octa* leads his numerous Army on,
And at their Head in dazling Armour ſhone.
Drawn on the Right our rang'd Battalions ſtood,
Our Left a River guards, the Rear, a Wood.
Octa here makes his warlike Columns halt,
Detaching *Horſa* to begin th' Aſſault:
Whoſe choſen Troops a furious Onſet make,
With no leſs Brav'ry, ours ſuſtain'd th' Attack.

They mount our Works, and our high Ramparts ſcale,
And with projected Fires our Men aſſail:
Our Troops unbroken ſtout Reſiſtance make,
And always forc'd th' invading *Saxon* back.
As when a *Mold* repels th' invading Seas,
Protects the Ships, and gives the Harbour Peace;
The foaming Tempeſt on high Billows rides,
And Storms with watry Troops, its lofty Sides:
Th' unſhaken Structure all their Fury braves,
And ſtops the Current of th' inſulting Waves.
The angry Seas break on th' oppoſing Shore,
And beaten back with Indignation roar.
No leſs unmov'd our valiant *Britons* ſtood,
Againſt the Inſults of the *Saxon* Flood.
Freſh Bodies ſtill pour'd on, their loſs ſupply,
But ſtill Repuls'd, they from our Trenches fly.
Enrag'd, about our Lines King *Octa* flew,
To find where beſt he might th' Aſſault renew:
To ſee what place lay moſt expos'd, and where
Our Troops did on the Works but thin appear.
As when a *Wolf*, pinch'd by Nocturnal Cold,
And Hunger-ſtarv'd, ſcours round the lofty Fold;
He licks his rabid Jaws, and ſeems poſſeſt
Already of his Prey, and bloody Feaſt:
He offers oft to enter, while the *Lambs*
Affrighted, tremble round their bleating Dams.
So *Octa* thirſts for Blood, and ſcouring round,
Surveys our Lines, and well obſerves the Ground.
Now with freſh Rage his Troops our Walls aſcend,
Which we with Show'rs of Darts and Stones defend.
What *Shouts*, what noiſe of *Arms* the Air confound?
What *Ruine*, what ſlain *Heaps* deform the Ground?
The Earth grows ſlipp'ry all diſtain'd with Blood,
Which fills the Ditches with a Crimſon Flood.

The

The *Dead* make Bulwarks, which the Living climb,
That in the Air, riſe, like our Walls, ſublime.
O'erpower'd and weaken'd by the Men they loſt,
And faint with Toil, the *Britons* quit their Poſt.
Thrice the invading *Saxon* forc'd our Lines,
And to their Arms, thrice Victory inclines.
The valiant *Uter* that had ſtill withſtood
Their fierceſt Troops, all ſmear'd with Duſt and Blood;
Who ſtill to Poſts of greateſt danger flew,
And with unerring Arms their Squadrons ſlew:
Who ſpread freſh Life and Vigour where he came,
And in our Breaſts renew'd the Martial Flame.
For where we ſaw his ſhining Arms appear,
Our Men reviv'd, and ſtraight forgot to fear;
Obſerving his diſorder'd Troops retir'd,
His boiling Soul diſtracting Paſſion fir'd.
He ſpurs his furious Steed, and thundring thro'
The thickeſt Ranks of the Victorious Foe;
Stay, fooliſh *Britons*, ſtay, he cries from far,
Save yet your Country, and renew the War:
Come follow me your *King*, I'll lead you on,
And chaſe the *Saxons* from the Poſts they've won.
The *Britons* Hearts were touch'd with gen'rous ſhame,
Love to their *Country*, and to Martial Fame,
With noble Ardour does their Souls inflame.
Their Leaders Rally all their Troops that fled,
And Charge the Foe, King *Uter* at their Head.
With unreſiſted Fury they attack
The *Saxon* Troops, reſolv'd to force them back.

Now what *Deſtruction*, what wide *Ruine* reign,
What heaps of ſlaughter'd *Saxons* load the Plain?
Now arm'd with hiſſing Death thick *Arrows* flew,
And out-ſtretcht Arms as fatal *Javelins* threw.

Then

Then what vaſt Havock did the *Sword* employ?
What Troops did *Uter*'s ſingle Hand deſtroy?
What ſever'd *Limbs* lay ſcatter'd on the Ground,
What Streams of Blood guſh from each ghaſtly Wound,
What *Shields* and *Spears* in the red Deluge drown'd?

Here firſt brave *Arthur* did his Courage prove,
His Age then fitter for the Field of Love.
God-like his *Face*, and God-like was his *Mind*,
To virtuous Deeds, and warlike Games inclin'd.
The Down of Manhood on his Face appears,
And blooming Beauty grac'd his youthful years:
Yet *Wiſe* and *Manly*, far beyond his Age;
His early Deeds the Hero did preſage.
Till now the Woods and Foreſts were his Joy,
Where he the Savage-kind ſtrove to deſtroy,
That did the Herds, and bleating Flocks annoy.
He chas'd the *Fox*, the rav'nous *Wolf* and *Bear*,
His Country's *Peſt*, dy'd by his fatal *Spear*.
The People bleſt him, as a Saviour ſent,
And thought kind *Heav'n*, ſome great *Deliv'rer* meant.
He ne'er before had brac'd the *Helmet* on,
Nor in the Field in poliſh'd *Armour* ſhone.
His *Sword* had ne'er been ſtain'd with humane Gore,
Nor had he grip'd the *Shield*, or *Gauntlet* wore.
His Country's Cauſe, and Military Fame,
Invite the Youth to chaſe a nobler Game.
No more his Thoughts his rural Sports purſue,
Tyrants and ſavage *Men* he'll now ſubdue.
For warlike Toil he leaves the gameful Wood,
And fleſht his Courage firſt in *Saxon* Blood.
The greateſt Captains the brave Youth eſteem'd,
He fought like *Mars*, though *Mercury* he ſeem'd.

Like

Like ſome fair *Cherub*, or the *Beamy* God,
He wav'd his flaming Sword, and thro' their ſquadrons rode.
His youthful Veins Heroick Ardor fir'd,
And more than humane Force his Breaſt inſpir'd:
For the great *Deeds* his fatal Arms atchiev'd,
Were by th' amaz'd Spectators ſcarce believ'd.

At laſt amidſt the Foe advanc'd too far,
Alone he long ſuſtain'd th' unequal War.
Surrounding Throngs the fainting Youth oppreſt,
And Showers of Death flew pointed at his Breaſt:
His weary Arm ſupports his *Shield* with Pain,
And his bruis'd *Armour* Streams of Blood diſtain.
Here the young Hero had been cruſh'd, and all
Our Hopes and Joy had periſh'd in his Fall;
Had not brave *Malgo* a *Dimetian* Chief,
Forc'd the thick Foe, and flown to his relief.
Then, when the warlike Youth was moſt diſtreſt,
And *Elfrick*'s Sword, was falling on his Creſt
With dreadful Sway; *Malgo* its Fury broke,
And on his Shield receiv'd the mighty Stroke.
The Prince thus guarded from the fatal Blow,
Bold *Malgo*'s Spear transfixt th' audacious Foe.
Groveling in Death he murmur'd on the Ground,
And pour'd his Life out, from his gaping Wound.

Here *Vortipor* advancing did attack
Their plying Troops, and forc'd the *Saxon* back:
While *Octa*'s wavering Men began to yield,
And to purſuing *Uter* quit the Field.
As when a *Lyon*, that with Fury ran
To ſeize by Night, ſome weary Caravan,
That lay encampt on an *Arabian* wild,
Repuls'd by Fires, and of his Prey beguil'd;

With

With hideous Roar he raves at his Defeat,
Oft ſtands, looks back, and makes a ſowre Retreat.
King *Octa*'s Soul like Indignation fir'd,
That raving, with his vanquiſh'd Men retir'd.
But, oh, how ſoon was this ſerener Day
By Clouds, and riſing Tempeſts chas'd away?
How ſhort a ſpace could we our Conqueſts boaſt?
How ſoon were all our Hopes of *Freedom* loſt?

Won by the potent Charms of *Saxon* Gold,
Carvil his Prince, and Native Country ſold.
He in indulgent *Uter*'s Boſom lay,
And did the Secrets of his Breaſt betray.
He on his Conduct, and his Faith rely'd,
In Peace and War alike his treach'rous Guide.
He held the moſt important Truſts of State,
Nor could his Treaſons *Uter*'s Love abate.
Unhappy Prince, that ſtill his Foes believ'd,
Only by Ruine to be undeceiv'd!
To Friends ingrate, his Foes he entertain'd,
Thus loſt the one, but not the other gain'd.
Wiſely undone, he knew his Friends to late,
By his own Prudence manag'd to his Fate.
Our Prayers and Warnings tir'd his Ears in vain,
Perfidious Councils only could obtain:
Rough *Truth*, and loyal *Bluntneſs* gall'd his Ear,
That only ſoft, melodious Sounds could bear.
His firm and loyal Friends, tho' hardly us'd,
Look'd on enrag'd, to ſee their Prince abus'd.
Tho' ſome grown cold, ceas'd to lament his Fate,
For Will and Choice, Compaſſion ſtill abate.
Pity a Prince whoſe Virtues ſhone ſo bright,
Should let ſo dark a Cloud obſcure their Light!

To him and us this Weakneſs fatal prov'd,
That Men ſuſpected were imploy'd and lov'd.
So *Carvil* was:
Who labour'd after *Octa*'s late Retreat,
To more than balance his, with our Defeat.
The Traytor during all the bloody Day,
Found not the Means, our Army to betray.
But when the *Sun* drew off his radiant Train,
And left the Empreſs of the Night to reign:
Then *Carvil* open'd his black Scene of Guilt,
Wherein ſuch Seas of *Britiſh* Blood were ſpilt.
He by confiding Hands to *Octa* ſent,
To let the *Saxon* know his dire intent,
To give him Entrance to our Camp by Night,
Whither his Arms he did with ſpeed invite.
Octa, whoſe Arts and purchas'd Treaſons won,
More Towns and Battels, than his Sword had done:
So fair a Seaſon offer'd, not delay'd,
But ſtraightway march'd our Army to invade.
Carvil mean time his Creatures had prepar'd,
To yield the Poſts, their Duty was to guard.
Revolving *Cynthia* with her doubtful Light,
Had now o'erpaſs'd the Noon of wearing Night:
When *Octa*'s choſen Troops approach'd the Gate,
Where to admit their Arms the Traytors wait.
The furious *Saxon* ſtraight our Camp invades,
Beneath the Covert of the ſilent Shades:
Their unexpected Arms our Men aſſail,
Diſſolv'd in Sleep, and wearied with their Toil.
What Carnage now the raging *Saxons* make,
Our Camp converted to a bloody Lake.
They firſt the brave *Dunwallo* reſting found,
His *Cuiraſs*, *Helm*, and *Javelin* lying round,
And with their *Spears* transfixt him on the Ground.

His generous Soul flew upwards with Diſdain,
To be maſſacred, not in Battel ſlain.
Moriſſo next with clatt'ring Swords alarm'd,
Wak'd with the Noiſe, but naked and unarm'd;
His Side pierc'd thro' by *Horſa*'s Javelin, fell,
Enrag'd he ſhould his Life, ſo cheaply ſell.
Then *Offa*'s Spear pierc'd *Capor*'s Boſome through,
His Soul to *Heav'n* thro' the wide Paſſage flew:
Leaving his Body drown'd in purple Gore;
None ſerv'd his Prince, or lov'd his Country more.
Edwal, a Leader of unblemiſh'd Fame,
Who from the Banks of fair *Sabrina* came,
Fell by *Morino*'s Spear, and by his Side
Brave *Adomar*, by *Balda*'s Javelin dy'd.
Then *Meirick* in his Breaſt a fatal Wound
Receiv'd, and lay extended on the Ground.
Next *Catel*, who excell'd in youthful Charms,
Was ſlain by great *Romondo*'s conqu'ring Arms,
The glitt'ring Steel did thro' his Bowels paſs,
The Youth expir'd, and with him *Admel*'s Race.
And now what Slaughter reign'd, what Heaps of Dead,
What Ruine o'er the bloody Camp was ſpread?

Thro' the brown Shades at laſt, they found the way
To the *Pavilion*, where King *Uter* lay:
Who ſoon, awaken'd with the Clamour, roſe,
And form'd his Troops th' Invaders to oppoſe.
Long their unequal Force he did repel,
Till, pierc'd by *Cerdick*'s fatal Spear, he fell.
Urg'd to retire, *Arthur* our Prayer withſtood,
Tho' faint with Labour, Wounds, and loſs of Blood.
We preſt him our remaining Hopes to ſpare,
And not of *Albion*'s Fortune to deſpair.

He

He does at laſt to our Entreaties yield,
And with reluctant Steps forſakes the Field.
We thro' the Wood retreated, where the ſhade
With *Cynthia*'s Rays, uncertain Twilight made.
When the ſucceeding Day declin'd, we came,
To *Alda*'s Gates, a Port of ancient Fame:
Where we the Night in various Sorrows ſpent,
Now *Uter*, now our Country we lament;
Juſt *Catel*'s now, now great *Dunwallo*'s Fate,
And faithful *Edwal*'s Fall, freſh Grief create.

While our ſad Minds endur'd ſo rude a Storm,
Entring the Room, great *Gabriel*'s God-like Form,
Mild Glory, and *Celeſtial* Day diffus'd,
Advanc'd, he theſe kind words to *Arthur* us'd.
Now *Albion* ſinks beneath the *Saxon* weight,
So *Heav'n* decrees, 'tis ſo ordain'd by Fate:
But after Ten times the revolving Sun,
His crooked Race, has thro' the *Zodiack* run,
The Clouds diſpell'd, propitious *Heav'n* ſhall ſmile,
On *Uter*'s Houſe, and this reviving *Iſle*.
Octa ſhall feel juſt *Heav'n*'s revenging Stroke,
And *Albion*'s Youth ſhall break the *Saxon* Yoke.
Mean time, brave Prince, whom univerſal Love
Attends beneath, and Grace Divine above:
To *Neuſtrian Odar*'s Court with ſpeed repair,
Go, *Albion*'s Hopes, and my great Truſt and Care;
Go, *Albion*'s Hopes with Triumph to return,
And Reſcue thoſe, which ſhall your abſence mourn.
That ſaid, his Heav'nly Glory he withdrew,
And to th' immortal Seats, of happy Spirits flew.

Now the fair Morn ſmiles with a Purple Ray,
Clearing before the Sun the Eaſtern Way.

Whoſe radiant Train pours from the Gates of Light,
And the new Day does to new Toil invite.
We the Celeſtial Meſſage to obey,
On a ſtout Ship, that in the Haven lay
Ready to Sail, embark and haſte away.
The Sky ſerene, a freſh and proſp'rous Gale,
Sprang from the Shore, and ſwell'd out ev'ry Sail.
Albion's white Cliffs and Towers we quickly loſt,
Standing our Courſe ſtrait to the *Neuſtrian* Coaſt:
Where when the Sun twice ſtarting from the Eaſt,
Had ran his Race, and reach'd the falling Weſt,
We ſafe arriv'd at fair *Cartinia*'s Port,
And took our way from thence to *Odar*'s Court.
Odar, a Prince indulgent, valiant, good,
Ally'd to *Uter* by the Mother's Blood,
The barb'rous *Goths* Incurſions, then withſtood.
His beauteous Queen, with Joy the Prince receiv'd,
Her Words our Grief, her Gifts our Wants reliev'd.
Here we to eaſe our troubled Minds remain'd,
Till *Arthur* perfect Strength and Vigour gain'd:
Then taking leave, we ſtraight direct our way
Unto the Camp, where *Odar*'s Forces lay.

And as we paſs'd to mitigate our Grief,
And to our Woes to give Divine Relief,
From his bleſt Tongue ſuch *Heav'nly* Language flows,
As did the Greatneſs of his Mind diſcloſe.
We thought ſome God-like *Cherub* to us ſpoke,
When from his Lips theſe high Expreſſions broke.
Heav'n's Off-ſpring, with Divine Contentment bleſt,
Enjoy the Empire of a guiltleſs Breaſt.
Tho' ſpoil'd by proſp'rous Robbers, ſtill they find,
The large Poſſeſſions of a peaceful Mind.

Content

Content alone can all their wrongs redreſs,
Content, that other name for *Happineſs.*
Free from Deſire, they are as free from Want,
And from the Cares, that envy'd Greatneſs haunt.
'Tis equal, if our Fortunes ſhould augment,
And ſtretch themſelves to the ſame vaſt Extent
With our Deſires, or thoſe Deſires abate,
Shrink, and contract themſelves, to fit our State.
Pois'd on their own unſhaken Baſe they view,
All the Viciſſitudes, that Time can ſhew.
They, like tall Mountains, are advanc'd ſo high,
That the low Clouds do all beneath them fly.
Hence while loud Storms inferiour Seats moleſt,
They undiſturb'd, enjoy ſoft Peace and Reſt.
Theſe Men that ſuit their Wiſhes to their State,
And, pleas'd ſtill with themſelves, enjoy their Fate:
Whoſe modeſt *Paſſions Reaſon*'s Nod obey,
Are greater *Kings*, than thoſe who Scepters ſway.
They can the Triumphs of a Court deſpiſe,
And the rich Toys, that charm deluded Eyes.
They rather chuſe to tame their Thirſt, than have
All the Supplies their Feaveriſh Drought can crave.
Deſires for *Freedom* firſt make humble Suit,
And modeſtly demand th' unlawful Fruit:
But when ſet looſe, they know not where to ſtay,
But lawleſs thro' the World's Dominions ſtray.
So ſubterranean *Vapours*, that contain'd
In ſome cloſe *Cavern*, are with Eaſe reſtrain'd;
When once releas'd, ungovernable grow,
And prove fierce Storms, which no Reſiſtance know.
Th' unhappy Man, ſlave to his wild Deſire,
By feeding it, foments the raging Fire.
His Gains augment his unextinguiſh'd Thirſt,
With Plenty *Poor*, and with Abundance *Curſt.*

But greater Minds, which can themſelves ſubdue,
Preſerve their Peace, and ſtill their Joys renew.
They never by a Vile, or Impious Courſe,
Protect their Wealth from riſing Tempeſts force.
They face the Storm, and ſtand its fierceſt Shocks,
Bold as the Winds, unſhaken as the Rocks.
No Tempeſt that invades th' ambitious Breaſt,
Can the calm Region of their Mind moleſt.
So Winds, which Rivulets diſturb, will play
In harmleſs Breezes, on the wider Sea.

Sowre *Diſcontent*, that quarrels with our Fate,
May give freſh ſmart, but not the old abate.
Envenom'd with its Sting, each harmleſs loſs,
Grows wondrous ſharp, and proves a deadly croſs.
Th' uneaſie *Paſſion*'s diſingenious Wit
The *Ill* reveals, but hides the *Benefit*.
It makes a Toy preſs with prodigious weight,
And ſwells a Mole-hill, to a Mountain's height.
So melancholy Men lie down, and groan,
Preſt with the Burden of themſelves alone.
Cruſht with Phantaſtick Mountains, they deſpair,
Their Heads are grown vaſt Globes too big to bear.
A little Spark becomes a raging Flame,
And each weak Blaſt, a Storm too fierce to tame.
So peeviſh is the quarrelſome Diſeaſe,
No proſp'rous Fortune can procure it Eaſe.
Their Breaſts are ne'er from inbred Tempeſts free,
Reſtleſs as Winds, and troubled as the Sea:
The Pleaſure now they ſeek would bring Content;
But when enjoy'd, 'twas ſomewhat elſe, they meant:
Some abſent *Happineſs* they ſtill purſue,
Diſlike the preſent Good, and long for New.

The

The Man now thinks he ſees his Bliſs, and flies
With greedy Arms to graſp the gaudy Prize;
But then, enquiring what his Hopes have won,
Vain Man, he finds the cheating Shadow gone.
Oft does the fair *Illuſion* by him ſtand,
But when purſu'd, gives back, and mocks his Hand.
Sometimes he ſees the beck'ning *Phantome* here,
Which, when he follows, does elſewhere appear.
The Wretch, though tantaliz'd, and always croſt,
Yet ſtill purſues, though ſtill that Labour's loſt.
The God-like *Arthur* with ſuch pious Words,
Divine Inſtruction, and *Delight* affords.

And while his Language, with a Heav'nly Flame
Thus warm'd our Breaſts, to *Odar*'s Camp we came;
Where to the *Neuſtrian* King the Prince addreſt,
Who all the higheſt Signs of Love expreſt.
The Royal *Exile* he embrac'd with Tears,
And by theſe tender words himſelf endears.
King *Uter*'s Fall, your loſs, and *Albion*'s Fate,
Wound me with Grief too mighty to relate.
Long to Misfortunes, and great Wrongs inur'd,
I pity thoſe that have like Ills endur'd.
You are a Stranger here, but not your Name,
Your early Worth is told aloud by Fame.
Arthur's preſerv'd to be the *Saxons* dread,
And rear oppreſt *Britannia*'s drooping Head.
While you are ſafe, *Britannia* muſt revive,
And *Uter* ſtill in valiant *Arthur* live:
While you ſurvive, King *Octa*'s Fears remain,
And *Albion* hopes to break her pond'rous Chain.
Hero's are for Heroick Deeds deſign'd,
And noble Work, attends a noble Mind.

Mean time, while here your Choice is to reſide,
No Succours, no ſupplies ſhall be deny'd.
And if your *Britons*, baniſh'd from their home,
Drawn by their Prince's Fame, ſhall hither come;
Briton and *Neuſtrian* ſhall like Treatment find,
I'll be to both, without diſtinction, kind:
And when mild Days ſhall your Return invite,
My Arms ſhall Aid you, to aſſert your Right.

The Prince reply'd:
Divine Compaſſion melts your Royal Breaſt,
And makes your Bounty flow on all diſtreſt.
Like *Heav'n*, you Succours to th' Afflicted grant,
Comfort their Sorrows, and ſupply their Want:
You cruſh Oppreſſors, to th' Oppreſt are kind,
Such gen'rous Deeds reveal a God-like Mind.
O'er *Uter*'s Houſe the *Saxon* Power prevails,
And ſad *Britannia* her dire Fate bewails.
The World's ſupream *Director* ſo ordains,
Hence in my Soul no murmuring Paſſion reigns.
Pleas'd or *Contented*, ſtill I meet my Fate,
Would not be *Impious*, though Unfortunate.
Your gen'rous Offer of Protection here,
With ſuch engaging Language, ſuch an Air,
As Love and Friendſhip ſeek out to endear;
Perſwade, that here my Refuge is deſign'd,
Till *Albion* grows more Juſt, and *Heav'n* more Kind.
Here your Example ſhall my Mind prepare,
For all the high Concerns of *Peace* and *War*.
Till *Albion* call us back, I'll here remain,
And in your Service ſhall grow fit to Reign.
Here in the Camp the pious *Briton* ſtaid,
To whom the *Neuſtrian* Chiefs great Honour paid.

For his high Merit could not be conceal'd
His valiant Deeds the Hero ſoon reveal'd.
Loud Fame his God-like Virtues did proclaim,
And either Camp reſounds with *Arthur*'s Name.
He ſtill the Poſts of higheſt Danger ſought,
And Death and Vict'ry follow'd, where he fought.
When he advanc'd, the *Goths* unnumber'd Swarms
Fled from the Terror of his fatal Arms.
Like Love and Wonder *Camp* and *Court* expreſs,
That did the Hero, this the Saint confeſs.
His Sword ſtill won freſh *Laurels* in the Field,
And to his *Virtues* ev'n Court-*Vices* yield:
And 'tis more eaſie to reduce a Fort,
Or win a Battel, than reform a Court.
He the fixt Mounds of trembling *Europe* ſtood,
And ſtill repell'd the *Goths* impetuous Flood.
When he appear'd, their Men, tho' fierce and bold,
Grow chill with Fear, as when at home with Cold.
Thro' the admiring World his Fame was ſpread,
The Chriſtian's Joy, and barb'rous Nations Dread.
Where gagg'd with Ice, the Waves no longer roar,
But with ſtiff Arms embrace the ſilent Shoar:
Where naked Hills in frozen Armour ſtand,
Where raging *Sirius* fries the thirſty Land,
And rich *Pactolus* rolls his golden Sand;
Thither his Triumphs and Illuſtrious Name,
His gen'rous Deeds, and loud Applauſes came.
His wondrous Virtues, wondrous Love engage,
That reach'd Perfection, long before his Age.
Odar embrac'd him, as an Angel ſent
To guard his Throne, and threaten'd Fall prevent.
He own'd his bright Example did ſupport,
Th' eſteem of Virtue in the *Neuſtrian* Court.

Their Peace at home proceeded from his Care,
And from his Courage their Succeſs in War.
When we, our hopes of ſinking *Albion* loſt,
Made by Divine Command the *Neuſtrian* Coaſt;
The *Gothick* Arms that Kingdom had o'er-run,
Surpriz'd their Forts, and faireſt Cities won.
All Banks born down, ſo high the Deluge roſe,
Before King *Odar* could its Courſe oppoſe.
'Twas then the young Deliv'rer *Arthur* came,
To drive the *Goths*, and win immortal Fame.
He ſoon reduc'd the Cities, and reſtor'd
A peaceful Country, to its peaceful Lord.

Mean time the *Britiſh* Knights oppreſt at home,
Drawn by his Fame, to find a Leader come.
So thick they Land, our Troops were numerous grown,
And *Arthur* led an army of his own.
Ten times the Sun had paſs'd his oblique way,
By turns contracting, and increaſing Way,
Darting to either Pole a warmer Ray:
And now the *Britiſh* Lords, who though oppreſt,
The *Weſtern* Region of their Iſle poſſeſt:
Whither retreating, they remain'd ſecure,
And from their Hills defy'd the *Saxon* Power:
Encourag'd by his war-like Fame, invite
The Valiant *Arthur* to aſſert his Right.
To make a bold Deſcent upon their Coaſt,
And win the Regions back that *Uter* loſt.

Ten choſen Orators were ſtraight diſpatcht,
The chief whoſe charming Tongue was never matcht,
Was the great *Tylon*, whoſe Immortal Worth,
Raiſes to Heav'n the Iſle that gave him Birth.

A ſacred Man, a venerable Prieſt,
Who never ſpake, and Admiration miſt.
Of *Good* and *Kind* he the juſt Standard ſeem'd,
Dear to the *Beſt*, and by the Worſt eſteem'd.
A gen'rous Love diffus'd to Humane Kind,
Divine Compaſſion, *Mercy* unconfin'd,
Still reign'd Triumphant in his God-like *Mind*.
Greatneſs and *Modeſty* their Wars compoſe,
Between them here a perfect Friendſhip grows.
His Wit, his Judgment, Learning, equal Riſe,
Divinely Humble, yet Divinely Wiſe.
He ſeem'd Expreſs on *Heav'n*'s high *Errand* ſent,
As *Moſes* Meek, as *Aaron* Eloquent.
Nectar Divine flows from his *Heav'nly* Tongue,
And on his Lips charming *Perſwaſion* hung.
When he the ſacred *Oracles* reveal'd,
Our raviſh'd Souls in bleſt Enchantments held,
Seem'd loſt in Tranſports of *Immortal* Bliſs,
No ſimple Man could ever ſpeak like this.
Arm'd with Celeſtial Fire his ſacred Darts
Glide thro' our *Breaſts*, and melt our yielding *Hearts*.
So Southern Breezes, and the Spring's mild Ray,
Unbind the *Glebe*, and thaw the Frozen Clay.
He triumph'd o'er our *Souls*, and at his Will
Bid this touch'd *Paſſion* riſe, and that be ſtill.
Wolves, *Tygers*, grizly *Lyons* did admire,
As *Poets* feign, the famous *Orphean* Lyre:
Charm'd with ſweet *Tylon*'s Voice, a Kind more wild,
More fierce and ſavage, grow divinely Mild.
Lord of our *Paſſions* he with wondrous Art,
Can ſtrike the ſecret movements of our *Heart*;
Releaſe our *Souls*, and make them ſoar above,
Wing'd with Divine *Deſires*, and Flames of *Heav'nly Love*.

He ſtill convey'd ſublime, *ſeraphick* Senſe,
In unaffected Strains of *Eloquence.*
Eaſie and wonderful is all he ſays,
Does both Delight, and Admiration raiſe.
His pious Soul did in ſad Accents mourn
Britannia's Chains, and *Pagan* Gods return:
But hop'd, kind *Heav'n* would free, by *Arthur*'s Hand
Of barb'rous *Laws*, and *Gods*, th' afflicted Land.
With the great *Tylon* young *Pollander* went,
Fam'd for his Valour, and of high Deſcent:
With theſe wiſe *Galbut* and *Mordennan* joyn,
Whoſe Virtues vye with their Illuſtrious Line.
Valiant *Giralden* worn with War and Age,
Does in th' Important Embaſſy engage.
Giſan was added, a *Dobunian* Knight,
Bold in the *Senate*, and as Brave in Fight.
Hobar, *Manſellan*, *Cadel*, *Milo*, skill'd
In Arms and *Eloquence*, the number fill'd.
Such *Orators* they choſe, fit to excite
The Pious *Arthur*, and his Arms invite.

Thus *Tylon* to the Pious Prince addreſt,
And found the Paſſage open to his Breaſt:
Britannia cruſh'd beneath the *Saxon* Yoke,
Does with her mournful Prayer your Arms invoke.
Enſlav'd by Foreign Power, Diſtreſt, Undone,
She ſues for Aid to you, her valiant Son,
And hopes for Succour from your Sword alone.
Octa all Right, and ancient *Law* ſubverts,
And uncontroll'd Tyrannick *Power* aſſerts.
His Lawleſs Will graſps Arbitrary Sway,
And *Britiſh* Slaves, without Reſerve, Obey.
The ſacred Bounds and Lines, which *Right* and *Law*,
Round all thoſe juſt and happy Kingdoms draw;

Which

Which from the Waſte of Tyranny they gain,
Where Uproar, Rage, and wild Confuſion reign,
Theſe broken down, *Octa* does open lay,
And throw the goodly *Iſland* up a Prey
To Furies, which in lawleſs Kingdoms ſtray.
Britannia by the Conqu'ror raviſh'd firſt,
Then giv'n to Prieſts, and Soldiers raging Luſt:
Wretched *Britannia*, ſunk in deep Deſpair,
Beats her white Breaſts, and tears her golden Hair.
Dying with Anger, Shame and Grief, ſhe lies,
And Floods of Tears guſh from her beauteous Eyes;
Which ſwell the ſilver Tide of mournful *Thames*,
And grieve old Ocean with the troubled Streams.
Hear, pious Prince, how to the *Neuſtrian* Shoar,
Complaining Waves roll the ſad Treaſure o'er:
How murmuring Winds waft o'er *Britannia*'s Sighs,
Can *Arthur* diſregard his Country's Cries?
With words like theſe, and ſuch a moving Art
As can't be told, he touch'd the Prince's Heart.
With ſo much Life, he ſpake ſad *Albion*'s Moans,
We thought we felt her ſmart, and heard her Groans.
Nor did the Pious Prince their Prayer oppoſe,
But ſoon reſolv'd to eaſe *Britannia*'s Woes.
To *Odar* he reveal'd his high Intent,
Who *Ships*, and *Men*, and *Arms* rejoycing lent:
Supplying all things our Deſcent requir'd,
And heaping Gifts, more than our ſelves deſir'd.
Our *Ships* prepar'd, with chearful Zeal and Care,
We went on Board, and ſoon embark'd the War.
Our Anchors weigh'd, and Topſails loos'd, a Gale
Sprang up, and ſwell'd the Womb of every Sail.
Old *Ocean* pleas'd our bounding Veſſels laves,
Which with ſharp Keels cut thro' the foaming Waves.

Th' aſtoniſh'd *Saxons* ſee, and fear from far,
The long Succeſſion of the Sailing War.
They ſpread thro' all the *Iſle* the loud Alarm,
And trembling *Octa* haſtes his Men to Arm.
We Sail'd not long before the Sea ran high,
And gathering Clouds deform'd the lowring Sky:
The fearful Storm aroſe, wherein we loſt
Th' extinguiſh'd Day, and on the Billows toſt,
We drove, till forc'd upon th' *Armoric* Coaſt.
He ceas'd, and now the Shades of wearing Night,
Did the pleas'd Audience to their Reſt invite.

Prince

Prince Arthur.

BOOK V.

LOvely *Aurora* makes a mild Eſſay
With glimm'ring Dawn, to introduce the Day.
Her roſie Steps the *Sun* purſues, and ſpreads
His ſmiling Glories on the Mountains Heads.
The Princes roſe, and *Hoel* thus expreſt
His friendly Paſſion, to his Royal Gueſt.
Your Virtues ſhew you are by Heav'n deſign'd,
A great *Deliv'rer* of oppreſt Mankind.
You give to Realms with Wars moleſted, Peace,
And from their Chains tormented Slaves releaſe.
Fair *Liberty*'s, and bleſt *Religion*'s Cauſe,
Reviving Hopes from your Protection draws.
Your proſp'rous Arms invading Plagues repel,
And monſtrous *Gods*, and monſtrous *Tyrants* quell.
King *Odar*'s Realm and mine you ſave, in his
You ſettle Peace, and Truth Divine in this.
And now Compaſſion arms your valiant Hand,
To free from barb'rous Rage, your native Land.
To vanquiſh *Pagan* Darkneſs, and diſplay
Immortal Light, and pure *Etherial* Day.
My ſelf will here abide, and Succours lend,
O'er all the Realm *Chriſt*'s Empire to extend:
Conan my Son ſhall on your Triumphs wait,
And when return'd, your glorious Deeds relate.

I'll

I'll now command that with inceſſant Care,
My Men aſſiſt, your Loſſes to repair.
Then I'll conduct you to the *Druids* Grove,
Which Men of Heav'nly Contemplation love.
Where ſolemn Walks and awful Shade invite
Compos'd Devotion, and Divine Delight,
Exclude the Sun's, to let in purer Light.
There with your pious Converſation bleſt,
New light will fill my Mind, new Joy my Breaſt.
The Orders giv'n the *Navy*'s Wants *requir'd*,
The Princes to the *Druids* Grove retir'd:
Where *Arthur*'s Language did the King inſpire,
With Holy Tranſports, and Seraphick Fire.

Mean time th' *Armoricans* and *Britons* meet,
All zealous to Equip the ſhatter'd Fleet:
Part to the *Groves* and woody *Hills* repair,
And with loud Labour fill the echoing Air.
Axes high rais'd by brawny Arms, deſcend
With mighty Sway, and make the *Foreſt* bend.
The Mountains murmur, and the nodding *Oaks*,
Groan with their Wounds, from thick redoubled Strokes.
The falling Trees deſert the neighb'ring Sky,
Where now the Clouds may unmoleſted fly.
A ſhady Harveſt lies diſperſt around,
And lofty Ruine loads th' encumber'd Ground.
Part the hewn Trees draw down with wondrous Toil,
T' enrich the Ocean with the Mountains Spoil.
So faſt they came, and in ſuch Order ſtood,
As th' *Orphean* Lyre had call'd th' obſequious Wood,
From their fixt Seats, to dance upon the Flood.
Part raiſe the *Maſts*, now to be ſhaken more
With furious Winds, than on their Hills before.

Part

Part ſhape new Ribs, and with induſtrious Care,
Ships broken Backs, and ghaſtly Wounds repair.
Part their bruis'd Sides anoint with unctious Pitch,
Part the carv'd Sterns, with Paint and Gold enrich:
Part Cables twiſt, part ſmear'd with Smoak and Sweat,
With vaſt Cyclopean Strokes huge Anchors beat.
While thus the *Britons* did their Ships repair,
Th' Infernal Prince enrag'd and wreckt with Care,
Swift, as exploded Lightning from the Skies,
A ſecond time to *Lapland* Mountains flies:
Where the rough Monarch's noiſy Palace ſtands,
Whoſe awful Nod, the raging Winds commands.
To him thus *Lucifer:* Kind Prince, to you
A ſecond time I for Aſſiſtance ſue.
The curſed Prince that by your high Command,
Your furious Subjects drove on *Hoel*'s Land;
Aided by *Hoel* does his Fleet repair,
Ready to *Albion* to tranſport the War.
Let adverſe Winds blow on the troubled Main,
Retard their Project, and their Ships detain:
Till *Octa* has prepar'd his Warlike Fleet,
The proud Invader on the Seas to meet.

He ceas'd; The Emperor of the Winds replies,
When you ſhall ask what Rebel Power denies:
Your Realms you rule with unconteſted Sway,
Your Poſt is to Command, mine to Obey.
That ſaid, he calls his wandring Subjects home,
Eurus and *Notus* ſtraight obedient come;
Laſt, ſluggiſh *Auſter*, to his Den with wet
And flabby Wings, does heavily retreat.
To whom their Prince; Let now your Labours ceaſe,
Indulge your Wings, be reconcil'd to Peace:

Cloſe in your Darkſome Priſons ſleeping lie,
To gain more Breath to blow, more Strength to fly.
Then down their howling Throats black Sops he threw,
Of *Poppies* and cold *Night-ſhade* made, that grew
On the dark Banks, where *Lethe*'s lazy Deep
Does its black Stores, and drouſie Treaſure keep,
Rolls its ſlow Flood, and rocks the nodding Waves aſleep.
The ſtrong Enchantments quick Admiſſion find,
And the wild Rout benumming Fetters bind:
They murmur in their ſleep, and ſtrive in vain
To ſpurn away th' unweildy leaden Chain.
Then calling *Boreas*, ſays, Fly *Boreas*, fly,
Blow o'er the Lands, and on the Billows lie:
Make haſte, and to th' *Armoric* Coaſt repair,
Be thine the ſpacious Empire of the Air.
Unrivall'd, unmoleſted Reign alone,
Till all thy Force is ſpent, and all thy Breath is gone;
No Hoſtile, windy Powers conteſt thy Reign,
And uncontroll'd Dominion of the Main.

Scarce had he ended, when up *Boreas* ſprings,
And thro' the Air ſpreads out his furious Wings.
He o'er warm Climes diffuſes *Northern* Spoils,
And the cold Treaſures of the frozen Iſles.
With bluſtring War he frights old Ocean's Court,
Buffets the Waves, and raiſes Storms in ſport.
In vain th' impatient *Britons* ſpread their Sails,
Loud *Boreas* keeps them back with adverſe Gales.
Proud *Lucifer* urg'd with his Rage and Spight,
Back to *Britannia* takes his Airy Flight;
To find the *Saxon* Monarch, and inſpire
His trembling Soul with freſh Infernal Fire.

And now the Night does her black Throne aſcend,
And dusky Shades her ſilent State attend:
While pale-fac'd *Cynthia* with her ſtarry Train,
Dart down their trembling Luſtre on the Main.
The weary Lab'rers their ſtiff Limbs repoſe,
And Sleep's ſoft Hand their drowſie Eye-lids cloſe.
All reſt enjoy, but *Octa* anxious lay,
Wakeful, and longing for returning Day.
His dreadful Crimes affright his ſtartled Soul,
And in his Breaſt black Tides of Horrour roll.
Dire Shapes, and ſtaring Ghoſts paſs threatning by,
And Streaks of Fire acroſs th' Apartment fly.
He hears the Shrieks of thoſe his bloody Hand
Had murder'd, or that dy'd by his Command:
He hears the Widows Sighs, and Orphans Moans,
Himſelf had made, and tortur'd Priſ'ners Groans.
The Grounds of pale Deſpair he ſometimes draws,
From *Arthur*'s Valour, and his Righteous Cauſe.
Sometimes he fears his injur'd Subjects Rage,
Their vengeful Arms, againſt him will engage;
Then ſtarts, and thinks he hears Prince *Arthur*'s Fleet
Is on the Coaſt, proclaim'd in ev'ry Street.

Then *Lucifer* does *Odin*'s Shape aſſume,
And with Stern Grace enters King *Octa*'s Room.
His vig'rous Limbs had dazling Armour on,
And round his Head his poliſh'd Helmet ſhone.
His conqu'ring Sword hung down with awful Grace,
And Scars of Honour ſeam'd his manly Face.
His warlike Hand grip'd his Vulcanian Shield,
With rare Devices pourtray'd on the Field.
With Martial State he ſtrides along the Room,
And ſhakes at ev'ry Step his lofty Plume.

Advancing to the Bed where *Octa* lay,
He ſpake: Son *Octa*, from celeſtial Day,
From the bleſt Groves, and mild *Elyſian* Seats,
Thy Father *Odin* to thy Aid retreats.
To eaſe thy reſtleſs Mind of Anxious Cares,
Support thy Hopes, and diſſipate thy Fears.
Stand thou unmov'd at *Arthur*'s proud Alarms,
Conqueſt attends thine, and thy *Saxons* Arms.
He'll ſink beneath the Sea's inſulting Wave,
Or landing, find on Shore a ſurer Grave.
Think on the Spoils and Trophies you have born,
And ſpreading Laurels on your Temples worn.
Let none that's ſprung from my Victorious Race,
At Danger ſhrink, and my great Stock debaſe.
Go, haſte thy Royal Navy to prepare,
Let *Ships* with *Ships* encounter, *War* with *War*.
On the wide Main th' Invader's Fleet oppoſe,
Better to meet, than here expect your Foes.
Go chaſe their ſcatter'd Navy o'er the Deep,
And thus in Peace, thy envy'd Empire keep.
He ceas'd; and with Majeſtick Pace retir'd,
And left King *Octa* with freſh Life inſpir'd.

Who with the Sun aroſe, reſolv'd to meet
With all his Naval Power, Prince *Arthur*'s Fleet.
He gave Command, the Captains ſtraight reſort
To their tall Ships, and leave the wanton Court.
A forward Zeal the buſie Sailors ſhew,
Some mend old Ships, and ſome equip the new.
With flaming Reeds ſome their pitch'd Bellies fry,
Some hoiſt the Yards, and Canvas Wings apply.
Some from its Cradle launch a rocking Hull,
Some at the Cables ſtrain, and howling pull

Vaſt Anchors up, ſome Stores and Arms entomb,
And ſtow with hidden War the Ship's dark Womb.
The Shores around, and all the Oazy Soil
Reſound with Clamour, and the Sailors Toil.
Well Rigg'd and Mann'd, the Ships from ev'ry Port
To their appointed Rendezvous reſort.
The Rivers diſembogue, beſides their Flood,
Into the Seas, a lofty, painted Wood.

And now the Moon, had twice the Silver Field
Of her fair Orb, with borrow'd Glory fill'd:
Since the uneaſie *Britons* had remain'd
By adverſe Winds, within their Port detain'd.
Boreas that had his Blaſts profuſely blown,
His Storms all ſpent, and bleaky Treaſures gone,
With tir'd and flaggy Pinions now retreats,
To fetch Recruits from wild *Laplandian* Seats:
Auſter does next with milder Blaſts prevail,
And for the *Britons* blows a proſperous Gale.-
Now each rough Hero of the Ocean ſtands
On the high Deck, giving Auſtere Commands.
Prince *Arthur* to Embark approach'd the Shoar,
Where the repoſing Seas no longer roar:
But at his Feet obſequious Billows lay,
As Conſcious of the Power they muſt obey.
Then their broad *Backs* ſubſiding they ſubmit,
Proud to ſuſtain their future Monarch's Fleet.
The lofty Ships on rolling Billows bound,
The Waves in ſoft Embraces clinging round.
As when the *Trojans*, in the *Mantuan* Song,
From *Africk* Sands, to *Latium* ſail'd along:
Old Ocean roſe up from his rocky Throne,
A Cryſtal Scepter, and a reedy Crown

His Power confeſt, his dewy Head he rear'd,
Above the Flood, and ſmiling on the Waves appear'd.
New-gather'd Banks of Quickſands he remov'd,
And kindly thro' the Deep, the Navy ſhov'd.
So the calm Ocean ſeem'd with equal care,
On its pleas'd Waves, the *Britiſh* Fleet to bear.
Unweildy *Porpoiſſes* ſpout Seas away,
And friendly *Dolphins* round the Squadrons play.
The floating Caſtles dance upon the Tide,
And on its foaming Ridge Triumphant ride.
In glorious Lines the painted Squadrons move,
As if the Poets Gods laps'd from above,
In gilded Clouds, were dancing on the Seas
In Maſquerade, with the green Deities.

Twice the great Ruler of the Day, had hurl'd
His flaming *Orb*, around th' enlighten'd World:
When at the early Dawning of the Day,
The Navies in each other's Proſpect lay.
The *Saxon* Squadrons cover all the Main,
And with their *Prows* divide the liquid Plain.
Plying to Windward, *Arthur*'s Men prepare
Their Navy, to receive th' advancing War.
Down on their Fleet King *Octa* bravely bore,
Whoſe long-wing'd Navy ſtretcht from Shore to Shore.
Both Fleets in Lines of War ſtood croſs the Deep,
And ready to engage, juſt Order keep.
They hoiſt their bloody Flags on either ſide,
And Death her Jaws does for her Feaſt provide.
Now the ſhrill Trumpets ſprightly Voice, and all
The Harmony of War, to Combate call.
The *Saxon* Sailors with a hideous Cry,
Affright the Deep, and rend the echoing Sky:

The barb'rous Yellings and out-rageous Sound
From Rock to Rock, and Shore to Shore rebound.
A furious Fight between the Fleets began,
And bold *Selingbert* firſt Attacks their Van.
Now bearded Darts, and fatal Javelins fly,
And Balls of Fire hiſs thro' th' inlighten'd Sky.
Each on his Foe miſſive Deſtruction pours,
And Death receives, and gives in feather'd Showers.
Thus milder Fate at diſtance ſparing flew,
Till to a cloſer Fight *Selingbert* flew,
And on his Foe his maſſy Grapples threw:
Which clenching faſt their pond'rous, griping Claws,
The rude Embrace, both Ships together draws.
The *Saxons* flew on Board with furious Arms,
And on the Decks appear in numerous Swarms.
Vogan enrag'd, did fatal Wounds diſpenſe,
With laviſh Hand, and made a brave Defence.
With Battle-Axes, Swords, unweildy Crows,
They clear the Decks of the inſulting Foes.
Beat down with ghaſtly Wounds, ſome gaſping lie,
Others their Arms caſt down, for Mercy cry.
Into the Waves ſome their pale Bodies throw,
And fly from Death above, to Death below.
Down the Ships ſides Torrents of *Saxon* Blood,
With unknown Crimſon dye th' aſtoniſh'd Flood.
Upon the Decks, which ſlaughter'd Heaps deform,
Enrag'd *Selingbert* pours a ſecond Storm,
Which like a Summer's Shower ſoon diſappear'd,
By Valiant *Vogan* and his *Britons* clear'd.
Selingbert thus defeated, boils with Rage,
But forc'd at laſt, his Ship to diſengage;
He bears away, and quits th' unequal Fight,
Providing for his ſafety, by his flight.

Oſta mean time his Men for Fight prepares,
And fiercely down on *Arthur*'s Squadron bears.
The ſpacious ſides of his high Ship conſum'd
Whole Foreſts, and whole Mountains Spoils entomb'd.
It ſelf a Fleet a-croſs the Billows ſtood,
Engroſs'd the Winds, and preſs'd the lab'ring Flood.
The lofty, gilded Palace ſhone from far,
Preſenting to the Foe a glorious War.
Bold *Oſta*, and the Valiant *Arthur* meet,
Which ſtruck a vaſt Concern thro' either Fleet:
On this important Action ſeem'd to wait
The *Britiſh* Hero's, and *Britannia*'s Fate.
Both ſides with Shouts their fatal Weapons fling,
And wing'd with Death thick Showers of Arrows ſing.
Unerring Darts in hiſſing Tempeſts fly,
And carry ſwift Deſtruction thro' the Sky.
Ships ruſh to Battle with enormous Shocks,
As Tow'rs with Tow'rs encounter'd, Rocks with Rocks.
So in the *Northern* Seas when Storms ariſe,
High Rocks of Snow, and ſailing Hills of Ice
Againſt each other with a mighty Craſh,
Driv'n by the Winds, in rude Rencounters daſh.
The Sea afflicted foams, the Waves on high,
Toſs'd by th' batt'ring *Iſlands*, lave the Sky.
The Cryſtal Towers break with a fearful Crack,
And on the Billows ſpead their foaming Wreck.
Vaſt Sheets of rocky Ice, and broken Iſles,
Oppreſs the lab'ring Ocean with their Spoils.
On both ſides now they call forth all their Rage,
Reſolv'd in cloſer Combate to engage.
Then Death and Slaughter in ſad Triumph reign'd,
And Seas of Blood the ſlipp'ry Decks diſtain'd.

Some

Some the Pale Dead into the Ocean heave,
Some in the Ships low Caves the wounded leave.
Prodigious Numbers fell on either Side,
Thin on the Decks they look'd, but thick upon the Tide.
For neither Chief e'er met a greater Foe,
Both wondrous Skill, and wondrous Courage ſhow:
While Victʼry poiſing equal Hope and Fear,
With doubtful Wings hung hovʼring in the Air.

The wiſe Prince *Arthur*, whilſt on Shore equips.
Their uſe till then unknown, a ſort of Ships,
which ſince the Deeds of that Important Day,
Among loſt Arts in deep Oblivion lay:
Till Captains that in after Ages livʼd,
The long forgotten Stratagem revivʼd.
Bitumen, Sulphur, and *Vulcanian* Spoils;
From labʼring Mountains, and from unctious Soils
Napththa and Pitch, with Skill and Labour wrought,
With hidden Stores of Flame the Veſſel fraught:
Like rolling Clouds where Lightningʼs Seeds remain,
Their ſwelling Wombs a fiery Birth contain.
Arthur ſo ſtrange a Ship to *Octa* ſent,
With ſuch Infernal Treaſures in it pent:
Which with its grappling Engines fixʼd, and firʼd,
The bold Commander to his Friends retirʼd.
The Fire with unexſtinguiſhʼd Rage, conſumes;
The Subterranean Wealth the Ship intombs.
Vaſt ſheets of Flame, and Pitchy Clouds ariſe,
And burning Vomit ſpouts againſt the Skies.
Tempeſts of Fire thʼ aſtoniſhʼd Heavʼns annoy,
Fierce, as thoſe Storms, that from their Clouds deſtroy:
As *Ætna* from its glowing Roots was torn,
And by its own wild Hurricanes, was born

From its old Seat, to float upon the Waves,
With *Vulcan*'s Magazins, and *Cyclops* ſmoaking Caves.
The burning Plague adher'd to *Octa*'s ſide,
And the ſcorcht Ribs the hot Contagion fry'd:
The ſpreading Miſchief's growth no Force reſtrains,
The Plague reſiſted more ſeverely Reigns.
To the tall Maſts the raging Flame aſpires,
And neighbour ſits to Heav'n's contiguous Fires.
Octa at laſt his flaming Ship forſakes,
And in ſtout *Horſa*'s Veſſel Refuge takes.
He once more here his Royal Standard Rears,
Where on the Deck undaunted he appears,
With chearful Looks, diſſembling inward Fears.
He ſtrives the *Saxons* Courage to excite,
To preſs the Foe, and ſtill maintain the Fight;
But ſtrives in vain, aſſiſted by the Wind,
The ſpreading Burnings no reſiſtance find.
Reſiſtleſs Flames advance with lawleſs Power
From Ship to Ship, and thro' the Fleet devour.
Naked and half-burnt Hulls with hideous Wreck,
Affright the Skies, and fry the Ocean's back:
Scorcht Bodies, broken Maſts, and ſmoaking Beams,
Promiſcuous Ruin, float along the Streams.
Deform'd Deſtruction, and wild Horrour ride
In fearful Pomp, upon the Crimſon Tyde.
At laſt King *Octa*, dreading longer ſtay,
Commanding all to follow, tows away;
The *Saxon* Captains chearfully obey.

But *Lucifer* enrag'd at this Defeat,
Plots to protect, and cover their Retreat.
Summon'd to his *Pavilion*, ſtraight repair
The *Dæmons*, that infeſt th' Inferiour Air:

With bloated *Fiends*, that in dark Caves abide,
And o'er the Subterranean Damps preſide.
Laſt the ſlow *Powers* come from their miſty Dens,
That rule the *Marſhes*, *Lakes*, and ſtagnant *Fens*:
To whom their Prince, ſee, how King *Octa* tows
His ſhatter'd Ships, preſt by Victorious Foes.
Go, and protect him from the fierce Purſuit,
And give him time, his Navy to recruit:
Let all your *Damps*, and lazy *Fogs* ariſe,
And with your ſluggiſh Treaſures cloud the Skies;
Let your thick *Miſts* repel th' unwelcome Light,
And o'er the Ocean ſpread a friendly Night.

The humble Powers their haughty Prince obey,
Some from dark Caverns far remote from Day,
From each embowell'd Mount, and hollow Vault,
Crude *Exhalations*, and raw *Vapours* brought.
Some from deep Quagmires, Ponds, and ſedgy Moors,
Drive the dull *Reeks*, and ſhove the *haizy* Stores:
To their appointed Station all repair,
And with their heavy Wings encumber all the Air.
The ponderous *Night*'s impenetrable Steems
Exclude the *Sun*, and choak his brighteſt Beams.
The hov'ring Clouds the *Saxon* Fleet embrace,
And wondrous Darkneſs ſtops the *Briton*'s Chaſe.
Octa, *Æneas* like, a miſty Night
Around him caſt, eſcapes the *Briton*'s Sight.
Now had the Sun diffus'd the early Day,
From his bright Orb, and chas'd the Fogs away:
To their known Shore the *Saxon* Navy flies,
And in their Ports and Rivers ſafely lies.

Arthur, who while the Shades prevail'd, had lain
Under an eaſie Sail, upon the Main;

Diſcovering that the *Saxon* Fleet was loſt,
Tack'd, and directly ſtood for *Albion*'s Coaſt.
He ſail'd not long, before his Joyful Men
Could from the Maſts, their native Country ken.
Firſt the *Bolerian* Promontory rears
His Head, and as a lofty Wedge appears,
That down into the Deep, had from the Shore,
Run from *Danmonian* Mines and melted Oar:
Here when the Oazy Shore, by ebbing Tides,
Is naked left, around its glitt'ring Sides,
Pale *Tinny* Oar, and *Copper*'s brighter Vein,
Caſts Glimmering Luſtre o'er the liquid Plain.
Next they diſcover the aſpiring Hills,
Whoſe Precious Sides *Metallick* Treaſure fills:
In their dark Caves *Cyclopian* Lab'rers ſweat,
And their vaſt Blows the ecchoing Hills repeat.
With ghaſtly Wounds they rend the groaning Earth,
And from its Bowels wreſt the maſſy Birth:
By racking Engines, and redoubled Blows,
She's forced her hidden Riches to diſcloſe.
Under wide *Caldrons*, ſome whole Forreſts pile,
And melt in purging Flames the wealthy Spoil.
Some in their hot *Ætnean* Forges ſweat,
And glowing Wedges on huge *Anvils* beat:
Their mighty ſtrokes ſhake all the bellowing ground,
The neighb'ring Mountains, and the Vales around,
With ſubterranean Toil and Noiſe reſound.
They paſs the crooked Shore, which Fame of old
Enrich'd with pond'rous *Pearl*, and ſcatter'd *Gold*:
They view the *Rocks* with *Gems* and Treaſure bleſt,
In verdant *Samphire*, and *Eringo* dreſt.
Danmonian Crows, leaving the Neighb'ring Hills,
In numerous, noiſy Flights, their Feet and Bills

With

With Native Crimſon dy'd, o'erſpread the Sky,
And o'er the Fleet in Ominous Circles fly.
Not far remov'd, it's ſides a Mountain ſhows,
Where winding Shores a ſpacious *Bay* encloſe:
His lofty Head, that flying Clouds invades,
From Shore to Shore the dusky Ocean ſhades.
Long this wild Seat, as ancient Fame obtain'd,
A fierce *Gigantick* Race of Men maintain'd;
Tall as the Hill, on which the Monſters dwelt,
Whoſe groaning ſides their ſtriding motion felt:
Torn from wild Beaſts raw Skins, and griſly Hydes,
A horrid Dreſs, adorn'd their hideous ſides.
Half roaſted *Swine* their ſavage Jaws devour,
That ſtain their ſquallid Chins with flowing Gore.
In thorny Dens the outſtrecht Monſters ly,
Half eaten Limbs, and mangled Bodies by:
With Rapes and Theſts,and endleſs Murders cloy'd,
A fearful Plague, the Region they deſtroy'd.
Weathering the Point with favourable Gales,
Along the Shore the Conquering Navy Sails:
Into the rough *Hibernian* Seas they came,
That howling Monſters, and dire Gulphs defame;
Which to avoid, cloſe to the Shore they keep,
Where fair *Sabrina* to her Parent Deep,
Drawing her ſilver Train along does glide,
Diluting with freſh Streams the Briny Tyde.
Lovely *Sabrina* that for refluent Tydes,
Fair Cities, verdant Meadows, flow'ry Sides,
For Finn'd Inhabitants; and pleaſant Streams,
Yields only to her fairer Siſter *Thames*.
Paſſing theſe Seas, they view the fertile Soil,
Till'd by *Silurian* Farmers skilful Toil;
Where the vext Sea fair *Clamorgania* laves,
And rolls along the Sand its foaming Waves:

Here

Here *Rhemnius*, gliding by *Carphilli*'s Walls,
Proud of its *Roman* ſtrength, into the Ocean falls.
Then *Ratoſtibium* from the hilly Lands,
Rolls down its rapid Tyde, and troubled Sands.
Next they deſcry an Iſle of wondrous Fame;
Which the ſucceeding Ages *Barry* name.
In its high ſides that to the Sea appear,
Dreadful to tell, th' aſtoniſh'd Saylors hear
Ætnean Labour, where the bellowing Rocks,
Shake with Gigantick Toil, and Thundering Strokes
Of groaning *Smiths*; ſometimes a mighty ſledge,
On a vaſt Anvil, beats a flaming wedge:
Now Bellows form'd of vaſt, capacious Hydes,
All *Boreas* blow from their *Æolian* ſides.
Now the reſiſting Flames and Fiery Store,
By Winds aſſaulted, in wide Forges roar,
And raging Seas flow down of melted Oar.
Sometimes they hear long Iron Bars remov'd,
And to the ſides, huge heaps of Cynders ſhov'd.
As we advanc'd the Coaſt in Proſpect lay,
Which the *Dimetian* Lords did then obey:
Here th' opening Land invites, with outſtretcht Arms,
The troubled Seas, free from the loud Alarms
Of the rough, windy Powers, to take their Eaſe,
And on its Boſom lye diffus'd in Peace.
The flowing Waters ſmooth their furrow'd Face,
And gently roll into the Land's Embrace:
To ſecret *Creeks* the weary Billows creep,
And ſtretcht on *Oazy* Beds ſecurely ſleep.
No happy Land, along th' *European* Coaſt,
Can ſuch a fair and ſpacious *Haven* boaſt.
In this wide Station, the *Dimetians* pride,
The biggeſt *Ships*, and greateſt *Fleets* may ride,
Safe from the Inſults of the Winds and Tide.

Two

Two lofty *Caſtles* with their gilded Towers,
Inlighten, and defend the ſubject Shores.
Here the Victorious *Britons* ſafe arrive,
With all the Joy, long-wiſh'd for Harbours give.
In frequent Throngs, the glad *Dimetians* ſtand
Upon the *Coaſt*, thick as th' unnumber'd Sand.
Their Acclamations and loud Shouts rebound,
From trembling Hills, and ſhake the Shores around:
The Ships lay rocking, and their Maſts bend more
With *Britons* Breath, than with the Winds before.
The joyful *Britons* and their Friends debark,
And near the Shore a ſpacious Camp they mark.
The pious Prince at a fair Caſtle ſtaid,
That *Malgo* the *Dimetian* Lord obey'd.

Now her brown Wings the ſilent Night diſplays,
Light ſprinkled o'er with *Cynthia*'s ſilver Rays.
Silence and Darkneſs all to Reſt invite,
And ſleep's ſoft Chains make faſt the Gates of Light.
Prince *Arthur* ſleeps, by Summons from on high,
From trembling Joynts, his active Spirits fly
To the round Palace of th' Immortal Soul,
And thro' the Rooms and dark Apartments roll.
The buſie Crowd fills all the labouring Brain,
Bright Fancy's Work-houſe, where cloſe Cells contain
Of Forms and Images an endleſs Train,
Which thither thro' the waking Senſes glide,
And in fair *Mem'ry*'s Magazine abide.
Compos'd of theſe, light Scenes and Shows appear,
Which ſtill employ the reſtleſs Theater.
Divinely mov'd, the Airy Figures take
Their ſeveral Ranks, and this bright Viſion make.
Prince *Arthur*, on a verdant Eminence
Converſing with King *Uter* ſtood, from whence,

He views with wondring Eyes, great Lords and States,
Crown'd Heads, Victorious Princes, Potentates,
Heroes and Heroines, a glorious Train,
which in long Order fill'd the ſubject Plain.
Prince *Arthur* on the Royal Scene intent,
Demands what this Auguſt Aſſembly meant:
For what end thither come, and who they were
That at th' Illuſtrious *Congreſs* did appear.

King *Uter* then reply'd: Know pious Son,
That after various bloody Battels won,
You Beauteous *Ethelina* ſhall eſpouſe,
The faireſt Branch of all King *Octa*'s houſe.
A *Chriſtian* Princeſs of a Pagan Line,
Whoſe Virtues equal with her Beauty ſhine.
You ſhall Triumphant mount the *Britiſh* Throne,
Which has not yet ſo great a Monarch known.
Swell not with Pride, th' Imperial Seat you gain,
Brings envy'd Honour, but unenvy'd Pain.
Your People rule with equal *Laws*, and know
You're happy, when you make your Subjects ſo.
Let them a Good, Indulgent *Father* find,
Be mercifully *Juſt*, ſeverely *Kind*.
Let your bright Virtues Imitators draw,
Glorious Examples have more Force, then Law.
Seek not an uncontroll'd and lawleſs Sway,
Subjects from *Love*, but Slaves from *Fear* obey.
And whom the People fear, they quickly hate,
Which Paſſions in their Prince the like Create:
Hence mutual Jealouſies, and deep Deſigns,
Hence ſtrong Diſtruſt the mould'ring State disjoyns.
Diffuſing good on all Mankind, you'll ſhow
You imitate Heav'n's Government below.

The *Benefactor* will moſt Honour bring,
And the *Deliverer*'s greater than the *King*:
Believe no Foreign hoſtile Power, can move
Your Throne, ſupported by your Subjects Love.

The bright Aſſembly that ſurrounds the Hill,
And with their Numbers all the Vally fill,
Are *Albion*'s Hero's, who in future days,
Their own, and *Albion*'s Name, to Heav'n ſhall raiſe.
The Regal Orders that the reſt outſhine,
With glittering Crowns, are the Imperial Line,
That after you, on *Albion*'s Throne ſhall ſit,
Their Names in Fate's Eternal Volumes writ.
The Kings that in the foremoſt Rank appear,
Who frowning and unpleaſant Aſpects wear;
Whoſe waning Crowns with faded Luſtre ſhine,
Shall after you ſucceed, firſt *Conſtantine*,
Conanus, and the reſt of *Britiſh* Line:
Theſe look not with their Native Splendour bright,
But dimly ſhine, with delegated Light.
Heroick Deeds by great Forefathers done,
Caſt all their Glory on them, not their own:
To narrow Bounds their ſcanty Empire ſhrinks,
And *Britons* Grandeur, with their Virtue ſinks.
At laſt their Crimes, offended Heav'n provoke,
To cruſh their Nation with the *Saxon* Yoke.

Here *Arthur* ſigh'd, that his degenerate Race,
Should with inglorious Deeds their Stock debaſe:

When *Uter* cry'd, Obſerve the *Saxon* Line,
Where mighty Kings the *Britiſh* Rank outſhine:
Crowns on their Heads, and Scepters in their Hand,
All great in War, and born for high Command.

Their Arms the *Britiſh* Empire ſhall Aſſail,
And aided by the *Britons* Crimes prevail.
This mighty Nation, quickly ſhall believe
The Chriſtians God, and Heav'nly Light receive.
That's *Ethelbert* the firſt of *Saxon* Race,
That ſhall pure Faith, and Truth Divine embrace.
He ſhall deſtroy in their own Temples Flames,
Their ſenſleſs Gods, of barb'rous, Northern Names:
In vain their Prieſts on helpleſs Idols call,
They, and their Groves by the ſame Axes fall:
Fragments of broken Altars, and the ſpoil
Of ruin'd Gods, fill all th' applauding Iſle.
All ſhall adore the great myſterious King,
And of his Croſs the glorious Triumphs ſing.
The Spring of Life gilded with Heav'nly Beams,
Purge guilty Minds, with pure Baptiſmal Streams.
From hence the Light ſhall break, which ſhall diſpell
The *Pagan* Shades, that on the *Saxons* dwell.
Proud *Lucifer* ſubdu'd, flies in deſpair,
With all th' Infernal Powers about the Air,
That with their broad, extended Wings retreat,
To ſeek a ſafe, and unmoleſted Seat:
To fix on *Scythian* Hills their gloomy Throne,
Or on the Sands fry'd by the burning *Zone*.
As when the *Storks* prepare to change their Clime,
The long-neck'd Nation, in the Air ſublime,
Wheeling, and towring up in Circles fly,
And with their cackling Cries diſturb the Sky:
In lingring Clouds they hang, and Leiſure give,
For all their feather'd People to arrive.
To th' Airy Rendezvous all haſt away,
And their known Leaders noiſy Call obey;
Then thro' the Heav'ns their trackleſs Flight they take,
And for new Worlds, their preſent Seats forſake:

So

So here the Fiends aſſembled in the Air,
Quit *Albion*'s Soil, and to wild Lands repair.

Remark that Prince, that in the midſt appears,
Seven bright Imperial Diadems he wears;
That's the great *Egbert*, whoſe heroick Might,
Shall the diſmember'd Iſland reunite:
His Arms ſhall give him univerſal Sway,
And all the *Saxons* ſhall his Power obey.

See there the great *Northumbrian* Monarch ſtands,
Edwine his Name that all the Iſle commands:
A happy Prince, if his good Angel's Art
Diverts the *Mercian* Ruffian's bloody Dart.
Saxons and *Britons* ſhall obey his Arms,
Himſelf, the lovely *Ethelburga* Charms:
Her beauteous Eyes the mighty Monarch fire,
Her Words, his Soul with *Chriſtian* Flames inſpire.
Bleſt *Ethelburga* of unrival'd Worth,
That plants Religion in the barren North.

See *Alfred* there, all ſhall his Praiſes ſing,
A pious Souldier, and an humble King.
Hero and *Bard*, able in lofty Verſe
His own great Deeds, and Triumphs to reherſe.
Obey'd by all his unreſiſted Arms,
Shall to their Coaſts repel the *Daniſh* Swarms:
Into the Seas ſwept by his potent Hand,
Thoſe *Northern* Locuſts leave th' afflicted Land.
The People his wiſe Laws ſhall cultivate,
From their rude Minds, and ſmooth th' unpoliſh'd State.
Upon the Verdant Plain, where *Iſis* Streams
Haſt to th' Embraces of her Siſter *Thames*:

This mighty Prince ſhall a fam'd Empire Found,
Where Learning ſits with branching Laurels Crown'd.
Where ſacred Arts with all their Letter'd Train,
In lofty Schools ſhall unmoleſted Reign :
Baniſh'd from *Greece* and *Rome*, no ſafe Retreat
They'll find, till ſetled in this Peaceful Seat.
Ages to come, this Seat will *Oxford* name,
Of which no Time, or Place, ſhall bound the Fame.
Remoteſt Nations ſhall her Wonders know,
Far as *Great Britain*'s potent Navies go.
Learning, her Native growth, ſhall Strangers fetch,
And taught by her, their own rude Countries teach :
Th' admiring World ſhall *Albion* then adore,
Revere her Armies, but her Learning more.
As when the Wiſdom of th' Eternal Mind,
Rude *Chaos* labour'd, and the Maſs refin'd ;
The ſcatter'd Rays that wander'd in the Air,
Did to the Sun's capacious Orb repair ;
The ſhining Colonies pour'd thick around,
Here fixt, and did a glorious Empire Found :
So here the broken Beams of glimmering Arts,
Aſſembling all their Light from diſtant parts,
To make bright *Oxford*'s Luminary ſtay,
That o'er the World ſhall ſpread Celeſtial Day.

Remark *Elfeda* there, a Martial Dame,
That by her Arms ſhall win Immortal Fame.
At laſt the Princes of the *Saxon* Line,
From Heav'nly Love and Purity decline :
Their Chriſtian Virtues, and pure Zeal abate,
And with them ſickens their decaying State.
With Chriſtian Names, their Pagan Crimes they keep,
And deaf to Heav'n's loud Threats ſecurely ſleep :

Till

Till the fierce *Dane* ſent by ſupream Command,
A vengeful Scourge does on their Borders Land.
The *Saxon*'s Guardian Angels call'd away,
Leave them to hoſtile Arms, an eaſie Prey,
Thus Heav'n afflicts a Land, when Impious grown,
And from their Throne pulls haughty Monarchs down.
This dreadful Curſe, ſhall by relenting Heav'n,
Be ſoon from ſad *Britannia*'s Empire driv'n:
The Cruel, ſlothful *Dane* ſhall ſoon decline,
To make way for a nobler *Norman* Line.

That Prince obſerve, that moves with ſo much Grace,
Is the great *William* of the *Norman* Race:
A mighty Prince, a Leader Brave, and Wiſe,
Whoſe towring Fame ſhall ſoar above the Skies.
Heav'n does for him *Britannia*'s Crown deſign,
From which great Stock, ſhall branch a numerous Line
Of mighty Princes, that ſhall Rule this Iſle,
Enriching it with Conquer'd Nations Spoil.

The Valiant ſecond *Henry*, ſee him there,
What Majeſty does in his Looks appear?
Through wild *Hibernia* he ſhall force his way,
And add four Kingdoms to the *Britiſh* Sway.

Brave *Richard* ſee, who from the ſacred Coaſt,
Shall drive the Barb'rous, Unbelieving Hoſt.
In *Gaul* this Monarch's Arms ſhall be renown'd,
Dreaded in Battel, and with Conqueſt Crown'd:
Long time in Peace his Crown might be enjoy'd,
Could he the Arrow at *Chaluz* avoid.

Now, Son, your Eye to that brave Warriour turn,
Whoſe Beams ſo much the *Norman* Line adorn.

How

How great a Preſence, what a Port he bears?
How much a mighty Conq'rour he appears?
That Prince is *Edward*, whoſe Victorious Arms
Judea ſave from *Pagan* Foes Alarms.
How he returns thro' the *Trinacrian* Iſle,
Thro' high *Parthenope*'s delicious Soil,
Thro' loud Applauſes of admiring *Rome*,
Reeking in hoſtile Blood triumphant home!
The beauteous Perſon next that Monarch ſeen,
Is *Eleonora* his Illuſtrious Queen.
In Storms ſhe's with him on the Ocean toſt,
To ſeek out horrid War on *Aſia*'s Coaſt.
Midſt barbarous Arms his Wife, Adviſer, Friend,
She his prodigious Labours ſhall attend.
And when her Lord, ſo Heav'n permits, ſhall feel
Within his Veins, the Murd'rer's poiſon'd Steel:
She to the ſpreading Plague her Lips applies,
And gives that Eaſe, which *Aſia*'s Balm denies.
Invading Death her healing Kiſſes charm,
And with new Life the ſinking Monarch warm.
No other Prince that in this Age ſhall reign,
Shall equal Honour to brave *Edward*'s Gain,
But great *Adolphus*, of th' Illuſtrious Race
Of Heroes, which the Houſe of *Naſſau* Grace:
This mighty Prince ſhall gain th' Imperial Sway,
And wide *Germania* ſhall his Laws obey.
The God-like Virtues, and Heroick Fire,
That ſhall the brave *Naſſovian* Houſe inſpire,
Shall make *Adolphus* ſhine in this high Sphear,
Preluding to the great Deliverer,
The pious *William*; yonder he's in Sight,
In whom *Naſſovian* Blood, and ours unite.

There

There war-like *Edward* ſtands, that with his Hoſt,
Shall croſs the Ocean to the *Gallick* Coaſt:
Where he his Conquering Enſigns ſhall diſplay,
And make the haughty *Franks* his Laws obey.
There Queen *Philippa* ſhines, th' *Albanians* Dread,
Worthy of *Britain*'s Crown, and *Edward*'s Bed:
While Foreign Kingdoms *Edward*'s Arms ſubdue;
Hers thro' the North the vanquiſh'd *Scots* purſue.
See the Black Prince in Armour by her ſide,
Proud *Gallia*'s Terrour, and fair *Albion*'s Pride:
What Triumphs wait him in *Pictavian* Fields?
What never-fading Laurels *Croiſſy* yields?

That *Henry* mark, the glorious Conquerour,
That *Gallia* ſhall reduce by *Albion*'s Power.
Immortal Prince, if Arms can make thee ſo,
For thee in *Norman* Fields what Laurels grow?
How great he'll ſeem, his Arms diſtain'd with Blood,
Chaſing the *Franks* o'er *Sein*'s affrighted Flood!
At *Agencourt* what Wonders ſhall be done,
What Towns of Force, what Battels ſhall be won,
Before in Triumph he aſcends their Throne?

Our Blood the Royal Channel now regains,
Deriv'd thro' *Tudor* our brave Offſpring's Veins;
Which with the *Norman* joyn'd, the Confluent Tide
As long, as that of Time, ſhall downward glide.
From their Embrace to rule *Britannia* ſprings,
A glorious Race of Queens, and potent Kings.
See, the firſt *Tudor* that aſcends the Throne,
After the glorious Field at *Boſworth* won:
The Scepter he ſhall ſway with great Applauſe,
And Rule the Iſle with Wiſe and Equal Laws.

Young

Young *Edward* there, *Albion*'s Delight, appears
Learn'd, Pious, Manly, Wiſe above his years.
Then Liberty in all her lovely Charms,
Shall ſit ſecure from Tyranny's Alarms:
Religion purg'd from *Rome*'s Adulterous Stain,
Shall in her pure, and Native Splendor Reign.
No greater Mind to *Albion*'s Crown ſucceeds,
Rever'd for Brave, and lov'd for Pious Deeds.
Bleſt *Albion*, if kind Heav'n would long permit
So great a Monarch, on thy Throne to ſit!
But, oh, how ſhort Delights attend him here,
Such Heav'nly Gueſts are ſhewn, and diſappear:
Dear both to Earth and Heav'n, he'll ſoon remove
His Throne from hence, to Reign in Bliſs above:
With what Complaints, with what deſpairing Cries,
Shall ſad *Britannia* Mourn his Obſequies?

There, ſee, the bright *Elizabetha* riſe,
Inlightning with her Rays the *Britiſh* Skies.
Th' Indulgent Parent of her People, ſhe
Loves, Feeds, and Guards *Britannia*'s Family.
Heav'n's and her People's Rights ſhe ſhall protect,
And for *Britannia*'s Eaſe, her own neglect:
Her Sons ſhe ſhall embrace with pious Care,
And from her Coaſts ſend back th' *Iberian* War.
Bleſt times, when ſhe that wears th' Imperial Crown,
Regards her Peoples Safety, as her own.

Intently now on that great Monarch gaze,
So much diſtinguiſh'd by his brighter Rays:
This is the Man, the brave *Naſſovian*, whom
I nam'd, the great Deliverer to come.
Succeeding Prophets under your great Name,
This our great Offspring ſhall aloud proclaim;

Rais'd

Rais'd from a noble Branch of *Tudor*'s Line,
From *Thamiſis* tranſplanted to the *Rhine*.
Amaz'd Poſterity, will ſcarce believe
The wond'rous Deeds, this Hero ſhall atchieve.
Th' *European* World by *Rome* and *Gaul* oppreſt,
By his long-wiſh'd-for Arms ſhall be releaſt.
He'll far out-ſhine his own Heroick Race,
Europe's Protectors, who ſhall Tyrants chaſe,
And Monſters vanquiſh with *Herculean* Toil,
And reſcue from their bloody Jaws, their Spoil.
The beardleſs Hero's firſt victorious Arms,
Shall free his Country from the *Gauls* Alarms:
As he advances, Seas of *Gallick* Blood,
Shall with red Streams, ſwell *Moſa*'s wondring Flood:
Their ſlaughter'd Ranks ſhall lie along the *Rhine*,
And with ſtrange Purple ſtain th' aſtoniſh'd Vine.

For in this Age,
Juſt Heav'n ſhall cauſe a haughty Prince to riſe,
Cruel, as *Lucifer*, and like him wiſe.
Heav'n's Laws, and Power, the Tyrant ſhall deride,
Breaking in Sport, the Oaths wherewith he's ti'd.
Th' inſatiate Monſter pleas'd with humane Gore,
And urg'd with Helliſh Rage, ſhall firſt devour
His *Gallick* Slaves, and with a merc'leſs Hand,
Spread fearful Ruin o'er his fruitful Land.
Raging with Fire and Sword, he ſhall invade
His Neighbour's Cities, to his Gold betray'd.
No Spoil, no Carnage, ſhall his Fury cloy,
But drunk with Blood, he ſhall around deſtroy,
Like ſpreading Fires, or Torrents roaring down,
From melting Snows, that all the Vally drown.
Like Hell, he ſhall derive his chiefeſt Joy,
From the divine Permiſſion to deſtroy.

Miſchief and Ruin, he ſhall Conqueſt name,
And from Deſtruction raiſe a diſmal Fame.
Regions laid waſt, Orphans and Widows Cries,
Proclaim his Power, and barb'rous Victories.
So dire a Plague, ſhall Heav'n permit to reign,
To ſcourge the impious World, but to reſtrain
The ſavage Spoiler, ſhall this Prince employ;
Monſters grow up, for Heroes to deſtroy.
The valiant Youth ſinking *Batavia* ſaves,
Their ſureſt Digue againſt the *Gallick* Waves.
After oppreſt *Britannia* ſhall invite,
The fam'd *Deliverer* to aſſert her Right.
His Arms the lowring Tempeſt ſhall diſpel,
Which threatning *Albion*, rolls from *Rome* and Hell:
Fair Liberty her drooping Head ſhall rear,
And bleſt Religion on her Throne appear.
His Reign freſh Life to *Albion* ſhall impart,
And teach her Sons War's long-forgotten Art.
Britons diſſolv'd in ſoft, inglorious Eaſe,
In courtly Vices, and luxurious Peace,
He ſhall inſpire with a new martial Flame,
And lead them on, to gain their Ancient Fame.
Now *Albion*'s Youth poliſh their ruſty Arms,
And once more, *Gallia* dreads their loud Alarms:
Victorious *Britons*, as of old, ſhall come
Laden with Spoils, and crown'd with Laurels, home.

He ceas'd; but near the great *Naſſovian* ſtood
A *Heroine*, by mien of Royal Blood.
Her Form Divine, and Seraph-like her Face,
Where Heav'nly Sweetneſs, ſtrove with Princely Grace.
But a black Cloud on her fair Temples lies,
And on the ground ſhe fixt her beauteous Eyes.

Prince

Prince *Arthur* on th' Illuſtrious Form Intent,
Ask'd who ſhe was, and what the Sadneſs meant,
That her dejected Eyes did overſpread,
What the thick Miſt that hover'd round her Head.

King *Uter* with Reluctance thus replies,
While flowing Tears guſh'd from his mournful Eyes:
Ah, Son, demand no more their Fates to know,
That muſt produce ſuch univerſal Woe.
Telling that Offspring's Story, I reveal
A Scene of Grief, I labour'd to conceal.
This Wonder to the World, as ſoon as ſhown,
Is taken up to her Celeſtial Throne.
Ah! what ſad Accents, what a mournful Cry,
What lamentable Sounds will fill the Sky,
When her high Herſe, ſhall from her Palace go
Thro' weeping Throngs, in all the Pomp of Woe?
So ſad a Cry did wondring *Nile* affright,
When *Egypt*'s firſt-born Youth were ſlain by Night.
What Strains of Sorrow will *Auguſta* ſhow?
What Floods of Tears, ſad *Thamiſis*, will flow
Into thy Stream, while gliding by the Dome,
Where freſh erected ſtands her lofty Tomb.
Son, mind her Preſence, what a God-like Air?
What Throngs of Graces in her Eyes appear?
No nobler Genius, no well faſhion'd Mind
E'er took a Turn more happily deſign'd,
From an Etherial Mould more labour'd and refin'd.
Mild as the bleſt above, without ſerene
As *Eden*'s Air, and calm as Heav'n within.
No lovelyer Star adorns the *Britiſh* Sphear,
Ah! might ſhe longer in her Orb appear,
That her Celeſtial Influence might Flow
In chearing Streams on all the Iſle below!

New warmth to *Albion* her kind Beams afford,
To *Albion* guarded, as before reſtor'd,
By the *Naſſovian* Angel's flaming Sword.
My faireſt Offspring! ah, her rigid Doom!
She ſhall *Maria* be: Come, quickly come,
Bring me white Lillies, Roſes newly blown,
Lillies and Roſes, like *Maria*'s own:
Theſe on her Herſe I'll ſcatter, and perfume
With od'rous Herbs and Flowers, the precious Tomb.
Let me my Sorrow thus expreſs, 'tis true,
A fruitleſs Deed, but all that Love can do.

The Tides of Grief that here ſwell'd *Arthur*'s Breaſt,
Broke Sleep's ſoft Fetters, and diſſolv'd his Reſt:
The Airy Objects, that without did wait,
Now ruſh in by the Senſes open Gate.
His waking Thought, the wondrous Scene reviews,
And various Paſſions in his Mind renews.

Prince Arthur.

BOOK VI.

NOw in the Eaſt the Saffron Morn aroſe,
And call'd the Lab'rer from his ſoft repoſe.
Thro' all the Region flew Loquacious Fame;
And the glad tydings ſpread, where'er ſhe came:
Prince *Arthur*'s Landed, is the general Cry,
Straight to their Arms the chearful *Britons* fly:
The great *Reſtorer* all prepare to meet,
And warlike Noiſe reſounds in every Street.
His eager Friends impatient of delay,
Had long expected this Auſpicious Day.
They knew he was Embark'd to bring them Aid,
And for his quick, and ſafe Arrival pray'd.
Oft on the Rocks and higheſt Hills they ſtood,
And all around the Subject Ocean view'd
With longing Eyes, hoping the ſight to gain
Of *Arthur*'s Conquering Navy on the Main:
And when no Fleet, no *Arthur* they deſcry'd,
They chid the Winds, and interpoſing Tyde.
With leſs impatience ſtaid th' *Ithacian* Dame,
Till to her Arms her wiſh'd *Ulyſſes* came.
The *Seſtian* Maid not with ſuch Paſſion ſtood,
To ſpy her Lover cutting thro' the Flood.
The Zealous Men while adverſe *Boreas* reign'd,
And from the Coaſts Prince *Arthur*'s Fleet detain'd,

When

When mild *Aurora* with her roſy Light,
Began to ſtreak the dusky Face of Night,
Oft from their Beds, up to the Windows flew,
And thence the Fanes and flying Clouds would view;
To ſee if yet more favourable Gales,
Roſe from the South, to ſwell Prince *Arthur*'s Sails.
Anxious they look around, but when they find
Their hopes retarded by an adverſe Wind,
Their Sorrow in repeated Sighs expreſt,
They to their Beds return, but not to Reſt.

Thus they expected *Arthur*'s powerful Aid,
And ſuch their Sorrow was, their Hopes delay'd.
But now, at laſt the Prince's Fleet arriv'd,
Raiſes their Courage, and their Hopes reviv'd.
The joyful Throngs Prince *Arthur*'s Praiſe proclaim,
This every Tongue employs, ev'n Children aim,
That ſcarce have learn'd to ſpeak, to liſp his Name.
Some praiſe his Stature, and his God-like Face,
His awful Preſence, and Majeſtick Grace,
His Courage ſome, and Conduct in the Field,
And think great *Cæſar*'s Fame to his, muſt yield:
His Clemency and Pity ſome admire,
And all the Virtues, that his Mind inſpire.
The Actions of his Childhood ſome repeat,
In which they ſtill diſcover'd ſomething Great:
And now, what they expected, he appears,
The Hero promis'd in his tender years.
Others relate the ancient Prophecies,
Wherein was told a Monarch ſhould ariſe
Of mighty Power, and Univerſal Fame,
That ſhould to Heav'n advance the *Britiſh* Name:
Things weigh'd, and well compar'd, they all conſent
Arthur's the Conq'rour, that the Prophets meant.

Some

Some tell their Friends, their Courage to ſupport,
What mighty Guards ſurround the Prince's Court.
What Succours hir'd were from *Germania* brought,
Succours, as oft Victorious, as they fought:
Fierce *Alpine Allobrogs* with ſlaughter fed,
In Snows and everlaſting Winter bred.
Men of ſtupendous Bulk, pamper'd and cloy'd
With Blood of Nations, which their Arms deſtroy'd.
Arm'd with broad, flaming Swords, and mighty Spears;
Their Caps were Wolves, their Coats rough Skins of Bears:
Who ſtretcht on Beds did n'er their Limbs repoſe,
But from the naked ground ſtill vig'rous roſe.
Of Aſpect terrible, their ſquallid Face
Thick, matted Beards with briſtly Terrour grace:
None e'er eſcap'd, that did their Arms provoke,
They Mow whole Squadrons with a ſingle ſtroke.
This monſtrous Kind of Men did Fame invent,
And *Arthur*'s Troops ſo dreadful repreſent,
To raiſe the *Britons* Hearts before depreſt,
And ſtrike a Terrour thro' the *Saxon*'s Breaſt.
With Joy tranſported all for Arms declare,
And all the Accoutrements of War prepare.
The *Shepherds* on the Hills forſake their *Flocks*,
And leave their brouzing *Goats* upon the Rocks.
Inſtead of Crooks, that did their Flocks command,
Long warlike Spears they brandiſh in their Hand.
The *Britiſh* Youth their Courage rais'd, rejoyce
To ſee the Banners fly, and hear the Trumpet's Voice.
The *Farmers* leave the Hopes their Fields afford,
To reap freſh Laurels with their Conquering Sword.
The noiſe of War does from the Hills rebound,
And midſt the *Miners* Eccho's under ground:
Who ſtraight alarm'd, at nobler Labour Sweat,
And into Swords their glowing Metal beat.

Their

Their Forges, Anvils and wide Bellows breath,
Are all employ'd in various kinds of Death.
Some ſhape the Halbert, and broad Fauchion's Blade,
And Darts by ſome, and Arrows Heads are made.
Some forming Battle-Axes heave the Sledge,
Some into Shields ſtrike out a flaming Wedge.
To faſhion Helmets ſome the Hammer ply,
Some labour, Pieces for the Leg and Thigh.
With Lances arm'd, ſome their hot Courſers rein,
And to the War Curvet along the Plain.
Some with their clenching Gauntlets graſp the Shield,
Shake their long Spears, and ruſh into the Field.
Acroſs their Shoulders ſome their Quivers hung,
Their Arrows trim'd, and Bows for Death new ſtrung.
As when black Clouds dark'ning the Summer Sky,
Loaded with Cryſtal Tempeſts ſlowly fly,
Th' Artillery diſcharg'd, with mighty Sound
Th' exploded Hailſtones, leap upon the ground,
Thunder amidſt the Woods, and from the Hills rebound.
So with the *Britons* all the Region ſwarms,
So thick their Troops, ſo loud the noiſe of Arms:
The groaning Earth complains, and trembling feels
The trampling Hoofs, and Chariots fervid Wheels.

In order now, Celeſtial *Muſe*, declare
What Troops, and who thoſe ancient *Britons* were,
Who for their Country's Liberty combin'd,
And their Brigades with *Arthur's* Forces joyn'd.
From Time's dark Priſons ſet the Hero's free,
And may their glorious Names Immortal be.

Firſt warlike *Cadwall* the *Dimetians* Head,
His Forces from the neighbouring Region led.

Their

Their Troops advance from the bleak Northern Shore,
On which th' *Hybernian* Sea's loud Billows roar:
And where *Octopitarum*, thro' the Waves
Wedging his Way, th' oppoſing Ocean braves.
Fair *Mariduxum* pours her Squadrons forth,
Where the fam'd Sorc'rer *Merlin* had his Birth.
They came who dwelt round high *Plinlimmon*'s Sides;
Where *Stuccia* flows, and ſwift *Turobius* glides.

King *Meridoc*, the *Ordovician* leads
Down from the *Britiſh* Alps, whoſe ſnowy Heads,
Imaus like, ſtand towring in the Air,
And midſt the Stars eternal Winter bear:
And from the Soil lav'd by *Conovius* Flood,
And *Menai*'s Banks, where old *Segontium* ſtood.
Great Numbers ſwarm'd from *Mona*'s noble Iſle,
Deform'd for Aſpect, but of fertile Soil:
Where once in ſhady Groves erected ſtood,
The *Druids* Altars ſtain'd with humane Blood.
The Troops their March from *Mediolanum* take,
From *Helen*'s Way, and the *Tegeian* Lake;
Thro' which fair *Deva*'s Streams ſo ſwiftly paſs,
They uncorrupted ſhun th' impure Embrace:
Here the ſublime *Mervinian* Mountains riſe,
And with ſharp-pointed Tops transfix the Skies.

Next *Morogan* the bold *Silures* brought,
None for their Country's Freedom better fought:
They bravely *Valens* and his Troops withſtood,
And dy'd *Sabrina*'s Streams with *Roman* Blood:
With like Succeſs *Veranius* they defeat,
And forc'd his vanquiſh'd Eagles to retreat.
This cauſe, as much their Courage did provoke,
To free their Country from the Saxon Yoke.

They take in haſt their Swords and Bucklers down,
And march to meet the Prince from every Town.
From all the Cities on the verdant ſide
Of *Nidus*, and on *Loghor*'s Cryſtal Tyde.
They march from *Bovium*, and the neighboring Shore,
Thick, as the Waves, that there inſulting roar.
Down from the Hilly Lands the *Britons* came,
Which now th' Inhabitants *Brechinia* name:
Where the black Mount ſtands lofty in the Air,
And forky *Peak*, ſince call'd great *Arthur*'s Chair.
They march from *Bulleum*, *Haga*, and the Lake,
Where when broad Sheets of Ice diſſolving crack,
The ratling Noiſe rebounds from neighb'ring Hills,
And with loud Thunder all the Region fills.
From *Ariconium*, and the flowry Space,
Which wanton *Vaga*'s winding Arms embrace:
Where *Lugus* his tranſparent Boſom ſpreads,
And where *Liddenus* murmurs thro' the Meads.
Where thick *Heſperian Woods* with Apples crown'd,
Of golden Hue, enrich the Fields around:
Which the moſt generous *Britiſh Wine* produce,
Auſonia ſcarce affords a nobler Juice.
They leave the Fields fam'd for the pureſt Corn,
And the rich Plains that Wooly Flocks adorn,
Which bleſs the Farmer with a nobler Fleece,
Than what *Apulia* boaſts, or fertile *Greece*.
They leave the golden Vale, and happy Ground,
VVhich *Dorus* laves, and lofty VVoods ſurround.
The warlike Youth from *Venta* came, and thoſe
That *Muno*'s Flood and *Iſca*'s Streams incloſe.
VVith thoſe that round the *Oazy Moor* are bred,
And near the Golden Rock's refulgent Head.
Out from her Gates her Youth fair *Iſca* pours;
Crown'd with gilt Spires, rich Domes, and lofty Towers.

VVhere

Where Golden Roofs, and checker'd Floors abound,
Deep Vaults, and ſpacious Chambers under ground.
A ſtately Theater the Town o'erlooks,
And noble Works convey the neighb'ring Brooks,
By Conquering *Romans* built, that far from home
They might enjoy the Sports and Pomp of *Rome*.
Such was the ample City's ancient Fame,
Now worn by time it ſcarce preſerves its Name.
Thoſe from *Gobanium* march, a Town that ſtood
On *Iſca*'s and *Gevini*'s confluent Flood.
In cheerful Troops the ſtout *Cornavians* came,
From the rich Soil we now *Salopia* name:
From either ſide of fair *Sabrina*'s Tyde,
Whoſe ſilver Streams the fruitful Land divide.
From *Uſocona*, and the Towns that lay
On the fam'd *Roman* Military way:
From *Uriconium*, yet a Noble Town,
And old *Rutunium*, then of good Renown.
Galbut their Leader at their Head appears,
A lovely Youth, and Wiſe above his Years.
Deſcended from a Noble, ancient Race
Of Heroes, who the *Britiſh* Annals grace.
He by Forefathers Beams Illuſtrious ſhone,
Great by their Deeds, but greater by his own.
Zeal for his Country, and the *Britiſh* Cauſe,
The generous Youth to glorious Danger draws:
For this he croſt the Ocean, to implore
Prince *Arthur*'s Arms, their Freedom to reſtore.
The Prince embrac'd him, as his Fav'rite Friend,
And did his Zeal and Vigilance commend.
He ſtaid the dear Companion of his Toil,
Both on the Seas, and on th' *Armorick* Soil:
And when the *Saxon*, and the *Britiſh* Fleet,
(A dreadful day) did on the Ocean meet,

By *Arthur*'s ſide upon the Deck, he ſtood
Diſtain'd with ſcatter'd Brains, and reeking Blood.
The Youth at danger unconcern'd appear'd,
And nothing but his Country's Suff'rings fear'd.
He leap'd out firſt on the *Dimetian* Strand,
And welcom'd *Arthur* to his Native Land:
Where taking leave, he to his Country came,
To Head his Men, and win yet greater Fame.

Devana ſends brave Troops, a noble Town,
For lofty Works, and ſplendid Structures known:
Where once the *Roman* Conquerours did reſide,
And envy'd not *Italia*'s Wealth and Pride.
The bold Inhabitants on *Deva*'s Bank,
And they who *Danus*, and *Merſeia* drank;
With thoſe that had their Seats, along the Soil
Which Briny Riches gives with eaſie Toil;
Draw out and Muſter on the Neighb'ring Plain,
Reſolv'd the *Britiſh* Honour to regain.
Bothan their Captain was a Warlike Knight,
A brave Aſſerter of his Country's Right.
A noble, but ungovernable Fire,
(Such is the Heroes) did his Breaſt inſpire.
His honeſt Rage, his Friends could ſcarely Rule,
Hot for the Camp, but not for Counſel Cool:
Fit to aſſiſt to pull a Tyrant down,
But not to pleaſe the Prince that mounts the Throne.
Impatient of Oppreſſion, ſtill he ſtood
His Country's Mounds, againſt th' invading Flood:
Impetuous, as a Tempeſt in its Courſe,
He not to Conduct truſted, but to Force.
Unskill'd in Court Intreagues, on which the wiſe
And crafty Stateſmen, as his ſtrength, relies;

He

He ſtill expected that a loud Applauſe,
Should follow Brav'ry, and a Righteous Cauſe.
His Country prais'd him; no *Britannick* Lord,
Was as his People's Patron more ador'd.
And Now in Arms they throng about their Head,
None to the Prince ſuch numerous Forces led.

The *Coritanians*, that the Soil poſſeſt,
By fair *Darventio*'s fruitful Waters bleſt,
And *Repandunum*, where clear *Trenta*'s Tide
Do's into *Dovo*'s ſilver Boſome glide.
Thoſe near high *Peak*, in heavenly Waters drown'd,
And in the Dale, which craggy Rocks ſurround;
Their Zeal and Courage rais'd by loud Alarms,
Forſook their Seats, and Fields, and flew to Arms.
Theſe valiant Men that Fame and Freedom ſought,
To join the Prince's Arms *Canvallo* brought.
Noble *Canvallo*, who did with him bring
The Majeſty, and Preſence of a King.
Of lofty Stature, and a graceful Air,
By's own Sex fear'd, and favour'd by the Fair.
Th' Inglorious Pleaſures of the wanton Court,
Which drain'd his Wealth, did not the Patriot hurt.
Fit for the Camp, or Buſineſs of the State,
But ſoft Enjoyments Love to both abate.
Alarm'd with Publick Danger, he aroſe
Like a rous'd Lion, from his long Repoſe.
Arm'd, and equip'd with great Magnificence,
He mounts his fiery Turk, bought at a vaſt Expence:
His princely Train, and ſplendid Equipage,
Wher'ere he goes the Eyes of all engage.

The *Atrebatians* from the happy Land,
Which then ſublime *Gallena* did command:

Where

Where winding *Thamiſis* does bleſs the Soil,
The Wealth and Glory of the *Britiſh* Iſle:
In War-like Bands advance to *Arthur*'s Aid,
And rich *Bertudor*, as their Head obey'd.
Who ſtill againſt the Pagan Intereſt ſtrove,
Rich in Poſſeſſions, and his People's Love.
His happy Tenants, and the Farmers round,
His Hoſpitable Houſe ſtill open found.
Each Week ten Oxen from the Stall he drew,
A hundred Sheep, and forty Swine he ſlew;
Fat Veniſon, Fowl, and Fiſh, an endleſs Store,
To feed his Gueſts, his Servants, and the Poor.
He to the Woods, and Foreſts was inclin'd,
To hunt the Fox, and chaſe the flying Hind.
Pleas'd with his Friends, and with his rural Sport,
He wiſely ſhun'd, the Dangers of the Court.
But for the Chriſtian Cauſe, and publick Peace,
He quits the Foreſts, and his Wealth and Eaſe:
His Helmet brac'd, and on his Arm his Shield,
He march'd before his Troops into the Field.
And that my Verſe may to his Name be juſt,
Of all the Lords *Bertudor* was the firſt,
That to the Camp, his valiant Forces brought,
Tho' not inur'd to War, and tho' remote.

The *Durotriges* from the weſtern Coaſt,
Where the *Britannick* Ocean's Waves are toſt:
Their Troops aſſembled, for the Prince declare,
And march from all the Towns, to meet the War.
From *Dornavania*, and the Seats that ſtand
On *Froma*'s Stream, and wealthy *Blackmoor* Land:
From *Vendogladia*, and the Tow'rs that roſe
On the fat Glebe, where pleaſant *Stourus* flows.

Sakil

Sakil their Leader, an Illuſtrious Peer,
Was to his Prince, and to his Country dear.
He, their *Mæcenas*, cheers the *Britiſh Bards*,
Learns them to Sing, and then their Songs rewards.
So Heav'n to make Men good, does Grace beſtow,
And then rewards them for their being ſo.
Him, as their Head th' *Athenian* Sons adore,
The Muſes Fav'rite, but the People's more.
To form great Men, his Palace was the School,
His Life good Breeding's, and good Nature's Rule.
To him the needy Men of Wit reſort,
And find a Friend in an unletter'd Court:
The Poets Nation, did Obſequious wait
For the kind Dole, divided at his Gate.
Laurus amidſt the meagre Crowd appear'd,
An old, revolted, unbelieving Bard,
Who throng'd, and ſhov'd, and preſt, and would be heard.
Diſtinguiſh'd by his louder craving Tone,
So well to all the Muſes Patrons known,
He did the Voice of modeſt Poets drown.
Sakil's high Roof, the Muſes Palace rung
With endleſs Cries, and endleſs Songs he ſung.
To bleſs good *Sakil*, *Laurus* would be firſt,
But *Sakil*'s Prince, and *Sakil*'s God he curſt.
Sakil without diſtinction threw his Bread,
Deſpis'd the Flatt'rer, but the Poet fed.
His Sword the Muſes great Defender draws,
T' aſſert *Britannia*'s, and Religion's Cauſe.

Oſron their Head, the bold *Brigantes* brings,
Subject of late, to the *North-Saxon* Kings:
Now for their Liberty they boldly ſpeak,
And thro' the Foe, to joyn Prince *Arthur*, break.

Oſron's

Ofron's Example all the Region fir'd,
With noble Heats, and Martial Thoughts inſpir'd.
None in the Field did greater Courage ſhow,
Whether he charg'd, or elſe ſuſtain'd the Foe.
Yet none more fit in Council to preſide,
And in a Storm, the lab'ring State to guide:
A mighty Genius of uncommon Mould,
As *Cæſar* Eloquent, as *Cæſar* Bold.
He could th' unſtable People's Tumults ſtop,
And a declining Kingdom underprop.
Matur'd by Age, and buſineſs of the State,
The hoary Oracle in Council ſate.
Where he the *Britiſh Neſtor* was eſteem'd,
And all his Language, Inſpiration ſeem'd.
This finiſh'd Stateſman, did the Prince perſwade
To paſs the Seas, the *Saxon* to invade.
And at his Landing quick Aſſiſtance brought,
And for his Country none more bravely fought.

The fartheſt *Weſtern* Soil, which with their Wave,
The *Britiſh*, and *Hibernian* Oceans lave.
From *Iſca*'s Noble Stream, far as the Shore
Where round *Bolerium*'s Head the Billows roar,
By the *Danmonian Britons* was poſſeſt,
And with King *Cador*'s temperate Empire bleſt,
This war like People, at their King's Command,
Now take up Arms, and muſter thro' the Land.
The good King *Cador* worn with War and Age,
No longer does the Foe in Arms engage.
Macor his Son ſupply'd the Father's Place,
Whoſe Virtues equal'd his Illuſtrious Race.
To ſerve Prince *Arthur*, and his righteous Cauſe,
His Sword the brave *Danmonian* Hero draws.

A beauteous Youth, whoſe Breaſt a ſtrong deſire
Of Fame, and Martial Glory did inſpire.
Eager of War, he the *Danmonians* led,
And ſhone in ſplendid Armour at their Head.
His coming Joy to all the *Britons* gives,
And in his Arms, the Prince his Friend receives:
To whom to be endear'd, he always ſtrove,
By all expreſſions of Reſpect and Love.
The Valiant Youth he did with Honours grace,
To his high Merit due, and noble Race.
Macor, mean time, Prince *Arthur* did adore,
None ſerv'd his Cauſe, or ſought his Favour more.

Tracar, and *Ormes* in the Camp arrive,
Whoſe Preſence to the reſt, freſh Courage give.
Their Wiſdom was by Fame aloud proclaim'd,
The *Britons* none with greater Honour nam'd.
Both fit about a Monarch to abide,
To aid his Counſels, and the State to guide.
None more admir'd for clear, unerring Senſe,
For piercing Sight, and charming Eloquence.
Great Spirits both, but of a different Mould,
Ormes impetuous, Turbulent, and Bold;
But *Tracar* was compos'd, ſedate, and cool,
His Paſſions ſubject to a ſtricter Rule.
Ormes was haughty, inacceſſible,
And knew his Riches, and his Senſe too well:
Tracar was courteous, eaſie of Acceſs,
Of great Humanity, and mild Addreſs.
Ormes was therefore honour'd not deſir'd,
Tracar belov'd, and equally admir'd.
Ormes would ſtill advance unbounded Power,
Tracar his Country's Liberty ſecure.

Tracar had Letters, *Ormes* Native Fire:
Both had by Birth, what Labour can't acquire.
Arthur to neither Rival Wit inclines,
But us'd them both, to ſerve his wiſe Deſigns.
Such Love the *Britons* to the Prince expreſt,
Who when he found his Numbers thus encreaſt,
Advanc'd his Enſigns, and to *Iſca* came,
Where the *Silures* dwelt, the chief for Fame:
Hither freſh Squadrons to the Prince reſort,
Which from that time is call'd great *Arthur*'s Court.
Five times the Sun had his Diurnal Race
Compleated, when from this delightful place
The pious Prince his Enſigns mov'd, and came
To *Glevum*, ſeated on *Sabrina*'s Stream.
Decamping hence, his arm'd Battalions gain
Prince *Arthur* at their Head, the fertile Plain,
By eaſie Marches, where *Gallena* ſtood,
Which *Thamiſis* laves with its noble Flood.

Thus ſtood the *Britons*, after his Defeat,
Octa with Grief did to his Coaſts Retreat.
As when by chance a Royal Eagle ſpies,
From ſome high Mountain's Top, amidſt the Skies;
A flight of Swans, obſcuring all the Air,
Swift as the Lightning, which he's ſaid to bear,
Upon the Prey his Airy Flight he takes,
And with ſharp Pounces vaſt Deſtruction makes.
Some fall ſtruck dead, ſome wounded ſlowly fly,
While Snowy Clouds of Feathers fill the Sky:
Thoſe that the fierce Invader's Strokes ſurvive,
With all the ſpeed, Fear to their Wings can give;
To their belov'd *Cayſter*'s Banks return,
And in their reedy Seats, their Wounds and Loſſes mourn.

So

So far'd the *Saxons*, and their ſhatter'd Fleet,
Octa forthwith Commands his Lords to meet
In Council, where they in long order ſate,
T' adviſe, what beſt might ſave their threaten'd State.

Ciſſa firſt ſpoke, an able Counſellour,
Let us aſſemble all our preſent power,
And ſtraight advance the *Britons* to Attack,
Who to our Arms can ſmall Reſiſtance make.
Sore with their Wounds, and weary with their Toil,
They tempt the *Saxons* to an eaſie Spoil.
Boldly fall on, before their Troops are eas'd,
With Food and Reſt, and with Recruits increas'd.
Your Wiſdom thus, and Courage will appear,
Who tho defeated, have not learn'd to fear.
The Foe ſurpriz'd muſt to your Mercy yield,
Or to their Ships Retreating, quit the Field.
He ceas'd, then *Oſred*, who had always won
By his wiſe Counſel great Applauſe, begun:
Our late Defeat has too much Terrour ſtrook,
Thro' all our Troops, too much our Empire ſhook,
And too much fluſh'd the Foe, to let me joyn
In this Advice, my Counſels more incline
To draw into the Field our utmoſt Power,
From all the *Saxon* States, and to ſecure
Our Empire, let us labour to perſwade
The *Pict*, and *Scotiſh* King, to give us Aid.
The Cauſe and Intereſt is the ſame of all,
They and their Gods, if we are cruſh'd, muſt fall.
Our Arms united in a numerous Hoſt,
We may before of certain Conqueſt boaſt.
The trembling Foe unable to withſtand
Such mighty Armies, will forſake the Land.

But if ſupported with vain hopes they ſtay,
They fall into our hands an eaſie Prey.

Paſcentius next, a wiſe *Neſtorian* head,
Whoſe Looks, and Words profound Attention bred:
Thus ſpoke-'tis true our Troops while thus diſmay'd;
And of Prince *Arthur*'s Fame, and Arms afraid,
From preſent Action juſtly may diſſwade.
Seeking the Foe we too great Danger run,
Embolden'd by his Victory lately won.
And thus far *Oſred*'s Thoughts and mine you ſee
Conſpire, as in the reſt they diſagree.
If with our utmoſt Force we meet our Foes,
To too much hazard we our State expoſe:
Th' uncertain Game of War they little know,
That Stake an Empire on a ſingle Throw.
While we delay to gather all our Force,
And to the *Picts* and *Scots*, ſhall have recourſe;
Prince *Arthur* will advance, and mightier grow,
Like rolling Balls, that gather up the Snow,
Or Rivers taking Streams in, as they flow.
The *Britons* led by ancient Prophecies,
Expect that near this time, a Prince ſhall riſe
Heroick, Wiſe, a mighty Conqueror,
That all their loſt Dominions ſhall reſtore,
And o'er the World, extend their Naval Power.
Something like this, our Augurs ſeem to fear,
From Prodigies, and Signs that oft appear.
Thoſe hopes they all of *Arthur* now expreſs,
Drawn by his Fame abroad, and late Succeſs.
While this Belief, tho' falſe, the *Briton* warms,
He grows leſs fearful of the *Saxon* Arms:
He'll be more bold in Fight, while thus inſpir'd,
And with ſuch Zeal, and Expectation fir'd.

In-

Intoxicated thus Men Wonders do,
And by bold Deeds, make their vain Fancies true.
He therefore ſerves King *Octa*, that creates,
An Underſtanding firſt, between the States.
An Embaſſy may to the Prince be ſent,
To treat how Blood and ruin to prevent,
They may propoſe the Kingdom to divide,
And offer *Octa*'s Daughter for his Bride,
Fair, *Ethelina*, whoſe perverted Mind,
To *Chriſtian* Worſhip is too much inclin'd.
He ceas'd, and his Advice did chiefly pleaſe,
And of the Council moſt declar'd for Peace.

The Lords diſpers'd, King *Octa* unreſolv'd,
Long in his Mind his troubled Thoughts revolv'd:
With ſtrong contending Tydes of Paſſion preſt,
Now War he looks on, now on Peace, as beſt.
Long he appear'd on *Oſred*'s Counſel bent,
And to the Neighb'ring *Saxon* Princes ſent,
That all, the ſtrong Neceſſity might know
Of joyning Arms, againſt the Common Foe.
At the ſame time an Embaſſy he ſends,
To make the *Pict*, and *Scotiſh* King his Friends:
That of their powerful Aid he might not fail,
If *Arthur*, and his *Britons* ſhould prevail.
But when he heard, that *Arthur* had as far
As *Glevum*'s Walls, advanc'd the threatning War,
Obſerving that the *Saxons* were diſmaid,
And not yet ſtrengthen'd by his Neighbours Aid,
He now declar'd, it was his ſetled Senſe,
A Treaty with the *Briton* to Commence.

Then Orators he ſent without delay,
Who to the *Britons* Camp direct their way.

Titullan

Titullan, *Selred*, and wiſe *Theocles*
For this Negotiation chiefly pleaſe:
Heldured of the Embaſſy was one,
Oſrick and *Thedred* noble *Ormar*'s Son.
Arriving at the Prince's Camp, they found
The *Britiſh* Youth in Crowds diſperſt around:
For then with various Sports, and manly Play,
The *Britons* ſolemniz'd, th' auſpicious Day,
Of *Arthur*'s Birth, o'er all the Fields they ſpred,
To different Games, by different Paſſions led.
Here Chariots raiſing Clouds of Duſt appear,
And run with ſmoaking Wheels their ſwift Career.
Here the robuſt *Danmonian* Nation ſwarms,
Hurling their maſſy Balls with vig'rous Arms.
Here the *Dobunians* to advance their Fame,
Toil at their Country's old laborious Game.
Long Aſhen Staves acroſs their Shoulders lie,
Then ſway'd with both their Hands, ſtrike thro the Sky
A mounting Orb of Thongs, or well ſow'd Hide,
While at due diſtance rang'd, on th' other Side
The Foe inclining ſtands, to wait its Fall,
And with like Force, ſtrike Back the bounding Ball.
Incircled Wreſtlers here their Manhood try,
And with loud Shouts, that rend the lab'ring Sky,
The ſtanding Ring proclaims the Victory,
Some to a Cudgel prize their Fellows dare,
Who ſtrait ſpring out to meet the wooden War.
They brandiſh in the Air their threat'ning Staves,
Their Hands, a woven Guard of Oſier ſaves,
In which they fix their Hazel Weapon's End,
Thus arm'd, the nimble Combatants contend
For Conqueſt, giving and receiving Blows,
And down their Heads a crimſon River flows.

Here

Here flowry Garlands their proud Temples crown,
Whoſe airy Feet the Race had newly won.
Such were the *Britons* Sports, as thro' the Throng
The *Saxon* Orators paſs'd ſlow along:
Who ſtrait were to th' Auguſt Pavilion led,
Where *Arthur* ſate, his Lords around him ſpread.

To whom *Titullan* thus,
The *Saxon* King, whoſe ardent wiſhes are
To ſave *Britannia*, from Deſtructive War.
Who rather ſeeks t' enjoy the Fruits of Peace,
Then by his Arms his Empire to encreaſe:
Makes ſuch Advances for theſe glorious Ends,
As may the *Britons* make his laſting Friends.
The *Saxons*, and the *Britons* ſhall command
Their equal Shares, of the divided Land:
Such Barrier ſhall be fixt, as ſhall ſecure
The *Britons*, jealous of the *Saxon* Power.
To give *Britannia* Peace, we condeſcend
To yield up what our Arms can well defend.
Such ſteps King *Octa* makes for Peace, beſide
That both may yet with cloſer Bonds be ty'd,
Bright *Ethelina*, *Octa*'s chief Delight,
Shall be the Link, the Nations to unite.
This ſo much envy'd Favorite of Fame,
Whom all with Love, and Admiration name:
Octa conſents ſhall be your beauteous Bride,
To you already, in her Faith Ally'd.
Theſe Meaſures all Contentions may adjuſt,
Friendſhip confirm, and fix a mutual Truſt.
But if rejected, *Octa* does declare
He's guiltleſs of the dire effects of War:
Upon the Chriſtians Head, will reſt the Guilt
Of all the Blood, that by the Sword is ſpilt.

The

The Prince reply'd,
Affairs of ſuch Importance to the State,
Require our thoughtful Care and calm Debate.
The two Propoſals by King *Octa* made,
For laſting Friendſhip, ſhall be duly weigh'd.

Twice had the Sun broke from the Purple Eaſt,
Twice was he ſeen dilated in the Weſt.
When *Arthur* ſeated on his Chair of State,
Thus ſpake, the *Saxons* with Attention wait:
An honourable Peace my Thoughts prefer,
To all the Triumphs of a Bloody War.
I, and my *Britons*, thoſe juſt Terms approve,
King *Octa* makes t' eſtabliſh Peace and Love,
To ſpare each Nation's Blood, and ſave the Iſle
From Deſolation, and deſtructive Spoil:
Indulgent Heav'n is to both Nations kind,
Which has your King to peaceful Thoughts inclin'd.
Ten Lords of *Saxon*, ten of *Britiſh* Blood,
May meet at *Spina* near *Cunetio*'s Flood,
T' adjuſt the Limits of each Nation's Power,
And Barriers fix, that may their Peace ſecure.
You for an Interview, the place will name,
Where I may ſee the beauteous *Saxon* Dame.
He ceas'd, and all the Audience pour'd around,
To this aſſented with a murmuring Sound:
A ſudden Joy did in their Eyes appear,
While ſmiling Peace, triumph'd o'er vanquiſh'd War.

Mean time th' Infernal Monarch wings his Flight,
To the *White Hills*, whence his Angelick Sight
Might all the Fields, and ſubject plains ſurvey,
Where in their Camp, the hateful *Britons* lay.

While

While with malicious Eyes around he view'd,
The *Chriſtian* Army fill'd with Joy, he ſtood
With Rage dilated, and with Envy blown,
Like glowing *Ætna*, on *Plinlimon* thrown.
Flaſhes of Fire from his red Eyeballs flow'd,
Like Lightning breaking from a lowring Cloud.
So when a Toad, ſquat on a Border ſpies,
The Gardner paſſing by, his bloodſhot Eyes
With Spite, and Rage inflam'd, dart Fire around
The verdant Walks, and on the flowry Ground,
The bloated Vermin loathſome Poiſon ſpits,
And ſwoln and burſting with his Malice ſits.
So the faln Angel ſate, and thus begun,
Am I, and all th' infernal Powers outdone?
And muſt this *Briton* ſtill purſue his Courſe,
And thus elude my Arts, and all my Force?
What Chriſtian Towns, and States have I deſtroy'd,
Forc'd by my Power, or by my Arts decoy'd?
How few remaining Chriſtian Regions are,
Where no deep Marks of my Revenge appear?
What glorious Ruin did my *Romans* ſpread
O'er *Aſia*'s Chriſtians; I the *Lombards* led,
And furious *Huns*, to rich *Auſonia*'s Soil,
And fill'd the Land with Blood, and Chriſtian Spoil;
My *Maximins*, and *Neros*, mighty Names,
What Deſolation, by devouring Flames,
What Slaughter by the Sword, theſe Heroes made,
With what Succeſs did they the Saints invade?
And if the Fame be true that ſpreads in Hell,
In *Gaul* a Prince ſhall riſe, that ſhall excel
All theſe, and more in Blood and Spoil delight,
And all Hell's Furies to his Aid invite.
Let that great Prince ariſe, and may his Birth,
Be honour'd with Convulſions of the Earth,

Eclipſes, Comets, Meteors, Lightnings, Storms,
Murders, and Monſters of tremendous Forms.
Nor are there Triumphs of my Power alone,
Much weaker Spirits, have great Conqueſts won.
Spirits of Lower Order, ſmall renown,
In Hell of little Figure, ſcarcely known:
Inferiour, ſubaltern Divinities,
Could often their juſt Fury to appeaſe,
To wreck their Rage, and honeſt Malice cloy,
Whole Armies of this hateful Sect deſtroy:
Firſt tempt th' ungrateful Murmurers to Rebel,
And then with Plagues and Darts inviſible,
With Fire, and Earthquakes lay all waſt, diſſeize
Their God, and ruin all his Votaries.
And ſhall this *Briton* all my Force defy,
And introduce his baniſh'd Deity?
High States of Hell, ye mighty Gods below,
In your Auguſt Aſſemblies who will Bow,
Who Acclamations make when I appear,
Who dread my Power, my Greatneſs who revere?
If ſtill this *Briton* ſhall reſiſt my Power,
And all my Arts eluded, reſt ſecure?
But if by irreſiſtable Decree.
Pronounc'd by Fate, and unchang'd Deſtiny;
Arthur at laſt muſt mount the *Britiſh* Throne,
Beat down our Altars, and erect his own:
At leaſt new hardſhips ſhall obſtruct his Way,
And my Revenge his Triumphs ſhall delay.
That ſaid he Flew, his Snakie Wings diſplay'd,
Down to his Palace midſt th' Infernal Shade.

From all their gloomy Regions to his Court,
At his Command, th' Infernal Lords reſort.

To whom their Monarch from his glowing Throne;
Thus with a haughty, troubled Look begun:
Thus far in vain all our Attempts are made,
To cruſh the *Britons* that our State invade:
At Sea, they Triumph o'er King *Octa*'s Fleet,
At Land, Succeſs above their Hopes, they meet.
Octa defeated, dreads Prince *Arthur*'s Arms,
And ſues for Peace, by *Ethelina*'s Charms:
If this ſhould once prevail, *Britannia*'s loſt,
We, and our Prieſts, muſt fly this impious Coaſt.
Help'd by th' Almighty Enemy of Hell,
They yet our Arms eſcape, our Power repel:
Then Monarch's War with vaſt advantage wage,
When Heav'n its Power does on their part Engage.
This ſure Expedient's left us to annoy
The *Britons*, and their tow'ring Hopes deſtroy:
Let us provoke them to ſome dire Offence,
Which may againſt their Armies, Heav'n incenſe,
Then the Seraphick Guards, that round them lie,
Or elſe patroling thro' the Region fly,
Scowring the Hills and Vales, with flaming Arms,
The Chriſtians to protect from our Alarms;
Theſe will diſpleas'd, withdraw their powerful Aid,
And we with Safety may their Camp invade.
What ſubtile Spirit of ſeducing Art,
And skill in tempting, will perform this part?

Then filthy *Aſmodai*, who Men inſpires
With wanton Paſſions, and unclean Deſires,
Whoſe leud Adorers ſtand before his Shrine,
Transform'd to luſtful Goats, and loathſome Swine,
Thus ſpake: This grateful Province I embrace,
I from their Minds will virtuous Paſſions chaſe.

My ſtronger Force ſhall all chaſt Thoughts expel,
And Heav'n's weak Flames, ſhall yield to thoſe of Hell.
To ſolemn Groves, and loneſome Hermits Cells,
Where boaſted Chaſtity in Triumph dwells,
To Cloyſter'd Monks Admiſſion I command,
And can a Camp my powerful Charms withſtand?
On me ſuch choſen Spirits ſhall attend,
Whoſe Skill and Power will moſt promote my End.
The Gods of *Riot*, *Luxury*, and *Wine*,
In this Attempt ſhall all their Forces joyn.
Doubt not great Prince, when we their Camp Aſſail,
Nature is on our ſide, we ſhall prevail.
Th' Infernal Diet with his Language mov'd,
With loud Applauſe the wiſe Deſign approv'd.

Straight *Aſmodai*, attended with a Train
Of ſoft Luxurious Spirits, to the Plain
Directs his Flight, where the glad *Britons* lay;
With lab'ring Wings he mounts the ſteepy Way,
And quickly reach'd the tender Verge of Day.
In Companies diſtinct the *Britons* ſate,
Pleas'd with their wiſh'd Succeſs, and proſp'rous Fate.
When to the Camp the Crew Infernal came,
Graſping in either hand *Tartarean* Flame.
About from Tent to Tent the *Demons* flew,
And midſt the Troops their flaming Torches threw.
The wanton Fires about their Boſoms play,
And to their Hearts laſcivious warmth convey:
The ſoft Contagion glides along their Veins,
And in their Breaſts the pleaſing Poiſon reigns.
Straight all in Riot and Debauches join,
Diſſolve in Mirth, and ſit inflam'd with Wine.
The Captains Snore on Scarlet ſpread beneath,
And with their lab'ring Breaſts contend for Breath.

Tables

Tables o'erturn'd and broken Swords betwixt,
And Diſhes ſaln, with Armour intermixt,
Helmets and Harneſs, and bruis'd Goblets by,
A mad Confuſion make of War, and Luxury.
Acted with luſtful Fires, from Town to Town
Commanders, and their Men, promiſcuous run:
With Outrages and raviſh'd Virgins, Spoils
The vicious Army all the Land defiles.
Whoredoms in *Pagan* Cities they commit,
And at their Sacrifices feaſting ſit:
Heated with leud Religion, Luſt, and Wine,
They in the Worſhip of their Idols join.
Then to tht Camp the hot Adulterers lead
Their *Pagan* Women and avow the Deed.
Th' Angelick Guards th' enormous vices ſaw,
And in Diſpleaſure from their Camp withdraw:
All Hell with Shouts of Triumph did reſound,
That ſuch Succeſs had all their Wiſhes crown'd.

The Prince of Hell ſtrait ſummons from beneath,
The chief ſupporter of the Throne of Death,
Vengeful *Megæra*, ſhe without Delay,
From Hell's Abyſs aſcends, and in her Way
Gathers raw Damps and Steams from noiſome Graves,
And putrid Reeks, from Subterranean Caves;
Where ſpotted Plagues firſt draw their poiſonous Breath.
The Nurſeries of Pain, and Magazines of Death.
Theſe Seeds of Torment, and devouring Heats,
From whoſe Contagion vanquiſh'd Life retreats,
Megæra in compacted Hides dark Wombs,
For this infernal Purpoſe made, entombs:
In their diſtinct Repoſitories laid,
Sad choice of Death, ſhe various Plagues convey'd.

Arm'd for Deſtruction thus the Fury Came,
And brought from *Aſmodai*'s, a different Flame.
Then Wolves were heard in neighb'ring Hills to howl,
Th' illboding Raven, and the ſcreaching Owl
Sung o'er the Camp by Night, the Sun by Day,
Diſtain'd with Blood, ſhone with a diſmal Ray.
The cruel Fury ſtraight her Flight did take
To find her Prince, to whom th' Apoſtate ſpake:
Go, glut thy Rage, and let the *Britons* know,
Hell's Monarch is not yet a vanquiſh'd Foe:
Paſs thro' their Camp with thy accuſtom'd Haſt,
And on them all thy deadly Treaſures waſt.

Straight did the vengeful Miniſter prepare,
T' infect the Camp, and poiſon all the Air.
Her Bottles turgid with impriſon'd Death
She open'd, and releas'd the fatal Breath:
In livid Wheels the dire Contagion flies,
And putrid Exhalations taint the Skies.
The Region's choak'd with Peſtilential Steams,
Malignant Reeks, raw Damps, and ſoultry Gleams.
Now with their Breath the hot Infection ſlides
Into their Breaſts, and thro' their Vitals glides:
Their Lab'ring Hearts ſpout out the flowing Blood,
And fry the Limbs with an Ætnean Flood.
The raging Peſt'lence, chaſes thro' the Veins
Retreating Life, and dreſt in purple Reigns.
While other Plagues run colder to the Heart,
And thro' their Breaſt ſtrike like a poiſon'd Dart:
Rack'd with tormenting Pain ſome gaſping lie,
Some only breath th' envenom'd Air, and die.
Their Hearts with chill, congealing Blood oppreſt,
Throb a few moments in their panting Breaſt,
Then yield, and from their Vital Labour reſt.

In

In vain for Help, in vain for Drugs they cry;
Friends and Phyſitians come, but with them dy.
Thro' all the Camp the fierce Deſtruction ſpread,
Deforming every Tent with Heaps of Dead.

Mean time the pious *Arthur* proſtrate laid,
Thus in a Flood of Tears diſſolving pray'd:
Great King of Heav'n, thy Arm thou makeſt bare,
T' invade the *Britons* with reſiſtleſs War.
Thy glitt'ring Sword brandiſh'd with dreadful Sway,
Does thro our Camp with wide Deſtruction Slay.
Why did thy Aids the Shipwreckt *Britons* ſave,
From Rocks and Tempeſts, and th' inſulting Wave;
If we muſt only ſee our Native Soil,
And with our Dead th' encumber'd Land defile?
Th' inſulting Heathen will Blaſpheme thy Name,
And in their Songs advance their Idols Fame.
To their vain Gods loud Praiſes they'll return,
And Hecatombs upon their Altars burn.
Spare yet thy *Britons*, let ſome Reliques live,
That may due Honours to thy Temples give.
Let the Deſtroyer ceaſe at thy Command,
And Death at thy Rebuke arreſted, ſtand.
And may the Crimes which Heav'n provoke, be known,
That our deep Sorrows may its Wrath atone.

The pious Prince's humble Cries ſucceed,
And glorious *Raphael*, with Angelick ſpeed
Deſcends, his Sword of Flame drawn in his Hand,
To chaſe the fierce Deſtroyer from the Land.
A Cryſtal Vial full of Od'rous Fumes,
Ambroſial Balm, and rich Etherial Gums;
His other hand pour'd out upon the Air,
To cure the Damps, and noxious Vapours there.

Megæra

Megæra flies the bright Archangel's Sword,
The Plague was ſtaid, and Health and Life reſtor'd.
Then to the room ſwift *Raphael* Wings his way,
Where *Arthur* ſtill devoutly proſtrate lay.

To whom the Seraph thus:
Heav'n by the *Britons* daring Crimes incens'd,
Almighty Wrath ſeverely has diſpenc'd
Your unprotected Camp it did expoſe,
To the dire Rage of your Infernal Foes:
Who by Divine Permiſſion ſoon o'erſpread
Your guilty Camp, with putrid Heaps of Dead.
Th' Angelick Guards return'd to Heaven, complain'd
That your flagitious Troops you n'er reſtrain'd.
Your Captains boldly Whoredoms, Riots, Rapes
Commit, and yet each Criminal eſcapes:
Thus you avow the Ills, by others done,
And their unpuniſh'd Guilt, becomes your own.
Had your Vindictive Arm been firſt employ'd,
Heav'n's had not thus your guilty Troops deſtroy'd.
But now th' Eternal yielding to your Prayer,
Has ſent me from his Throne, with ſpeedy Care
To ſtay the Plague, and make the Fiend retreat,
That ſpreads the Poiſon, to her *Stygian* Seat.
Heav'n's now appeas'd, may ne'er the *Britons* dare
By their Revolting, to renew the War.
The Seraph diſappear'd, and *Arthur* rais'd
Upon his Feet, th' Eternal Goodneſs prais'd.

Prince Arthur.

BOOK VII.

THe Prince of Hell that on the Mountain ſtaid,
And with Infernal Joy, around ſurvey'd
The Camp, where Death did in ſad Triumph reign,
With wide Deſtruction, covering all the Plain;
Thus to himſelf: At laſt I have prevail'd
Againſt this Sect, tho other Arts have fail'd.
Their Troops half ruin'd with the Plague, afford
An eaſie Conqueſt, for King *Octa*'s Sword:
I'll break the Peace, although advanc'd ſo far,
And finiſh their Deſtruction by new War.
Arthur, prepare againſt the *Saxon* Arms,
'Tis time enough for *Ethelina*'s Charms.
Heroes delay'd, and diſappointed, prize
The Crown, which got too cheaply, they deſpiſe:
Pleaſures the farther off, the greater ſeem,
And Toil and Danger, beſt preſerve Eſteem;
That ſervice I will do, by taking care
To give freſh Fuel to th' expiring War.
That ſaid, he leaves the Cryſtal Plains of Light,
And to th' Infernal Regions takes his Flight.

There ſtands a Rock, daſh'd with the breaking Wave
Of troubled *Styx*, where in a gloomy Cave
Flowing with Gore, the fierce *Bellona* dwells,
And bound with Adamantine Fetters, Yells.

Around ſtand Heaps of moſſy Sculls, and Bones,
Whence iſſue loud Laments, and dreadful Groans:
Torn Limbs, and mangled Bodies are her Food,
Her Drink whole Bowls of Wormwood, Gall, and Blood.
Long curling Snakes her Head with Horrour crown,
And on her ſquallid Back hang lolling down.
This gripes a bloody Dart, the other Hand
Graſps of Infernal Fire, a flaming Brand.
Treaſon, and Uſurpation near ally'd,
Haughty Ambition, and elated Pride,
And Cruelty, with bloody Garlands crown'd,
Rapine, and Deſolation ſtand around.
With theſe Injuſtice, Violence, Rage remain,
And ghaſtly Famine, with her meagre Train.
This Savage Rout to *Gallia* now reſort,
Drawn by the Fame of proud *Verſallia*'s Court:
There theſe Attendants on their Maſter wait,
And with their odious Forms, compoſe his horrid State.
To this wild Den now did th' Apoſtate fly,
Reſolving all *Bellona*'s Aid to try:
At his Approach the Monſters ceaſe their Din,
And bow at diſtance with a dreadful Grin.
The *Stygian* Prince, the Fury ſoon unchains,
Strait double Rage boils in her ſwelling Veins.

Then thus he ſpoke, to *Orta*'s Palace fly,
Attended with perfidious Treachery,
And various Diſcord, let thy Arts perſwade
That Prince, the ruin'd *Britons* to invade.
Go raiſe new Tumults, and diſſolve the Peace,
For this high Task *Bellona* I releaſe.

Charg'd with theſe dire Commands, ſhe flies away,
To the Superiour Regions, bleſt with Day.

Near

Near *Peak's* aſpiring Mount, and ſpacious Wood,
And the green Banks of *Dovus* Cryſtal Flood:
A wide-mouth'd Den, th' admiring Traveller ſees
With thorny Shrubs o'er-ſpread, and ſhady Trees;
Which downward goes unfathomably deep,
Beneath the ſubterranean Vaults, that keep
Impriſon'd Damps, and Winds tumultuous Store,
And the low Caves, where falling Waters roar.
It paſſes thro' the Bowels of the Earth,
And the rich Beds, where Metals have their Birth,
Till it reveals the gloomy Mouth of Hell,
Bellona freed from her infernal Cell,
Thro' this dire Gulph aſcends with haſty Flight,
And ſoon emerges in the Fields of Light.
The Air grew dark, the Rocks, and Mountains ſtruck
With Horrour, at the *Fury*'s Preſence ſhook.
The Sphears diſorder'd roll, the Starting Sun
Springs from the Heav'nly Courſe he us'd to run.
The Moon all drown'd in Blood, and blazing Stars,
Portended Tumults, and deſtructive Wars.

Straight to King *Octa*'s Court the Fury comes,
And *Acha Octa*'s Mother's Shape aſſumes.
Then thus ſhe ſpoke:
From bleſt *Elyſian* Gardens I deſcend,
To teach thee how to gain a glorious End,
Of all thy Labours, and thy warlike Toil,
And fix thy Empire o'er the *Britiſh* Iſle.
Heav'n has decreed that here thy Race ſhall reign,
And therefore has the hateful *Britons* ſlain,
With a deſtructive Plague, and poiſon'd Darts
Shot from above, into their impious Hearts:
Not half their Troops ſurvive, make haſt my Son
Their Ruine to compleat, by Heav'n begun.

Run then to Triumph, haſt to certain Spoil,
And chaſe the curſed Nation from the Iſle.
You ſee how much your League the Gods offend,
Let not their Enemy, be *Octa*'s Friend.
They muſt not be to us by Blood ally'd,
Nor *Ethelina* be a *Briton*'s Bride.
That ſaid, a ſpotted Viper from her Head,
She to his Boſom ſecretly convey'd.
The poiſonous Vermin, with infernal Art
Glides thro' his Breaſt, and twines about his Heart:
The ſecret Poiſon wanders thro' his Veins,
And warlike Fury o'er his Spirits reigns.
Hence ſtraight-way to the *Picts* and *Scottiſh* Court,
The Fury, and her helliſh Train reſort:
Where they to bloody Wars ſound loud Alarms,
And make the barb'rous Nations fly to Arms.

Mean time, the *Saxon* Monarch raving flew
About the Court, and ſoon together drew
The chiefeſt Lords, and thus himſelf expreſt,
It was reſolv'd to give the *Britons* Reſt;
The Land between the Nations to divide,
And that the Princeſs ſhould be *Arthur*'s Bride:
But Heav'n againſt this Treaty does declare,
And ſingly with the *Britons* wages War.
In vain we offer what they can't enjoy,
We ſpare the Men, Heav'n labours to deſtroy.
Avenging Gods from their high Regions came,
Arm'd with bright Swords of keen, Etherial Flame,
And fatal Darts of pointed Lightnings made,
And with ſure Death the *Britiſh* Camp invade.
Their trembling Reliques fall our certain Prey,
Heav'n ſounds th' Alarm, and we muſt Heav'n obey.

Tho'

Tho we by Sea their Power could not withſtand,
Our Gods more potent are, then theirs by Land.
Th' unfiniſh'd Conqueſt we may ſoon compleat
Or from this Iſle oblige them to retreat.
This fair occaſion let our Arms improve
To fix our Power, and all our Fears remove.
He ceas'd, and all his Captains War deſir'd,
And ſprang into the Field with Martial Heat inſpir'd.

Straight Orders are diſpatcht for all to Arm,
And thro' the Cities ſounds the loud Alarm.
The tremb'ling Husbandman his Toil forbears,
Fells his tall Aſh, and ſhapes long Staves for Spears.
Some ſighing o'er their Anvils forge the Blades,
Of Swords, inſtead of Hooks, and rural Spades.
Huge Gauntlets ſome, ſome hollow Helmets beat,
And ſome o'er brazen Backs, and Breaſtplates ſweat.
Some ſhape their Darts, and ſome their Javelins Points,
Or fit their poliſh'd Armour's Manly Joints.
Sharp'ning their Arrows Heads, ſome ſtand inclin'd,
Some on revolving Stones their Axes grind.
Some ſerve on foot, ſome take the Horſeman's Launce,
And to the Field their foaming Courſers praunce.
In haſt, ſome from their high roof'd Halls, hung round
With all the horrid Pride of War, and crown'd
With duſty Trophies, take their maſſy Shield,
And flaming Sword, and fly into the Field.
Some claſp their Helmets on, ſome ſnatch their Spear,
And poliſh'd Buckler, and in Arms appear.
Enſigns diſplay'd, and Trumpets voice delight
The *Saxon* Youth, and martial Minds excite.
The lighted Beacons from the Hills declare,
As blazing Comets do, approaching War.

The

The flaming Signals giv'n, the Regions round
With Hors'men, Arms, and warlike noiſe reſound.
As when;
In ſome great Town a Fire breaks out by Night,
And fills with crackling Flames, and diſmal Light,
With Sparks, and Pitchy Smoak th' aſtoniſh'd Sky,
Th' affrighted Guards, that firſt the Flame eſpy,
Straight give th' Alarm, and ſpread the dreadful Cry.
Th' amaz'd Inhabitants the Signal take;
And run in Crowds half cloath'd, and half awake,
To ſtop the ſpreading Ruin, and to tame
With ſpouting Engines the deſtructive Flame:
So when the frightful Cry of War begun,
Into the Fields in Troops the *Saxons* run.

Now *Muſe* relate, and in their Order name
The People, which from different Regions came.
What fam'd Commanders did their Squadrons head,
And what great Lords their valiant Subjects led.
Firſt the ſtout *Cantian* Saxon, from the Land
Which bravely once did *Cæſar*'s Arms withſtand,
Where Joyful Nature, ſits in Plenty crown'd,
Heſperian Woods, and Sylvan Scenes ſurround
Her ſhady Throne, that with rich Fruit abound.
Of theſe ſome on the flowry Banks reſide,
Of fair *Medvaga*, that with wanton Pride,
Forms ſilver Mazes with her crooked Tide.
The *Durobrovian* Youth of war-like Fame,
And bold *Vagniacans*, together came,
With thoſe about the fruitful Region bred,
Where *Durovernum*, reers her ſtately Head.
They march from *Thanatos*, and from her Towers
Her valiant Youth ſublime *Rutupiæ* pours.

Rutupiæ, whoſe rich Gems, and Pearly Store
Inticed Victorious *Cæſar*, to her Shore.
Their chief Commanders were great *Amades*,
Valiant *Theodorick*, *Oſred*, and with theſe
Hengiſt, a ſplendid Youth, the Blood, and Name
Of the firſt *Saxon*, of Illuſtrious Fame,
That from the *Belgick* Shore, to *Albion* came.
From the fat Glebe they come, and flowry Land
Which the ſtout *Trinobantes*, did Command.
Auguſta ſends her warlike Youth, a Town
Of ancient Fame, to Foreign Merchants known,
Ev'n then for Naval Power of great Renown.
But ſince her ſtately Head is rais'd ſo high,
Her glorious Towers ſurmount the wondring Sky.
Her Royal Fleets the watry World controll,
Where the vaſt Ocean can his Billows roll,
Far as the *Indies*, and from Pole to Pole.
Her Power by trembling Neighbour States is fear'd,
By diſtant Empires, and new Worlds rever'd.
Her bellowing Oaks, with louder Thunder roar,
Then what annoy'd them, on their Hills before,
Shaking the *Gallick*, and the *Belgian* Shore.
Britannia's Head ſhe reigns in Wealth and Eaſe,
Mart of the World, and Emp'reſs of the Seas.
Edgar and *Ciſſa*, both Illuſtrious Names,
From the delightful Banks of famous Thames,
Into the Field, *Auguſta*'s Squadrons bring,
None fought more bravely for the *Saxon* King.

They from the Foreſts come, whoſe Sports invite
Auguſta's Youth, that in the Woods delight.
From the ſweet Gardens of the fruitful Eaſt,
With ſmiling Flowers, and od'rous Saffron bleſt:

From

From *Camelodunum* pop'lous once, and proud
Of its fam'd Colony of *Roman* Blood.
From round *Canonium*, arm'd with Swords and Shields
The warlike People March, and from the Fields
Where *Idumanum* verdant Wealth beſtows,
Whoſe wanton Tide in wreathing Volumes flows,
Still forming Reedy Iſlands, as it goes.
Brave *Sebert* led them, valiant *Oga*'s Son,
Whoſe Arms had great Renown in Battel won.
The chearful Youth from *Verolamium* came,
A Town of ancient, and illuſtrious Fame:
Where fortify'd with Trenches, Lakes and Wood,
The valiant *Caſibellan*, once withſtood
The *Roman* Arms, oblig'd at laſt to yield,
Where *Cæſar* fights, who can maintain the Field?
Since cheriſh'd by th' indulgent Conquerour,
The City was advanc'd in Wealth and Power:
Its Towers, gilt Fanes, and Palaces did riſe,
Darting Terreſtrial Glories thro' the Skies.
Now where the City ſtood, the Ploughman toils,
And as he works, turns up old *Roman* Spoils,
Medals and Coins, enrich th' admiring Clown,
Pavements and Urns, by ancient Figures known.

From the rich Seats they came, from whence their Sword
The *Coritanian* chas'd, the rightful Lord.
From all the Towns, around the ſpacious Wood
Near which ſublime *Tripontium*'s Caſtles ſtood.
From *Bannavenna* well-arm'd Squadrons came,
And *Durobrevis*, on *Aufona*'s-Stream.
Their chief Commanders were brave *Alopas*,
And valiant *Egbert*, both of *Horſa*'s Race.

They

They came, who dwelt along the Southern Coaſt,
On which the *German* Ocean's Waves are toſt:
The Soil the brave *Icenian Britons*, bleſt
With Peace, and envy'd Plenty, once poſſeſt.
Venta they left, where *Gariena*'s Tide,
Does to the Boſom of *Bardunus* glide,
An ancient, wealthy Town that did abound,
With warlike Youth, and rul'd the Soil around.
High *Branodunum* does her Squadrons ſend,
Where *Roman* Arms, did once the Coaſt defend.

They leave the Towns along fair *Theta*'s Flood,
And happy Soil, where *Gariononum* ſtood.
Thoſe from the Banks of winding *Stourus* came,
And the rich Town, that bore *Fauſtinus* name.
They come from *Oza*'s Banks, and from the Land
Which lofty *Combritonium* did Command.
This numerous *Saxon* Youth, that then obey'd
King *Ella*'s Laws, advance to *Octa*'s Aid.
Ella their Valiant Prince, was at their Head,
And to the Field, his warlike People led.

From *Camboritum*, and the Neighb'ring Hills,
The chearful Youth drawn out, the Region fills:
From *Camboritum*, then a warlike Town,
Since for the Muſes Seat, much better known.
Her learned Sons have gain'd Immortal Fame,
And high as Heav'n, have rais'd *Britannia*'s Name.
Redwal, whoſe Lands a vaſt Revenue yield,
Led them, compleatly arm'd into the Field.

They leave the reedy Lakes, and marſhy Soil,
Once happy by the *Britiſh* Farmer's Toil:

Now the vext Land a Foreign Maſter knows,
Which o'er the Country, like a Deluge flows,
That from the Sea, the Banks born down, is roll'd,
And o'er their Fields advances uncontroll'd.
The Valiant Youth from all the Region goes,
Which *Trent* and *Lindis*, confluent Streams, encloſe.
High *Margadunum*, all her Squadrons lends,
And ſtately *Lindum*, which her Power extends
O'er the wide Province, her Battalions ſends.
Mighty *Ebiſſa*, from the Fenny Land
Into the Field, did lead this warlike Band.
Orla, and *Imerick*, a Valiant Lord,
Fam'd for his Strength, and vaſt unweildy Sword,
Drew all their Squadrons, and Battalions forth,
From all their Towns, that lay the fartheſt North.

King *Cerdic* from the *Weſt* his Army brought,
Who for the *Saxon* Empire bravely fought.
He all the *Saxon* Heroes far excell'd,
Whoſe conquering Arms, were never yet repell'd.
A great Commander, Brave and Fortunate,
That founded firſt the *Weſtern Saxon* State.
Thoſe ſeated on *Halenus* verdant Banks,
Draw out, and Muſter their Victorious Ranks.
They March from *Triſantona*'s Cryſtal Flood,
From *Venta*'s Downs, and *Regnum*'s ſpacious Wood.
From rich *Cluſentum*, and fair *Vecta*'s Iſle,
From *Briga* and *Segontium*'s fertile Soil.
On *Sorbiodunum*'s Plains arm'd Youth appears,
With nodding Plumes, and moving Groves of Spears.
The famous Captain, who had chief Command,
That with his Prince came to invade the Land,
Was *Lothar*, born on *Belgick Moſa*'s Flood,
Whoſe noble Veins were fill'd with Royal Blood:

Him

Him did fair *Emme Cerdic*'s Siſter bear,
And dying, left him to her Brother's Care.
With all this Strength King *Octa* takes the Field,
Nor doubts, but *Arthur* to his Arms muſt yield.

The *Britons* now a ſolemn Faſt proclaim
To mourn their Guilt, and take th' attendant Shame:
To own the dreadful Plague, their Crimes deſert,
And by their Grief, like Judgments to avert.
That Heav'n appeas'd, from its relenting Hand
May drop its Bolt, and ſpare the threaten'd Land.
Sorrow untaught on every Face appear'd,
And only Sighs and ſad Laments were heard.
They weep aloud, and mourn their impious Fall,
And with united Prayers for Mercy call.
The proſtrate Penitents for Pardon Cry,
And from Heav'n's Juſtice, to its Pity fly.
To Grief, and flowing Tears, no Bounds are giv'n;
Th' Artillery alone, that Conquers Heav'n.
Righteous Reſolves fill every humble Mind,
And all in Vows of bleſt Obedience joyn'd.
The mournful Camp's a Scene of pious Woe,
Where thro' their Eyes, their Hearts diſſolving flow.
Their loud and fervent Supplications, riſe
Above the Clouds, and penetrate the Skies.
Contending thus with Heav'n they weep, and pray,
And ſtrive to turn th' impending Storm away,
Which charg'd with Vengeance o'er their Camp appear'd,
More Plagues they had deſerv'd, and therefore fear'd.

Prince *Arthur*, that in Piety was chief,
And now chief Mourner, thus expreſt his Grief,
Th' attentive *Britons* hear, and hope Relief.

Of Wrath Divine, what Vials have been pour'd,
And empty'd on our Heads, that have devour'd
The guilty *Britons*, and our Camp conſum'd;
Where pil'd in Heaps, the Dead, the Dead entomb'd!
Th' Eternal's Sword around did widely waſt,
And carried Death, and Ruin where it paſt.
It reek'd in Blood, and ſhone with Slaughter dy'd
Red, as the Crimſon Sins, which for its Vengeance cry'd
This day we deprecate the Curſe, and all
With wounded Souls, for Heav'n's Compaſſion call.
To ſtill the Storms of Wrath which on us beat,
And cauſe the fiery Torrent to retreat.
The God we Worſhip Jealous is, and Pure,
His *Wrath* advances ſlow, but reaches ſure:
His threat'ning Arm does long extended ſtay,
But then deſcends with the more fearful Sway.
Who then can his conſuming Fire withſtand,
Who bear the ſtrokes of his Revenging Hand?
There's hope your Prayers have found Succeſs above,
And Heav'n aton'd, will this fierce Plague remove.
May ne'er our impious Crimes, his Arm provoke
To end our Ruin, by a ſecond ſtroke.

He ceas'd. His Men their ſacred Vows renew,
And for Devotion to their Tents withdrew:
Where while Celeſtial Warmth their Breaſts extend,
The Day in Prayers, and Hymns of Praiſe they end.
Heav'n the Returning Penitents embrac'd,
And far away th' Infernal Legions chas'd.
Their Guardian Angels once more take their Poſt.
Drawn out in bright Array, around their Hoſt.

Twice had the Sun, with dawning Glories bleſt
The World, and call'd the Lab'rer from his reſt,

As

As oft the Night her Sable Veſture, ſet
With pearly Dew, aſcends her Throne of Jet:
When certain Tydings *Arthur*'s Camp alarm'd,
That *Octa*'s Men againſt the *Britons* arm'd;
Believing that the *Britons* thus diſtreſt,
By *Saxon* Arms, might be with Eaſe oppreſt.
With *Octa* Leagues, and Overtures of Peace,
When War ſhall offer more advantage, ceaſe.
The Tydings ſoon thro' all the Army ran,
Whence in their Minds tormenting Fears began.
They thought their weaken'd Troops, could not oppoſe
The fierce Attack, of their inſulting Foes.
The trouble ſpreads, all, their ſad State bewail,
That thoſe the *Plague* had ſpar'd, the *Sword* ſhould now aſſail.

The pious Prince with heavy Grief oppreſt,
To Heav'n thus vents the trouble of his Breaſt:
Thou that from dark *Egyptian* Priſons freed,
As Shepherds do their Flocks, did'ſt *Iſrael* lead.
Who from between the Cherubs, did'ſt diſplay
Thy Heav'nly Glories, to direct their Way.
Whoſe mighty Arm extended, did ſecure
Their trembling Hoſt, purſu'd by *Pharoah*'s Power:
Shine forth, and with thy Beams diſpel this Night,
Whoſe horrid Shades, my lab'ring Soul affright.
Stir up thy Strength, thy Foes, and ours invade,
And bring thy ſhining Myriads to our Aid.
Thou God of Light. reveal thy glorious Face,
Thy Rays will from the Sky, this Tempeſt chaſe.
Thee, all the unnumber'd Hoſts of Heav'n obey,
Drawn in embattl'd Lines, and bright Array
Along th' Etherial Plains, and here below
Monarchs to thee, precarious Empires owe.

Preſt by our Enemies, to thee we fly,
How long wilt thou neglect thy People's Cry?
Bath'd in our Tears, and pleas'd with Grief, we moan
Our ſolitary State, for God is gone.
Our Foes around, deſpiſe our Mournful State,
And on thoſe Loads that preſs us, heap more Weight.
Our Enemies enrag'd, no Mounds between,
On us, like riſing Waves, come roaring in.
Againſt the Reliques thy fierce Wrath has ſpar'd,
The Foe's Inexorable Sword's prepar'd.
On me with Scorn th' inſulting Scoffers look,
As one, whom Heav'n diſpleas'd has now forſook:
The *Pagans* make my Woes their ſportful Theam,
Reproach thy Vot'ries, and thy Name blaſpheme.
Stir up thy Power, thy glitt'ring Arms aſſume,
Bowing the Heav'ns, to our Deliverance come.
As from th' aſpiring Mountains, rais'd around
Jeruſalem, while it ſtood, Protection found:
So let a Guard, from thy bright Hoſt detach'd,
T' encamp about our Army be diſpatch'd.
Thou God of Truth ariſe, let th' Heathen ſee,
Thy Wrath purſues perfidious Treachery.

While thus Prince *Arthur* Heav'ns Protection ſought,
The God-like *Raphael*, this kind Meſſage brought:
Thy Prayer prevails, O Prince, be not diſmay'd,
Th' *Almighty*'s Arm is ſtretcht out for your Aid.
Highly your Crimes Heav'n's Majeſty diſpleas'd,
But your Repentance hath his Wrath appeas'd.
His People's Faults do but his Rod enploy,
But his fierce Vengeance ſhall his Foes deſtroy.
Let not the *Saxon*'s Numbers be their Pride,
You're ſtronger far, for God is on your Side,
Abundantly your Loſs is thus Supply'd.

Ariſe,

Ariſe, and let the *Britons* Courage take,
Their Arms ſhall drive th' advancing *Saxon* back.

The Prince with *Raphael*'s heav'nly Meſſage cheer'd.
Octa's unequal Force, no longer fear'd.
His chearful Looks the drooping *Britons* ſaw,
And thence reviving Warmth, and Courage draw.
His God-like Language calms their troubled Minds,
And with its Charms reluctant Paſſions binds.
He to their frozen Veins new Life procures,
Diſpels their Doubts, and fainting Hopes aſſures.
The *Britons*, that before did ſcarcely dare
T' expect it, now reſolve to meet the War.
They now no more the Fears of Danger own,
While Heav'n aſſiſts, and *Arthur* leads them on.

Mean time ill-boding Prodigies, affright
King *Octa*, and diſſwade his Men from Fight:
The Birds of Heav'n the gazing *Augurs* ſcare,
Croſſing with inauſpicious Flights the Air!
The Fowl as ſacred kept, projected Meat
Coldly regard, and ſullenly retreat.
From hollow Oaks, obſcene Night Ravens ſung,
And cluſtring Bees upon their Enſigns hung.
Bullocks with Garlands crown'd reluctant come,
Break from the Altar, and run lowing home.
Near ſilver *Thamiſis* ſweet Banks, there ſtood,
Awful for ſolemn Shade, a lofty Wood:
Where they ador'd their God *Irmanſul* nam'd,
A war-like Idol, thro' *Germania* fam'd.
His Right Hand did a flowry Garland bear,
His Left held up a Balance in the Air:
His Breaſt a griſly Bear's fierce Figure bore,
And in his Shield a Lyon ſeem'd to roar.

Freſh

Freſh gather'd Flowers diſpers'd in Heaps around,
Gay Superſtition, paint their ſacred Ground.
Hither the *Saxons*, and their Prieſts repair,
T' atone their God, with *Victims* and with Prayer.
His Aid againſt the *Britons* to invoke,
While the tall Oaks with Clouds of Incenſe ſmoak:
The Prieſts the Wood to burn the Victim lay,
And a crown'd Bullock at the Altar ſlay.
Their reeking Hands, ranſack in vain the Breaſt,
To find the Heart of the prodigious Beaſt:
The Prieſts grow pale, and from their Altar ſtart,
Finding a *Victim* ſlain without a Heart.

But that which moſt the gazing *Saxons* ſcare,
Are Armies ſeen engaging in the Air.
The higheſt ground of all the heavenly Way,
The Sun had gain'd, darting a downright Ray:
When two black Clouds appear'd, one from the Eaſt
Threat'ning aroſe, the other from the Weſt.
They ſtretcht their lowring Fronts acroſs the Sky,
And frowning, ſeem'd each other to defy.
Between, a Glade of free and open Air,
Did, as betwixt two ſpacious Woods, appear.
Then iſſuing from the Womb of either Cloud
Two Armies met, and drawn in Battel ſtood.
The ſick'ning Sun ſhone with a gloomy Ray,
Scar'd with the bloody Buſineſs of the Day.
Between them ſtraight began a furious Fight,
And glitt'ring Arms ſupply'd the want of Light.
Eager of Glory from Heroick Deeds,
The Airy Knights ſpur on their foaming Steeds:
They ruſh to Battel with a full Career,
And tilting break their Lances in the Air.

Swords

Swords claſhing Swords, and Shields rencountring Shields,
Fill with the Din of War th'Etherial Fields.
Vaulting the Air, thick Showers of Arrows fly,
And warlike Labour troubles all the Sky.
A bloody Field was fought, and Heaps of Slain
Seem'd to o'erſpread the wide Etherial Plain.
Chariots o'erturn'd, and ſcatter'd Harneſs by,
Steeds, and diſmounted Riders, mingl'd ly.
Erom gaping Wounds, a Crimſon Sea of Blood,
Along the Heav'nly Pavement reeking flow'd.
At laſt the Squadrons, in the Eaſtern Sky
Fell in Diſorder, and began to fly.
The Conquerors hung upon their Backs, and chas'd
Their Troops, with mighty Rout thro' all the Waſt:
Into the Clouds and Heav'nly Wilds they fled,
And left upon the Bloody Field their Dead.
Next off the Theatre the Victors go,
And into ſhapeleſs Air diſſolving flow.
The lab'ring Scene, and Actors diſappear'd,
And of the War the Airy Stage was clear'd.

Octa that view'd th' important Prodigy,
Trembled to ſee the Eaſtern Army fly.
He wiſely hid his Fears within his Breaſt,
And to his Captains thus himſelf expreſt.
Let not vain *Prodigies* the *Saxons* ſcare,
Form'd by the wanton Demons of the Air:
Wrapt in dark Clouds, the Will of Heav'n's conceal'd,
To Mortals only by th'Event reveal'd.
Think not fantaſtick *Portents*, can declare
The Fate of Kingdoms, and Reſults of War.
Theſe only weak, and vulgar Minds affright,
Like Phantoms, borrowing Horrour from the Night.

Which, as capricious Nature's Play, the wiſe,
From timerous Superſtition free, deſpiſe.
The valiant on their Arms make Fortune wait,
And carve out to themſelves propitious Fate.
Neglect theſe Dreams, the Gods are ever kind
To the beſt Troops, and to th' undaunted Mind.
Great *Cæſar* thus condemn'd his Augurs Tales,
Fights, and o'er Foes, and Portents too, prevails.
Thus *Octa* ſtrove their Paſſion to appeaſe,
And give them what himſelf enjoy'd not, Eaſe.

At a ſmall Village, now unknown by Name,
There dwelt a Sorcerer of wondrous Fame.
The Pagan *Briton Merlin*, that of late
For his dire Art, driv'n from the *Britiſh* State;
Did with the Pagan *Saxons* ſafely dwell,
And kept his Correſpondence up with Hell.
With potent Juices, and Infernal Charms,
The black Magician, Plagues, and Mortal Harms,
And various Kinds of Miſchiefs, did inflict
On thoſe, whom Heav'n was pleas'd he ſhould afflict.
He in the ſilent Night while Mortals ſleep,
By Hedg-rows, Lakes, or o'er the Hills would creep:
To gather baleful Herbs, with which he drew
Familiar Fiends, which round, like Ravens, flew.
Mounting his Magick Wand, he thro' the Air
To rich Nocturnal Feaſts would oft repair,
Spread on green Hills, or near ſome ſhady Wood,
Or Graſſy Banks of ſome ſweet River's Flood:
Where when th' infernal Company are met,
Rich Meats, and Wines, on ſtately Tables ſet,
They ſeem to taſte, and by the Moon's pale Light,
Spend in Fantaſtick Luxury, the Night.

But from th'imaginary Banquet come,
At the grey Dawning, lank and meagre, home.

King *Octa*'s Servants at their Lord's Command,
With their unrighteous Wages in their Hand,
To *Merlin* come, and ſoon prevail'd to bring
The fam'd Magician to their anxious King.
Whom *Octa* thus beſpoke,
The Miracles, your ſacred Art has ſhown,
Make you thro' all the wondring Iſland known.
Let your prodigious Power my Army guard,
Honour and Riches ſhall be your Reward.
The Foe we'll now engage, but let him firſt
Be here by you, and your Enchantments curſt:
Curſe then this impious Enemy; your Breath
Will blaſt their Strength, and fatal prove as Death.
Your Curſe and that of Fate, is deem'd the ſame;
And whom you bleſs the World does bleſt proclaim.
Aſſault their Camp with all your Magick Powers,
You'll curſe your Mortal Foes, as well as ours.
Revenge your Wrongs, and by your potent Charms,
Draw off the Guardian Gods, that help their Arms.
Come with me then, I will a Mountain ſhew,
From whoſe high Top you may their Army view:
There we'll atone the Gods with Prayer, and thence
You ſhall your Curſes on the Foe diſperſe.

Then *Octa* to a Mount the Sorc'rer led,
Whence thro' the Vale he ſaw the *Britons* ſpred.
Seven Altars they erect, and in the Flames,
Seven Bullocks ſacrifice, and ſeven Rams.
Here *Octa* and his Lords their Gods ador'd,
And kneeling round the Flames, their Aid implor'd.

At laſt, the Night advancing to her Noon,
Merlin conducted by the ſilver Moon,
From *Octa*, to a neighb'ring Hill withdraws,
T' obſerve infernal Rites, and magick Laws.
He ſeeks out noxious Plants, whoſe powerful Juice,
Magicians for their ſtrong Enchantments uſe.
Green Henbane, Wormwood, Hemlock, Savine Tops,
In whoſe preſt Juice he dipt his magick Sops;
With Plants that to the Moon their Vertue owe,
And Toadſtools, which from Storms of Thunder grow.
Which mixt with humane Fat, red Hair, and Blood,
He offers up caſt on the Burning Wood.
Then with his potent Wand, he walks around,
And with dire Circles, marks th' enchanted ground.
Then did he with a mutt'ring Voice rehearſe
Wondrous, myſterious Words, and potent Verſe.
Th' infernal Charms all Nature did affright,
The waning Moon ſtraight ſickned at the Sight:
The Hill with Horror trembled, and around
With howling Wolves the neighb'ring Woods reſound.
Then Storms of Rain enſue, ſwift Lightnings fly,
And dreadful Thunderclaps torment the Sky.
Spectres, and Ghoſts break from their hollow Tomb,
And glaring round the Necromancer come.
All Hell was mov'd, the Powers drawn from their Seats
Ariſe, while *Merlin* his dire words repeats:
Whom with his Charms, he labours to engage
Againſt the *Britons*, and excites their Rage.
His powerful Arts incline them to employ
United force, their Army to deſtroy.
But Hell and all its Friends, vain Rage expreſs,
And Curſe in vain, when Heav'en deſigns to Bleſs.

Merlin

Merlin, his impious Ceremonies done,
Returns to *Octa* with the riſing Sun.
Before the *Saxon* Lords he ſtood, prepar'd
To Curſe their Foes, and merit his Reward.
When the Magician's Breaſt an unknown Fire
Laps'd from above did ſuddenly inſpire:
A Warmth Divine his Spirits did invade,
And once a Sorcerer a Prophet made.
The Heav'nly Fury *Merlin* did conſtrain
To Bleſs, whom he to Curſe deſign'd in vain.

How beautiful the *Britons* Tents appear!
What goodly Heads his Tabernacles rear!
As the rich Vales they ſpread their verdant Pride,
Or flowry Gardens by the River's ſide.
As ſhady Aloes in th' *Arabian* Woods,
Or lofty Cedars planted by the Floods.
Indulgent Heav'n upon the *Briton*, pours
Prolifick Dews, and ſweet refreſhing Showers.
His Seed ſhall flouriſh midſt ſurrounding Streams,
Bleſt with mild Air, and pure reviving Beams.
His Prince's Glory, ſhall his People's Love,
And Neighbour Monarchs Fear, and Envy, move.
He, like a fearleſs Unicorn ſhall ſtand,
Sure of his Strength, and all the Fields command.
Thoſe hoſtile Nations who oppoſe his Power,
He with reſiſtleſs Fury ſhall devour.
He'll break their craſhing Bones, his Bow he'll bend,
And thro' their Fleſh, his piercing Arrows ſend.
He couches like a Lyon on the Sand,
Like a vaſt Lyon in a Deſart Land:
Stretching his fearful Limbs at Eaſe he lies,
What Creature dares provoke him to ariſe?

Bleſs him, and be of happy Men the firſt,
Curſe him, and thou thy ſelf ſhalt be accurſt.

He ceas'd. King *Octa*, tho' incens'd, ſuppreſt
His Trouble and Diſpleaſure in his Breaſt,
And to the Sorcerer, thus himſelf addreſt:
By ſolemn Execrations, to devote
The *Britons* to Deſtruction, you were ſought;
But, you this impious Nation chuſe to Bleſs,
And all your Words preſage their Arms Succeſs.
Withdraw a ſecond time, perhaps you'll find
The Gods, by your Enchantments, more inclin'd:
Perhaps ſome Errour might at firſt diſpleaſe;
A ſecond Eſſay will the Powers appeaſe.

The Sorcerer a ſecond time retreats,
And all his potent Charms with Care repeats:
He added ev'ry poiſonous Juice, and Spell,
He knew had force to ſhake the Realms of Hell.
Merlin, his impious Rites perform'd, returns,
And acted by Satanick Fury, burns.
All Hell within ſhook the Magician's Breaſt,
But by a Power Divine ſtraight diſpoſſeſt,
Th'affrighted Demons fled, and in their ſtead
A pure Celeſtial Spirit did ſucceed.
Tranſports Divine his lab'ring Soul engage,
And thus he ſpake, mov'd with Prophetick Rage:
In vain with Divination, we aſſail
The *Chriſtian* Arms, where all Enchantments fail.
Our Curſes by the powerful Breath of Heav'n,
Back on our Heads, with fatal Force are driv'n.
Thoſe God has bleſt, no Guards nor Bulwarks need,
Nor can their Arms, whom he has curſt, ſucceed,

Un-

Unchangeably he's on his Purpoſe bent,
Nor does he, like unſtable Man, repent.
The Chriſtian Army will prevail; that ſaid,
Obſerving *Octa*'s Fury riſe, he fled.

The King incens'd, cry'd, curſt Magician, fly,
Spite of thy Charms, and thee, ſhall Victory
And Triumph, on the *Saxon* Arms attend,
Againſt ſuch Troops what Signs can ill portend?
Thy impious Tongue Propitious Heav'n belies;
And for the *Britons* forges Prophecies.
Thy ſelf of *Britiſh* Blood, the *Britiſh* Cauſe
Stronger than Wrongs, or ev'n Religion, draws.
So oft poor Slaves, who to a neighb'ring State
Fly for Protection from a Tyrants Hate,
If he does War againſt thoſe Neighbours wage,
And with his Arms, upon their Frontiers rage:
Joy at th' Oppreſſor's Conqueſts and Succeſs,
Againſt their own Protector's, they expreſs.

Octa at this Defeat with Fury burn'd,
And to his Army with his Lords return'd.
Amidſt his Troops he rode, and thus he ſpoke,
His Voice high rais'd, their Courage to provoke:
Saxons, you now to certain Conqueſt go,
To glean the Reliques of a ruin'd Foe.
The Gods do loudly for your Cauſe declare,
And call you, but to finiſh their own War.
Think on the Deeds by your great Nation done,
The Towns they took, their glorious Battles won,
And the rich Countries by their Arms o'er-run.
From this fair *Iſland* ſhall the *Britons* chaſe,
From theſe ſweet Fields, great *Odin*'s warlike Race?

From

From theſe ſweet Fields, for which our Leaders fought,
Which with the nobleſt *Saxon* Blood were bought.
Shall we with ignominious Flight retreat,
O'er the rough Main, to ſeek ſome milder Seat?
Or ſhall we back to our cold Region go,
To hide in Caves, and dwell Hills of Snow?
Can my victorious Friends the *Britons* dread,
Who from your conq'ring Arms ſo oft have fled,
A vanquiſh'd Nation by an Exile led?
Appear like *Saxons*, add this Conqueſt more,
To all th' immortal Lawrels won before.
Thus you'll the Grounds of laſting Empire lay,
And ſtill the *Briton* ſhall your Laws obey.
Vain with Succeſs at Sea, they draw their Swords,
And for Dominion ſtrive with us, their Lords:
Let now your Arms chaſtiſe their wanton Pride,
And then in unmoleſted Peace abide.
He ſaid, and brandiſhing his threatning Launce,
And ſpringing forward, bids his Men advance.

Now from the Hills th'embattel'd *Saxon* ſwarms,
And covers all the Plain with hoſtile Arms.
As when the great Commanders, Orders give
To quit the ſtraight Dominions of their Hive,
The *Bees* pour out a numerous Colony;
From their ſweet Cells, the buſie Youth on high
Wheel in the Air, and darken all the Sky.
While brazen Pans charm and compoſe their Heat,
In ſome tall neighb'ring Tree they fix their Seat:
Thither th' unnumber'd Vulgar ſtreight reſort,
And cluſtring Crowds ſurround their Monarch's Court.
So thick the *Saxons* on the Field appear,
Following their Leader with an endleſs Rear.

The gloomy Throngs look terrible from far,
Diſcloſing ſlow, the horrid Face of War.
The thick Battalions move in dreadful Form,
As lowring Clouds advance before a Storm.
So when the Sea grown black, the hazy Sky,
And riſing Winds, foretel a Tempeſt nigh:
Th' experienc'd Mariners, with haſty care
Furl their ſpread Sails, and for a Storm prepare.
Straight in the black *Horizon*, to the Skies
The dusky Billows threat'ning Heads ariſe:
Th' unnumber'd Troops upon each others throng,
And with a gloomy Aſpect march along.
Advancing, they their boundleſs Front extend
O'er all the Main, and fearful Wreck portend.
The *Saxon* Hoſt thus in its March appears,
And where it came, thick Groves of briſtling Spears,
Broad Iron Backs, and Breaſt-plates, brazen Shields,
Mail-Coats, and burniſh'd Helms o'erſpread the Fields.
Chariots of War in Clouds of Duſt advance,
And toſſing up their Foam, the thundring Courſers Prance.
Their Army's Wings ſtretcht out, they to the Foes
A long extended Ridge of War oppoſe.
The *Britiſh* Squadrons tho' outnumber'd far,
Run boldly on the horrid Edge of War.
To make their Front, the thin Battalions ran,
But ſtretcht not equal to the *Saxon Van*.
Both Armies thus, rang'd in Battalia ſtood,
And Death prepar'd her thirſty Jaws for Blood.

From the Celeſtial Hoſt, a glorious Band
Of Seraphs was detach'd by high Command:
Hither the ſhining Warriours did repair,
And drawn in long Array, ſtood in the Air.

Their Blades divinely temper'd flam'd on high,
And blazing Shields inlighten all the Sky;
Impenetrable Shields, drawn from the Towers
Of Heav'n's high Ars'nal, fill'd with warlike Stores.
Th' Angelick Cuiraſſiers, in Armour ſhone
Of *Adamant*, from Rocks Empyreal hewn.
High milk-white Plumes, like Snowy Clouds ariſe,
From their bright Creſts, and Nod againſt the Skies.
Rich Helmets, of Immortal beaten Gold
Adorn their Heads, Braſs of Etherial mould
Refin'd above, their joynted Gauntlets made;
Braſs, that the Teeth of Time can ne'er invade.
Broad ſilver Belts richly embroider'd o'er,
Rare Seraph's work, their ſhining Shoulders bore,
And round them Sky-dy'd Purple Scarfs they wore.
Michael a Prince in Heav'n of firſt renown,
Who, like a Sun, high in his Chariot ſhone;
This bright Detachment did in Chief Command,
Charg'd to maintain ſtrict Guard, and to withſtand
Th' Attempts, that might by Helliſh Fiends be made,
Sent by their Prince the Chriſtian to invade.

While *Lucifer* on the white Mountain's Head,
His black, Infernal Crew about him ſpread;
With Malice, Rage, and Pride extended ſate
High on his dusky Throne, reſolv'd to wait,
And ſee, if this important Day's Event,
Would anſwer with ſucceſs, his curſt intent.

In glitt'ring Arms the dazling Prince, appears
Before his Troops, the *Saxon* ſees, and fears.
His Helm of poliſh'd Steel brac'd round his Head,
Did o'er the Field, a glorious Terrour ſpread.

Bright

Bright Stones, and high rais'd Needle Work adorn
The ſhining Belt, acroſs his Shoulders worn.
His fatal Sword, the Bane of *Gothick* Pride,
With fearful Grace hung by his warlike Side.
Odar the *Neuſtrian* of this famous Blade
Inur'd to Victory, a Preſent made
To *Arthur*, when from *Albion* firſt he came,
To *Odar*'s Camp, to win Heroick Fame:
Lodar did with this Gift King *Odar* grace,
A valiant Hero of the *Neuſtrian* Race.
His radiant Shield, of Braſs its outmoſt Fold,
Th' inmoſt temper'd Steel, the midſt of Gold,
Was the rare Work of *Lycon*'s skilful Toil,
From which unpeirc'd, the ſharpeſt Darts recoil.
Bright, like a Sun, it did fierce Glory dart,
Where might be ſeen pourtray'd with wondrous Art,
Strong Towns beſieg'd, and famous Battels won,
And great Exploits by ancient Hero's done;
Who to defend their Country, bravely fought,
By Men inſpir'd, in ſacred Volumes wrote.

Here th' *Iſraelites*, kind Heav'n's peculiar Care,
Their famous Gen'ral *Joſhua* leads to War.
The Rocky Deſart paſt with wondrous Toil,
With Marches worn, and heavy with the Spoil
Form vanquiſh'd *Baaſhan*, and King *Sihon* won,
Where their illuſtrious Triumphs firſt begun,
Advance their Enſigns, *Canaan* to invade,
Ripe by their full grown Sins for Conqueſt made.
To *Jordan*'s Streams they come, ſtraight to his Head
His Waves roll'd back, obſequious *Jordan* fled.
The naked Channel ſhews his ſandy Face,
And gives the Fav'rite Nation leave to paſs.

Th' aſtoniſh'd *Canaanites*, like *Jordan*, fly,
And weep to ſee their Guardian River dry.

Here valiant *Gideon*, with his Troop by Night,
March'd out t' attack the haughty *Midianite*.
The Foe, like Locuſts, numberleſs was pour'd
Around the Vale, and all its Fruits devour'd:
But dreading *Gideon*'s Arms, the Spoilers fly,
And by his Sword, and by their own, they die.
King *Zeba*, and *Zalmunna*, with a throng
Of Captive Princes, draw their Chains along.

Here in the plain, ſtretcht like ſome ſpacious Wood,
In long Array, the throng'd *Philiſtines* ſtood.
Goliah iſſuing from their opening Files,
Of Bulk ſtupendous, hideous with the Spoils
Of yellow Lyons ſlain, and ſhaggy Bears,
Towring before their ſhouting Hoſt, appears.
With haughty Air, the wondrous Figure ſtrode,
His Sword his Truſt, and his right Hand his God.
Beneath his Weight the Vally ſeem'd to ſhake,
But his pale Foes did more than ſeem to quake.
Gnaſhing his Teeth the grinning Monſter ſtood,
Himſelf an Army, and his Spear a Wood.
Sufficient Stores whole Mines could ſcarcely yield,
For his wide Cuiraſs, and prodigious Shield:
Where Figures pourtray'd of fierce Monſters ſhone,
But none ſo fierce, and monſtrous as his own.
High in the Clouds, his brazen Helm did ſhow
Like ſome vaſt Temple's gilded *Cupilo*.
His mighty Legs, that brazen Boots embrac'd,
Tall Pillars ſeem'd, with *Corinth* Mettal cas'd.
Thus arm'd he ſtood, and by his Mein did ſeem
To curſe aloud, to threaten and blaſpheme.

His

His beck'ning Hand held proudly up, invites
To combate, all the trembling *Hebrew* Knights.
Tho vaſt of Bulk he bigger ſwells with Pride,
He curſt their Army, and their Gods defy'd.
Here, God-like *David*, in the flowry Bloom
Of Youth, and Beauty, brings the Monſter's Doom.
To kindle Love, or Pity fitter far,
Then the rough Paſſions, which attend on War:
And likelier by his Youth's engaging Charms,
To wound the *Anakite*, then with his Arms.
Yet bravely he embrac'd th' unequal War,
And ſcorn'd his Rage that curſt him from afar.
The fatal Stone by the young Hero ſlung,
Cut thro' the Air, and ſure of Triumph ſung:
It pierc'd the *Cyclops* Head, his Carcaſs fell
Swift to the Ground, his Soul, as ſwift to Hell.
Faln on his Face, he bites the trembling Ground;
And Brains, and Gore break thro the gaping Wound:
Wallowing he lay a vaſt extended Load,
Like a great Iſland, in a Sea of Blood.
His ghaſtly Eye-balls ſtrive with parting Light,
And ſwim, and roll into eternal Night.
Here *Saul* receiv'd the charming conquering Boy,
The Captains bluſh'd for Shame, and wept for Joy.
His Brothers griev'd to ſee the glorious Day,
Prompted with Pride, and Envy ſhrunk away.
Here *Judah*'s Daughters flowry Garlands bring,
They crown young *David*, and preſage him King:
In Songs and Dances they his Deeds proclaim,
And *Saul*'s is leſſen'd, to advance his Fame.

Here mighty *Sampſon*, hot with Martial Rage,
A numerous Army does alone engage.

His

His Sword high wav'd, reeking in Sweat and Blood,
O'er ſlaughter'd Heaps, th' invading Conqueror ſtrode.
His fatal Arms, his Foes no longer bear,
But their whole Hoſt flies from his ſingle Spear.
Confus'dly o'er the Field lay ſpread about,
Wide Ruin, Spoils, and ignominious Rout.

Here valiant *David*'s Troops victorious come,
From their *Aſſyrian* Expedition home.
Vaſt were the Spoils, which from the glorious Day
Won on *Damaſcus*'s Plains, they bore away:
King *Hadadezer*'s Arms in Triumph born,
And Purple Robes by their ſoft Princes worn,
And ſparkling Gems, which did their Ears adorn.
Rich Collars, Chains, and blazing Shields of Gold,
Vaſt Silver Bowls, that richer Metal hold.
High gilded Diſhes, graven or emboſs'd,
Treaſure immenſe, that *Syria* had engroſs'd.
Purple Pavilions once in lofty Rows,
And Crimſon Beds, where Monarchs did repoſe.
Unnumber'd Camels, laden and oppreſt,
With all th' Luxury of the wanton Eaſt,
Beneath the Booty groan'd along the Road,
Themſelves a Prey, as was their precious Load.
Here ran gilt Chariots drawn by generous Steeds,
Such as the noble Soil of *Aſia* breeds.
Here Royal Captives, and chain'd Lords appear,
And vulgar Slaves, preſt with an endleſs Reer.

Here the great *Conſtantine* of *Britiſh* Race,
O'er *Tyber*'s Bridge, does fierce *Maxentius* chaſe.
With *Roman* Blood the ſwelling Rivers dy'd,
And Helms, and Shields ſwim down the Crimſon Tyde.
Spears, broken Armour, Men, and Courſers ſlain,
The Streams encumber, and the Flood detain.

Great

Great *Conſtantine* in glitt'ring Armour ſhines,
And preſſing on, breaks thro' the *Roman* Lines.
Maxentius Hopes are blaſted in the Bloom,
He flies, and opens wide the Gates of *Rome*
To the Victorious Chriſtian, and his God,
Where for a while, he made his bleſt abode.

Prince Arthur.

BOOK VIII.

THus in reſplendant Arms Prince *Arthur* ſhines,
Darting bright Terrour thro' the *Saxon* Lines.
All at his fearful Preſence were amaz'd,
And on the glorious Foe with Wonder gaz'd.
Confuſion ſeiz'd them, and a chilling Damp
Went to their Hearts, thro' all the trembling Camp.
And now the vaulted Sky, rings with the Noiſe,
Of *Souldiers* Shoutings, and ſhrill *Trumpets* Voice.
The *Britiſh* Prince waving his flaming Blade,
The *Saxons* ſtrong Battalions did invade.

Firſt *Baldred* fell a bold and daring Knight,
That ruſhing forward did his Fate invite.
The Javelin thro' his Shield of treble Hide,
And Coat of Mail, pierc'd deep into his Side.
Eska the ſecond Triumph did afford,
His Head ſtruck off by *Arthur's* conquering Sword.
Next groveling on the Ground great *Ina* lies,
And the brave *Orla* of ſtupendous Size:
Whoſe Clubs like that *Alcides* us'd to weild,
Laid whole Brigades on Heaps upon the Field.
Neither their Arms, nor Stature, nor Deſcent,
From mighty *Oſca* could their Fate prevent.
As *Pharo* boaſted loud, and threatned Death,
The Javelin pierc'd his Throat, and ſtop'd his Breath.

Kinullar next the conquering Prince withſtood,
A valiant Captain, and of Noble Blood.
Reſiſted by his Shield, the *Saxon's* Spear
Flew off, and paſs'd obliquely thro' the Air.
Here on the Prince *Ciſſa* exclaiming loud,
Ruſh'd in, and preſt him with a numerous Crowd.
Thick ſhowers of Javelins with a mighty Sound,
Like Storms of Hail, from his bright Shield rebound.
The Prince enrag'd caught up his Spear in haſt,
Which he at *Ciſſa* with ſuch Fury caſt,
It pierc'd his famous Buckler's ſeventh Fold,
And his rich Coat dawb'd thick with pond'rous Gold:
Then deep between the Paps the Weapon went,
And its laſt Force in his warm Boſom ſpent.
Flat on his Face the Bleeding *Saxon* lies,
And ratling in his Throat ſtretcht out, and dies.
Mollo ruſh'd in and with his hand did wreſt,
The bloody Weapon from his Brother's Breaſt,
And boldly to attack the Prince advanc'd,
But from his Shield th' unproſperous Weapon glanc'd.
The Prince's Spear thro' *Mollo's* Shield of Braſs,
Thro' his Habergion, and his Breaſt did paſs:
Mollo of Sence bereav'd fell to the Ground,
And ſpew'd black Blood, both from his Mouth and Wound.
Striving th' invading Hero to repel,
Alcinor, *Peda*, and *Darontes* fell,
Three Men of wondrous Strength and warlike Fame,
Who from the fartheſt Snows of *Scythia* came;
Deſcended all from *Otha's* noble Line,
Whoſe glorious Deeds in *Saxon* Records ſhine.
He was victorious *Odin's* conſtant Friend,
And all his Toils, and Conqueſts did attend.

Then

Then *Cerdic* with his Troops the Prince withſtands,
Suſtain'd by *Sebert*, and th' *Eaſt Saxon* Bands.
Now theſe, now thoſe, the *Britiſh* Prince attack,
And preſs on every ſide, to force him back.
As when two adverſe Hurricanes ariſe,
Muſt'ring their ſtormy Forces in the Skies:
Of equal Fury, and of equal Force,
Againſt each other bend their rapid Courſe.
The Clouds their Lines extend in black Array,
And Front to Front a fearful War diſplay.
Exploded Flames againſt each other fly,
And fiery Arches Vault th' inlighten'd Sky.
Conflicting Billows, againſt Billows daſh, (flaſh.
Thunder 'gainſt Thunder roars, Lightnings 'gainſt Lightnings
Nor Flames, nor Winds, nor Waves, nor Clouds will yield,
But equal ſtrength maintains a doubtful Field.
Britons and *Saxons* thus in Battel ſtrove,
And neither from their Ground the Foe remove.

Then Valiant *Cadwal* threat'ning from afar
High in his Chariot, plung'd into the War.
His ſtrong, extended Arm his Javelin flung;
Cutting the Air, the hiſſing Weapon ſung.
Falling on *Kingill's* Shield it pierc'd the Hide
Of treble Fold, and enter'd deep his Side;
Fainting and ſtagg'ring *Kingill* backwards reel'd,
Then fell with ſounding Arms upon the Field:
Gaſping he lay, and from his ghaſtly Wound,
His Crimſon Life ebb'd out upon the Ground.
And next, his fatal Shaft at *Bertac* flew
With mighty Force, and pierc'd his Breaſtplate thro'.
The ſecret Springs of Life, the pointed Dart
Broke open, and transfixt his generous Heart.

His Wound from gaping Channels inward bled,
And on his Shoulder hung his lolling Head:
He fell, and ſhivering gaſp'd his lateſt Breath,
And fainting, ſunk into the Arms of Death.
A noble Youth worthy of milder Fate,
But Death's blind Stroaks diſtinguiſh not the great.
At laſt the *Saxon* Troops in Throngs ſurround,
The Valiant King, thus far with Conqueſt crown'd.
Thick Showers of Darts from every ſide invade,
And in his Shield a briſtling Harveſt ſtaid.
Th' undaunted Hero long their Force ſuſtain'd,
And held at Bay; th' unequal War maintain'd.
Like a chaf'd Boar that in a ſheltring Wood,
The clam'rous Dogs ſurround King *Cadwall* ſtood:
A noble Rage did in his Breaſt ariſe,
And Streaks of Fire break from his burning Eyes.
So when by Night th' Iſlandian Ocean roars,
And rolls its angry Waters to the Shores.
Flaſhes of Light, and fiery Luſtre glance
From raging Waves, that in bright Troops advance.
With his refulgent Sword the Warriour flew,
Upon the Crowd, and cut his paſſage thro'.
Soga and *Kenrick*, from the Hilly Land,
Where *Sorbiodunum*'s lofty Caſtles ſtand;
Two conſtant Friends, whom Fate could not divide,
Together by the *Britons* Weapon dy'd.
Then *Redburg*, *Alfry*, and *Theodrick* fell,
Striving in vain the Victor to repell.
Great Numbers more he ſlew, whoſe vulgar Name
To thoſe, in after Ages never came.
As a high Rock, which the vaſt Ocean laves,
Expos'd to ſtormy Winds, and raging Waves,
On its fixt Baſe, unſhaken does defy
Th' united Fury of the Seas, and Sky:

So

So 'midſt ſurrounding Foes, brave *Cadwall* ſtood,
About him flow'd a Sea of Hoſtile Blood.
He ſlew *Rovennar* with his mighty Sword,
And *Saradan*, a great *Weſt Saxon* Lord.
Valiant *Elmunor*, to his Country dear,
And *Oſith* dy'd, by his projected Spear.

Octa, enrag'd to ſee the numerous Spoils
Round *Cadwall* ſpread, ſprung thro' the thronging Files;
Ruſhing with Fury on, and threatning high
He thus aloud, did to the *Briton* cry:
Cadwall, on me let all your Force be ſpent,
Hither be all your pointed Javelins ſent.
Here ſee a Foe that will your Pride abate,
Or in the glorious Combate meet his Fate.
At this his maſſy Spear with Vigour ſent,
Thro' Valiant *Cadwalls* ſhining Buckler went:
Thro' all the Plates of Braſs, and all the Plies
Of thick Bull's Hyde, th' impetuous Weapon flies;
Which bruis'd his Thigh, and ſpringing from his Veins,
A Crimſon ſtream his poliſh'd Armour ſtains.
Cadwall incens'd, his Spear at *Octa* flung,
Which in his temper'd Shield arreſted hung.
A ſecond hiſſing weapon *Octa* caſt,
Which th' interpoſing Buckler never paſt,
But glancing on the Steel, away it flew,
And with an oblique Stroke, *Idwallo* ſlew.
Then *Cadwall* chaf'd, exerting all his Force,
His ſecond ſends, with unreſiſted Courſe:
Thro' *Octa*'s brazen Shield it Paſſage found,
Inflicting on his Side, a painful Wound.
Their miſſive Weapons ſpent with equal Chance,
To cloſer Fight the Combatants advance.

Equal

Equal in Strength, alike in Combate brave,
Their Swords on high, like circling Flames they wave.
Both traverſing the Ground for Fight prepare,
And with Heroic Ardor meet the War.
And *Octa* firſt diſcharg'd a noble Stroke
On *Cadwalls* Creſt, which thro' his Helmet broke:
Cadwall amaz'd; recoyl'd, and backwards reel'd,
And ſcarce his Spear his tott'ring Limbs upheld.
A loud Applauſe rang thro' the ſhouting Hoſt;
The *Britons* rag'd, and thought their Hero loſt:
But he recov'ring from th' amazing Blow,
Collects his Strength to meet the inſulting Foe.
His brandiſh'd Blade fell with prodigious Sway,
And thro' the yielding Cuiraſſe, forc'd its Way.
The gaping Wound pour'd out a Vital Tyde,
And Crimſon Streams his burniſh'd Armour dy'd.
Octa his wounded Body wreaths in Pain,
And viewing on his Limbs the Bloody Stain,
With angry Eyes calls back his Life again.
And then aſſaults the Foe with doubled Rage,
Who meets his Arms, as eager to engage.
Freſh Strokes, freſh Wounds, they give on either ſide,
While Vict'ry does for neither Sword decide.
Weak with their Wounds, and with bruis'd Armour pain'd,
An equal, noble Combate they maintain'd.
Feeble and Breathleſs ſtill they kept the Field,
Unable more their blunted Arms to wield.

And now the Throng ruſh'd in, the Combat done,
By neither Hero loſt, by neither won:
And rending with their Shouts the tortur'd Air,
Back to their Files, the Combatants they bear.
So when two Valiant Cocks in *Albion* bred,
That from th' inſulting Conquerour never fled:

A Match in Strength, in Courage, and in Age,
And with keen Weapons arm'd alike Engage;
Each other they aſſault with furious Beaks,
And their trim'd Plumes diſtain with bloody Streaks.
Each nimble Warriour from the Pavement bounds,
And wing'd with Death, their Heels deal ghaſtly Wounds.
By turns they take, by turns fierce Strokes they give,
And with like Hopes and Fears, for Conqueſt ſtrive.
Both obſtinate maintain the Bloody Field,
Both can in Combat dye, but neither yield.
Till with their bleeding Wounds grown weak and faint,
And choak'd with flowing Gore they gaſp, and pant:
Diſabled on the Crimſon Floor they ly,
Both Honour win, but neither Victory.

Then *Morogan*, his Javelin in his Hand,
Charg'd the fierce Troops where *Ella* did Command.
Wigmunda, firſt his deadly Weapon felt,
Who on the flowry Banks of *Oza* dwelt,
Faln on the ground, the *Saxon* groan'd aloud,
And dying, lay deform'd with Duſt and Blood.
Next *Ethelbright* he ſlew, the Javelin paſt,
Thro' the brave Leader's Hand, where ſticking faſt,
He from the Battel fled, and thro' the throng,
Complaining loud, trail'd the huge Spear along.
To fight the *Briton*, *Thedred* did advance,
And in his Buckler broke his pondrous Lance:
High in the Air the ſcatter'd pieces flew,
When *Morogan*, his ample Fauchion drew;
He miſt the mighty ſtroke aim'd at his Creſt,
But Cleft his Shoulder down into his Cheſt:
Thro' the prodigious Wound, a Sea of Blood
Spouts from his Veins, and down his Armour flow'd,

Weltring in Gore, upon the Ground he ſtretcht,
And his laſt Breath in thick Convulſions fetcht.
Next he his Spear at great *Merthellan* throws,
Thro' Breaſt, and Back the deadly Weapon goes.
Then warlike *Ella*, with exceſſive Rage
All fir'd, advanc'd the *Briton* to engage.
As two chaf'd Lyons on a *Lybian* Plain,
Contending which ſhall o'er the Deſart reign,
With raging Eyes, and fierce erected Hair,
Scowr o'er the Sands, to meet the horrid War;
So furious *Ella*, and great *Morogan*,
Eager of Conqueſt, to the Combat ran.
The *Saxon* firſt his maſſy Javelin flung,
With the vaſt Stroke, the *Briton*'s Target rung,
The temper'd Steel the Weapon did repel,
Which flew aſide, and at a Diſtance fell.
The *Briton* next, did his bright Javelin throw,
Ella his Head inclin'd, eludes the Blow.
Ella with all his Might his ſecond caſt,
Which miſt, but ſtroke the Plume off, as it paſt.
The *Briton* ſtoop'd, and lifted from the Field
A pond'rous Stone, which both his Hands did weild;
So vaſt, that two in our degenerate Days,
Tho Men of Strength, the like can ſcarcely raiſe;
With all his Strength he throws the craggy Stone,
Which thro' King *Ella's* Leg-piece, cruſh'd the Bone;
The wounded Warriour fell upon the Plain;
Adda advanc'd the Conqueror to ſuſtain;
While *Gomel* with his Men did *Ella* bear
From the hot Place of Action, to the Rear,
Where Charioteer, and Steeds, and Chariot ſtay,
Waiting his coming from the Bloody Day.
Mean Time great *Morogan*, had *Adda* ſlain,
The Spear had thro' his Forehead pierc'd his Brain.

Biting

Biting the Ground, th' expiring *Saxon* lies,
And Death's unwelcome ſhade o'erſpreads his Eyes.
And with like Courage, and with like Succeſs,
The brave Prince *Conan*, did the *Saxons* preſs
Which *Oſred* led; great Numbers he deſtroy'd,
Whoſe putrid Blood, the ſlipp'ry Field annoy'd.
Sefred, *Carantes*, *Molinoc* he ſlew,
And *Ethelfrid*, in Arms ſurpaſs'd by few.
Oſwy, and *Baſſa*, all of warlike Fame,
And many more, of unrecorded Name.
Thus Valiant *Conan*, triumph'd in the Field,
And all he met, did to his Courage yield.
Until a ſculking, unknown hand, at laſt
Did unperceiv'd, a pointed Javelin caſt.
Deep in his Arm, th' inglorious Weapon goes,
His Wound the Blood upon his Armour ſhows,
He drew the Steel out, from his bleeding Veins,
And from the Field, retir'd in tort'ring Pains.

Mean time, out-number'd in another part,
Macor's *Danmonian* Troops began to ſtart.
Macor to ſtop their ignominious Flight,
And give them Spirit to renew the Fight;
Now ſharp Reproaches us'd, and bitter Threats,
And now with Prayers he earneſtly intreats.
Enrag'd, aſhamed, and fearing open Rout,
Exclaiming loud, he wildly flew about.
He ſtays them with his Hands, and Voice, and Eyes,
And to confirm their ſinking Courage, cries,
Whither will my *Danmonians* madly run,
And leave behind a Victʼry almoſt won?
What pannick Fear does my brave Friends invade?
Till now, you never knew to be afraid.

Think on the Brav'ry you have always ſhown,
And Laurels you and your great Fathers won.
By their great Deeds, and yours, by *Cador*'s Name,
By all my Hopes and yours which are the ſame:
By the *Danmonian* Fame, I all conjure
Truſt not to Flight, your Arms muſt you ſecure.
Who will maintain their Ground, if you recoil?
Thus do you mean to guard your Native Soil?
To what new Seats will you from *Albion* fly?
Or will you in the Rocks and Mountains ly?
Britons return from your inglorious Flight,
Rally your Forces, and renew the Fight.
To Safety, and to Fame the way I'll ſhow,
See, here it lies, acroſs the thickeſt Foe.

He ſaid, and ſtraight amidſt the Troops he flew,
Oſher the firſt he met, the firſt he ſlew.
He pierc'd his Belly thro' the yielding Shield,
And out his Bowels guſh'd upon the Field.
To aid his Friend, conſtant *Eballan* flies,
But wounded by the *Briton*, with him dies.
Then while *Adulphas*, *Bertham*'s Offspring ſtands,
Poiſing a pondrous Stone in both his Hands,
The mighty Fragment of a craggy Rock,
And aim'd at *Macor*'s Head, a deadly Stroke:
Thro' his pierc'd Side the Javelin made its way,
And buried, in his bleeding Liver lay.
Then you brave Youths, *Egbert*, and *Alopas*,
Both noble Branches of great *Horſa*'s Race,
Their Age the ſame, the ſame their youthful Charms,
Fell in the *Britiſh* Fields by *Macor*'s Arms.
This 'twixt the Ribs receiv'd the fatal Dart,
Where tranſverſe Bounds the Breaſt and Belly part;

Lopt from the Shoulder with a fearful Wound,
T'other's Right Arm lay quivering on the Ground.

Now the *Danmonians* who began to run,
Seeing the Wonders by their Leader done,
With Shame and generous Indignation burn,
And to the War with doubled Rage return.
Then *Macor* let his Spear at *Redwall* fly,
In his bright Chariot, paſſing ſwiftly by.
It paſs'd his Shield, and went into his Reins,
A Purple Flood, ſprings from his wounded Veins,
And mixt with Duſt, the fervid Wheels detains.
Projected headlong on the Ground he lay,
Fetch'd a deep Groan, and gaſp'd his Life away.
With like Succeſs his Men no more afraid,
Of *Saxon* Arms, their thickeſt Files invade.
So when diſſolv'd by Summer Rays, the Snow
Do's down the Sides of *Alpine* Mountains flow,
Below the ſeveral Rills, and Currents joyn,
And different Streams in one great Flood combine:
Then do's the Deluge rear its foaming Head,
O'erflow the Banks, and o'er the Meadows ſpread.
No lofty Mounds arreſt th' inſulting Tide,
But o'er the flowry Vale, the Waves triumphant ride.
So the *Danmonian* ſcatter'd Troops unite,
And with aſſociate Arms, revive the Fight.

Here to reſtrain *Macor*'s Victorious Courſe,
Bartha, oppos'd a freſh collected Force.
From his ſtrong Arm his ſinging Javelin flew,
And paſſing thro' his Neck *Guitardan* ſlew.
He hurl'd his Ball of Iron at the Head
Of ſtout *Gomallador*, and ſtruck him dead.

His Helm in Pieces flew, his Bones were craſh'd,
And from his Scull his Blood and Brains were daſh'd.
Macor incens'd, advances to the Fight,
And pray'd to Heav'n, to guide his Weapon right;
Nor did he pray in vain, th' unerring Dart
Transfixt his Breaſt, and ſunk into his Heart.
Strong *Bartha* fell, the Blood his Armour ſtains,
And ſhivering Death crept cold along his Veins.

But to revenge ſo great a Captain's Fall,
Lothar aloud does on his *Saxons* call.
Firſt *Lodoic* he ſlew, who ſtood the Shock,
Of War before unſhaken as a Rock.
Strong *Mandubrace*, of whom the *Britons* tell
Such mighty Deeds, by the brave *Saxon* fell.
Beauteous *Codunan* the *Silurians* Pride,
And warlike *Hanomer* together dy'd.
Their Leaders brave alike, alike enrag'd,
The *Britons*, and the *Saxons* cloſe engag'd,
An obſtinate, and bloody Fight maintain,
And heaps of Dead, ly thick upon the Plain.
Dark Clouds of Duſt thro' th' airy Region fly,
And warlike Noiſe bounds from the vaulted Sky.
Helms mix with Helms, and Arms with Arms unite
Their bright Reflexion, to oppreſs the Sight.
Now Man at Man, Squadrons at Squadrons ruſh,
And Files at Files with Spears protended puſh.
Swords claſh with Swords, Bucklers on Bucklers bray,
And thro' the Field a horrid Din convey.
Slaughter and Death in dreadful Pomp appear,
And Brains and Gore, the ſlippery Field beſmear.
So when two adverſe Tides their Waves advance,
With equal Fury, and with equal Chance;
The foaming Forces, doubtful Fight maintain,
Where both by Turns loſe, what by Turns they gain.

On this Side now retreats the vanquiſh'd Tide,
And on its back th' inſulting Billows ride.
Rallying its roaring Troops with ſwift Career,
It ſoon returns, and reaſſumes the War.
The Conquerour before is forc'd to yield,
And rolling back its Waves deſerts the Field.
Alternate Conqueſt, and alternate Flight,
Between the Foes prolong a doubtful Fight.
So thick the Troops, ſo faſt and cloſe were preſt,
The wedg'd Battalions ſtanding Breaſt to Breaſt,
They ſcarce have ſpace their Hands or Arms to move,
But like contending Waves each other ſhove.
Here *Macor* urges, preſſes, and invades,
Here *Lothar* ſtops him with his ſtrong Brigades;
Equal in Arms, in Beauty, and in Age,
But not allow'd each other to engage.
On both the valiant Youths a different Fate,
From a far greater Foe does ſhortly wait.

King *Cerdick* then advanc'd, exclaiming loud,
And with his rapid Chariot cuts the Crowd.
And to the Troops that ſtopt his way, he cry'd
Open to right and left, your Ranks divide,
Macor, and I this Conteſt will decide.
Nor did the *Saxon* Troops his Will oppoſe,
But open, and an ample Space diſcloſe.
Then leaping to the Ground his ponderous Oak,
Pointed with poliſh'd Steel, he threatning ſhook.
At ſuch a Sight th' amaz'd *Danmonians* ſtart,
And their chill Blood congeal'd about their Heart.
Macor undaunted, traverſes the Ground,
And at the *Saxon* aims a fatal Wound.
Then thro' the Air his Spear projected flew,
And from its Sheath his flaming Sword he drew.

The

The Bucklers Brims the glancing Weapons raz'd
And flying off, on the right Shoulder graz'd.
Then *Cerdick*'s Javelin pois'd, and aim'd with Care,
Flew from his Arm, and hiſſing cut the Air:
Who cry'd out as it went, go ſwiftly fly,
And the hard Metal of his Armour try.
While *Cerdick* thus inſults th' impetuous Oak,
Thro' Buckler, Coat of Mail and Cuiraſs broke,
And pierc'd his Breaſt where the deep Springs abide,
Whence Life leaps out upon its circ'ling Tide.
The Vital Streams thro' his bruis'd Armour ſpout,
While he in vain wreſts the warm Weapon out.
After the parting Dart, together crowd
From the wide Wound, his Soul, and Life, and Blood.
He fell, his Arms upon his Armour rung,
And Death in cold Embraces round him clung.
Thus fell the brave *Danmonian* who had ſlain,
Such Numbers pil'd on Heaps upon the Plain.
His Friends with Sighs, and Tears upon a Shield,
Bear his Pale Corps off from the bloody Field.

Cerdic his Weapon warm with *Macor's* Blood,
Advanc'd with Fury not to be withſtood.
With his drawn Sword he does the Foe invade,
And midſt their Ranks prodigious Havock made.
The *Britons* all enrag'd at *Macor's* Fall,
With Showers of Darts the raging *Saxon* gaul.
On every Side the Monarch they aſſail,
With thick Brigades, but cannot yet prevail.
As when a mighty *Stag*, that long had ſtood,
The unmoleſted Monarch of the Wood,
Safe in its Coverts, and protecting Shade,
Againſt the Foe, that would his Peace invade:

If at an ancient Oak, he ſtands at laſt,
At Bay, by furious Dogs too cloſely chas'd;
Fearleſs he looks, and to his clam'rous Foes,
Does his thick Grove of Native Arms oppoſe.
The Dogs with diſtant Cries infeſt his Ears,
And from afar the Huntſmen caſt their Spears.
None daring to approach the generous Beaſt,
Project aloof their Darts againſt his Breaſt;
Thus *Cerdick* ſtood, nor dar'd the boldeſt Knight,
Advance to undertake a cloſer Fight.
They caſt their Darts at diſtance, and from far,
Shower on his brazen Shield a ratling War.
With their loud Cries the ambient Air they rend,
And raging, all their miſſive Weapons ſpend.

Mean time around, King *Cerdick's* Jav'lins flew,
And *Arthurs* Men, with vaſt Deſtruction ſlew.
Cadwan he kill'd, whoſe Arms great Fame had won,
And *Vortiger* great *Ganumara's* Son.

Then *Vogan* fell, and *Ottocar*, who trace
Their high Deſcent from *Hoel's* ancient Race.
Great Numbers dy'd where the chaf'd *Saxon* flew,
And with his Sword cut his wide Paſſage thro'.
So when a generous Bull for Clowns Delight,
Stands with his Line reſtrain'd prepar'd for Fight.
Hearing the Youth's loud Clamours, and the Rage,
Of barking Maſtives eager to engage;
He ſnuffs the Air, and paws the trembling Ground,
Views all the Ring, and proudly walks it round.
Defiance lowring on his brinded Brows,
A round diſdainful Looks, the griſly Warriour throws.
His haughty Head inclin'd with eaſie Scorn,
Th' invading Foe high in the Air is born,
Toſt from the Combatant's victorious Horn.

Rais'd

Rais'd to the Clouds, the ſprawling Maſtives fly,
And add new Monſters to th' affrighted Sky.
The clam'rous Youth, to aid each other call,
On their broad Backs to break their Fav'rites Fall.
Some ſtretcht out in the Field lie dead, and ſome
Dragging their Entrails on, run howling Home.
But if at laſt on all Sides he's engag'd,
By freſh and fiercer Foes, ſtrait all enrag'd
He flies about, ſome with his Horns he gores,
Some ſtrikes, and mov'd with Indignation roars.
With Diſproportion'd Numbers preſt at length,
He breaks his Chain collecting all his Strength.
Then Dogs and Maſters ſcar'd promiſcuous fly,
And fal'n in Heaps, the pale Spectators ly.
He walks in Triumph, nods his conquering Head,
And proudly views the Spoils about him ſpread.

Hyalca fell, a Lord of *Neuſtrian* Birth,
Struggling with Death he bites the hoſtile Earth.
Rivollan dies, the brave *Armorican*,
Who ſwifter than a driving Tempeſt ran.
Mador, not daring *Cerdick* to engage
Fled from his Poſt to ſcape the Conquerors Rage.
Cerdick purſu'd him cloſe, exclaiming loud,
And to o'ertake him, breaks th' oppoſing Crowd.
As when a *Lion* on the Mountains ſpies,
A well grown *Stag*, his furious Briſtles riſe,
And yawning horribly, with Hunger preſt,
Away he flies to tear the trembling Beaſt:
He leaps upon him with his dreadful Paws,
And buries in his Sides his fearful Jaws.
So raging *Cerdick* flew ſaln *Mador* dies,
And everlaſting Night ſhuts up his Eyes.

Ludvallo

Ludvalla, from the high *Silurian* Hills
Eldubert ſlew, *Poel Edella* kills;
Chelrick-Adarc, *Tudor* pierc'd *Alwy* thro',
Oſwoll Pricarden, *Oven Kenſey* ſlew.
Bladoc kills *Athelmar* in ſingle Fight,
Of goodly Stature, and a Valiant Knight.
Edwin gave *Vortimer* his fatal Wound,
Who from his Steed, fell headlong to the Ground.
Lovellines Blood the great *Barnulfa* ſpills;
Kentwin Rodollan, *Pricel Uffa* kills.
Now equal Ruin Rag'd on either Side,
And Vict'ry mutual Favours did divide,
Flowing, and Ebbing with an equal Tide.
With like Succeſs, by turns the doubtful Field,
The Victors, and the vanquiſh'd, win and yield.
Such was the bloody Labour of the Day,
And in ſuch even Scales their Fortune lay.

Now certain Fame had reach'd Prince *Arthur*'s Ear,
That his lov'd *Macor* dy'd by *Cerdick*'s Spear.
No Tydings more his Fury could provoke,
Or ſtrike into his Breaſt a deeper Stroke.
His Looks reveal'd his Wound, and Grief, and Rage,
His conquering Arms in deep Revenge engage.
With his refulgent Sword he hew'd his way,
Like Graſs mown down the ſlaughter'd *Saxons* lay.
His Stroaks are all as ſure, as thoſe of Fate,
And Death and Vict'ry on his Progreſs wait.
His Arms the Field with vaſt Deſtruction clear;
Wide Lanes made by his Sword, and ſpacious Voids appear.
Thro' their thick Ranks the raging Tempeſt flies,
And fearful Ruin all around him lies.

In vain his fatal Javelin never flew,
Ebiſſa, *Edgar*, *Ethelburg* he ſlew;
And *Ethelwoll*, who fled the Conquerors Sight,
But the ſwift Dart o'ertook him in his Flight.

His deadly Spear at *Kenfred* was deſign'd,
Who ſtooping down the hiſſing Death declin'd:
Then at the Conqu'ror's Feet he proſtrate falls,
And in ſad Accents for Compaſſion calls.
Spare, God-like *Briton*, and let *Kenfred* live,
Me to my Father and my Children give:
Treaſures immenſe of Silver and of Gold,
My Iron Cheſts, and buried Coffers hold;
Theſe Riches from the Sun, ſo long conceal'd,
Shall to diſcharge my Ranſome be reveal'd.
Mine's but a ſingle Life, if that be ſpar'd,
It can't the Progreſs of your Arms retard;
On this does not depend your Empire's Fate,
Nor can my Life or Death affect your State.

He ſaid, to whom the *Britiſh* Prince reply'd,
The Silver and the Gold your Cellars hide,
You to your Sons and Daughters muſt bequeath,
Expect your ſelf, the preſent ſtroke of Death.
That ſaid, he took his Helmet by the Creſt,
And drawing back his Head, into his Breaſt
Up to the Hilts, he plung'd his fatal Sword,
And from the Wound a Crimſon River pour'd.
Colmar, hard by *Odin's* and *Frea's* Prieſt,
Diſtinguiſh'd by his Dreſs, from all the reſt,
And by the Garland round his Temples known,
In glitt'ring Arms, and ſplendid Garments ſhone:
Up flew his Heels while from the Field he fled,
Nazaleod ſet his Foot, upon his Head,

And ſtruck into the Ground, quite thro' his Breaſt
His pointed Spear, and his rich Spoils poſſeſt.
Then *Arthur* with his Spear, pierc'd *Rufa* thro';
Then *Oſmar*, *Seward*, *Ethellar* he ſlew,
Oſa, *Beorno*, *Kendred*, *Ediſwall*,
Penda, *Kenelmar*, *Osbert*, *Ethelbal*.
Pale *Oſwald* fled, the Conqu'rour to prevent,
But thro' his Back the ſwifter Javelin went.
His flaming Sword did ne'er in vain deſcend,
But ſure Deſtruction did its Sway attend.
The reeking Conquerour in Triumph reign'd,
Glutted with Slaughter, and with Blood diſtain'd.
Th' unnumber'd Dead, that round the *Briton* lay,
More than their living Troops, obſtruct his way.
To reach their Men, that from his Fury fled,
He climbs their ſlaughter'd Piles, and ſcales the Dead.
Sometimes the *Saxons* with new Fury burn,
And rallying Squadrons to the War return:
They pour around the Prince their numerous Swarms,
And ſtrive to cruſh him with unequal Arms.
As when Tempeſtuous Storms o'erſpread the Skies,
In whoſe dark Bowels inborn Thunder lies;
The watry Vapours numberleſs, conſpire
To ſmother, and oppreſs th' impriſon'd Fire:
Which thus collected, gathers greater Force,
Breaks out in Flames, and with impetuous Courſe,
From the Cloud's gaping Womb, in Light'ning flies,
Flaſhing in ruddy Streaks, along the Skies.
So *Arthur*'s flaming Sword, cuts thro' the Cloud
Around him ſpread, and rends th' oppoſing Crowd.
With daz'ling Arms, he flies upon the Foe,
Flaſhes amidſt the throngs, and terribly Thunders thro'.

Authum and *Alfrid*, with freſh Troops ſuſtain,
Their ſtagg'ring Squadrons, and the War maintain:
To theſe Prince *Arthur* wing'd with Fury flew,
And firſt ſtout *Alfrid* with his Spear he ſlew:
Thro' the left Groin, the Weapon made its Way,
And ſtretcht along the Ground, the bleeding *Saxon* lay.
At *Authum's* Creſt he dealt a furious Stroke,
The *Saxon* totter'd at th' amazing Shock,
And fell upon his Knee, and while he pray'd,
And for his Life, would many Things have ſaid;
His ſever'd Head off, from his Shoulders flies,
And bounded on the Field, his Body lies
At a great Diſtance, quivering on the Ground,
And Streams of Blood ſpring from his ghaſtly Wound.
As when the Summer's ſoultry Heats, draw forth
Th' exhaling Moiſture, from the thirſty Earth;
When ſcorching Rays the gaping Plains have fry'd,
And from their Banks contracted Streams ſubſide:
If then a Fire invades a ſpacious Wood,
Where ancient Oaks have long ſecurely ſtood,
The conquering Flames advance with lawleſs Power,
And with contagious Heat the Trees devour.
The ſpreading Burning lays the Forreſt waſte,
And ſooty Spoils lie ſmoaking where it paſt.
So *Arthur* with reſiſtleſs Rage, around
Deſtroys, and loads with ſlaughter'd Heaps the Ground.
Next did the Prince at bold *Edburga* aim,
Who from the fertile Banks of *Abum* came,
Prince *Unna's* Son to vaſt Poſſeſſions born,
Broad Flowers of Gold his ſhining Coat adorn;
The piercing Steel deep in his Boſom ſunk,
And Life's pure Stream at the warm Fountain drunk.

His

His Arms did next valiant *Titullan* meet,
Who fell and quiver'd at the Conquerour's Feet.
Oſrick, and beauteous *Hengiſt* next appear,
The firſt his Fauchion ſlew, the laſt his Spear.
Next ſtout *Eldanor* did his Fate provoke,
And off his Head flew, at a ſingle Stroke.
And next he threw at *Labert*, as he fled,
The Weapon ſtruck him, as he turn'd his Head;
In Gore and Brains the glitt'ring Javelin reeks,
And from his Veins a Purple Torrent breaks.

Mean time King *Cerdic* did around deſtroy,
And with thick Deaths his maſſy Fauchion cloy.
Him from afar the *Britiſh* Hero ſpies,
And wing'd with Fury to aſſault him flies,
Cerdick mean time undaunted did appear,
And forward ſtep't, ſhaking his dreadful Spear.
Like one of *Anak's* mighty Sons he ſtalk'd,
Or ſome tall Oak, that after *Orpheus* walk'd.
Fixt like a vaſt *Coloſſus* by his Weight,
He ſtood, expecting his approaching Fate.
Lowring, like riſing Tempeſts from afar,
He rages, and invites th' advancing War.
Now the *Britannic* Hero did appear,
Within the Reach of his prodigious Spear:
King *Cerdic* curſt, and by his Gods defy'd
The *Briton*, and aloud to *Odin* cry'd;
The glitt'ring Arms by this gay Robber worn,
Great *Odin* ſoon thy Temple ſhall adorn:
Aſſiſt great Founder of our State the Dart
I caſt, and guide it to his impious Heart.
Then from his vig'rous Arm his maſſy Spear
Projected ſung, and hiſs'd along the Air:

Off

Off from the temper'd Shield the Weapon flew,
Wounded *Glendoran*, and *Atantor* ſlew.
Then his long Spear the pious *Briton* caſt,
Th' impetuous Steel, thro' all the Thickneſs paſt
Of Brazen Plates, rowl'd Linnen, tough Bulls Hide,
And entring deep, did in his Groin abide.
The fainting *Saxon* fell upon his Knees,
Pain'd with his ghaſtly Wound, and trembling ſees
The Conquering Prince advancing to aſſwage,
By ſtriking off his Head, his veng'ful Rage.
Here the brave *Lothar*, that had Wonders done,
And by his Arms immortal Praiſes won,
For thro' the Hoſt, the loud Applauſes rung
Of mighty Deeds, atchiev'd by one ſo young;
Tranſported with his pious Care, to bring
Aſſiſtance to his Uncle, and his King;
Spur'd his hot Courſer on, and forwards preſt
Offring to *Arthur's* Arms, his valiant Breaſt.
He bravely undertook th' unequal Foe,
To ward from *Cerdic's* Head the fatal Blow.
Then his long Spear he threw, with Manly Force,
But *Arthur's* Buckler ſtop'd th' impetuous Courſe:
Th' applauding *Saxons* gave a Shout to ſee
The Noble Youth's exceſſive Bravery.
But to his Prince's Aid in vain he flies,
Who by his former Wound expiring lies,
And everlaſting Sleep ſhuts up his Eyes.

But then the *Britiſh* Hero's Javelin fled
At *Lothar*, but it pierc'd his Courſer's Head:
Rais'd in the Air upright, the gen'rous Beaſt,
Gather'd his ſhiv'ring Feet up to his Breaſt,
Then ſpringing ſtrook them out, and ſtagg'ring round
Fell head-long with his Rider to the Ground.

A mighty Groan the dying Courſer fetcht,
And on the Ground a Breathleſs Carcaſs ſtretcht.
And here Immortal *Elda*, ſhall my Verſe,
Thy unexampled Deed of Love reherſe:
Love which will univerſal Wonder raiſe,
And ſcarcely find Belief in future Days.
For whilſt the *Britiſh* Hero ſtep'd with Speed,
To take off, with his Fauchion, *Lothar*'s Head,
Who with his Steed oppreſt, and wounded lies,
Fair *Elda* ruſh'd between, and thus ſhe cries:
Before your fatal Sword takes *Lothar*'s Life,
Victorious Prince, hear his unhappy Wife.
Faln on her Knees ſhe did her Helm unlace,
And ſhew'd the charming Beauties of her Face:
The blooming Looks of Spring, and lovely Red
Of opening Roſes on her Cheeks were ſpread.
Her Eyes that ſparkled like the Stars above,
Appear'd both th' Armory, and Throne of Love:
Where thouſands of alluring Graces wait,
And mingling Charms form Love's triumphal State.
Bright *Ethelina* her, and all excell'd,
She the next Place in Beauty's Empire held.
Nor did her Looks, leſs Admiration move,
While wild Confuſion, Sorrow, Fear and Love,
With beauteous Conflict, for the Victʼry ſtrove.
A Shower of Tears flow'd down her lovely Face,
Which from her Grief, receiv'd yet ſweeter Grace.

At the great Conq'rour's Feet ſhe threw her Charms,
And lifting up to Heav'n, her ſnowy Arms,
Aloud ſhe ſpoke, a wretched Woman's Prayer
Great *Briton* hear, and my dear *Lothar* ſpare.

Since

Since firſt his Bride, within his Arms I lay,
Scarce two full Golden Months are ſtoln away,
Which in Love's Calendar ſcarce make a Day.
With Prayers, and Tears, and tender Words I ſtrove,
And all th' ingaging Arts of mournful Love;
To keep him from the Dangers of the Field,
And when th' obdurate Man refus'd to yield,
About him my deſpairing Arms I flung,
And on his Neck, o'erwhelm'd with Grief I hung.
I then conjur'd him, to avoid with Care,
Your fatal Arms, ſo much renown'd in War.
Away he goes, and as he ſaid, adieu,
He touch'd my Life, and my ſtretcht Heart-ſtrings drew:
For ſtill I fear'd that the Heroick Fire,
And thirſt of Fame, that did his Soul inſpire,
Would make him think no Dangers were too great,
Till ruſhing on your Arms, he urg'd his Fate.
My conſcious Fears, this ſad Event preſag'd,
If e'er with you, in Combat he engag'd.
Therefore in Arms I did my Limbs diſguiſe,
And undertook this dangerous Enterprize,
That if he raſhly ſought ſo great a Foe,
I might between him, and your fatal Blow,
My Boſom interpoſe, and in my Heart
To ſave his dearer Life, receive the Dart:
Or if Occaſion were, to intercede,
As now I do, and for his Safety plead.

I pray by all that is to Mortals dear,
By all the Gods that you, and we revere;
Let this ſad Object your Compaſſion move,
Regard his Valour, and regard my Love.
Oh! Let his hapleſs Fate your Soul incline,
Pity his blooming Youth, or pity mine.

Oh,

Oh, melt beneath divine Compaſſion's Charms,
Let not your Breaſt be harder than your Arms.
Save his dear Life, he of his Noble Line
The only Branch remains, as I, of mine.
Chriſtians profeſs Compaſſion, Mercy, Love,
Sure ſuch Diſtreſs ſhould thoſe kind Paſſions move.
Sheath in my Breaſt the Sword, and take my Breath,
But Oh, preſerve this wondrous Youth from Death.
My ſelf will to my Veins the Sword apply,
And to prolong his Life will gladly dy.
Hear pious Prince, his aged Father hear,
Who thus entreats, or would if he were here:
Oh, ſpare the ſpring of all my Hopes and Fears,
The only Prop of my declining Years:
Your fatal Sword deep in my Bowels ſheath,
And for the Son's, accepts the Father's Death.
If great Poſſeſſions, or if Gold would buy,
His far more precious Life, he ſhall not dy,
His Father will a mighty Ranſome give,
And mine as much, ſay but the Youth ſhall live.
Let us your Priſoners be in Chains confin'd,
The Chains of Love will make thoſe ſofter bind:
There his dear preſence I may ſtill enjoy,
And for his Eaſe my thoughtful Cares employ.
Free from the Noiſe of War, and anxious Fears,
I'll kiſs his Wounds, and waſh them with my Tears;
I'll watch his midnight Slumbers, and by Day,
My Love ſhall Solace to his Grief convey.
Let him be baniſh'd from the *Britiſh* Iſle,
I'll go, and ſhare the lovely Wand'rer's Toil.
I'll follow thro' the ſwarthy, burning Zone,
No Flames can ſcorch me, fiercer than my own.
Our tender Words the ſavage Kind will move,
They'll ſtand, and gaze, and wonder at our Love.

Th' inhoſpitable Deſart will appear,
A flowry Paradiſe, when he is there.
O'er Snows with him and Hills of Ice I'll ſtray,
I know not how, but Love will find the way.
If his ſharp Keel ſhall cut the Foaming Tide,
In the ſame Bark I'll on the Billows ride.
No ſtormy Winds my ſtable Soul ſhall move,
Or ſhake the ſtrong Foundations of my Love.
But hurried with diſtracting Fears away,
And wild with Grief, I know not where to ſtay,
And in a Maze of Thought I loſe my Way.
Oh! let your generous Pity calm the ſtrife
In my toſt Soul, and ſave his precious Life.
Thus you'll not only Triumph o'er your Foe,
But o'er your ſelf, and your own Vict'ry too.

Thus *Elda* pray'd, nor did ſhe pray in vain,
Her tender Accents did Admiſſion gain,
To the relenting Prince's generous Breaſt,
Who thus the beauteous Supplicant addreſt.

This unexampled Effort of your Love,
Does equal Wonder and Compaſſion move.
True Chriſtian Captains are both brave and good,
Vict'ry purſue, but not with Thirſt of Blood.
Revenge and Cruelty we diſavow,
And only juſt and generous Arms allow.
Go, to your Tears your *Lothar*'s Life I give,
Pleas'd with each others Love together live.

Then *Cerdick* ſlain on whom they truſted moſt,
A ſhivering Fear ran thro' the *Saxon* Hoſt.
The *Britons* now believ'd the Battel won,
And ſure of Conqueſt on their Squadrons run.

Prince

Prince *Arthur* at their Head breaks thro' their Files,
And covers all the Plain with Hoſtile Spoils.
The *Saxon* Troops diſmay'd, began to yield,
And to the raging Conquerour leave the Field.

Mean time the Prince of Hell, who anxious ſtood,
And from his Hill the bloody Labour view'd.
Seeing the *Saxon* Troops at laſt give way,
Reſolves the *Britons* Progreſs to delay.
That thro' the *Angelick Guards* he might eſcape,
His Form he chang'd to a fair *Seraph's* Shape.
A mild *Celeſtial* Youth he did appear,
Dreſt in pure Robes of white Empyreal Air.
What once he was, the Fiend ſeem'd charming bright,
Conceal'd in Beauty, and diſguis'd in Light.
Aſſuming meek and Heav'nly Looks he ſtrove,
To imitate the lovelieſt Face above.
Then taking from the Mountain's Top his Flight,
Did ſtraightway at th' *Angelick* Camp alight:
And thus transform'd thro' the bright Camp he went,
As an Expreſs from Heav'n to *Michael* ſent.
Along he march'd, and ſlily looking round,
While unobſerv'd, a fair Occaſion found
Of paſſing thro' their Lines, without Delay,
Swift as a Ray of Light, he ſhot away:
He mingles with the fighting Armies, where
He moulds to various Shapes, the thickn'd Air.
In *Sebert's* warlike Form he did appear,
With *Arthur's* gaſping Head upon his Spear;
Which newly ſever'd from his Body ſeems,
So freſh the Wound, ſo red the bloody Streams.
Britons he cry'd, learn hence your wretched State,
See your Deſtruction in your Leader's Fate.

The towring Hopes you vainly once conceiv'd,
Are ſunk, nor can your Ruin be retriev'd.
Whoſe Arms can guard your State now *Arthur*'s dead?
His Life, and with it, all your Strength is fled.
Fly *Britons* hence, and to your Hills repair,
Fly to your Woods, and in your Caves deſpair:
Protected in your Faſtneſſes remain,
Stay not t' encreaſe the Number of the Slain.
Cold to their Hearts this Sight and Language went,
And thro' their Veins a ſhivering Horrour ſent.
Confuſion and Deſpair their Souls oppreſt,
And their ſad Looks their inward Wound confeſt.
Urg'd with their Fear, their Troops began to fly,
And leave behind th' unfiniſh'd Victory.

Prince *Arthur*'s Breaſt with Indignation burn'd,
Who from the fierce Purſuit, reluctant turn'd
To ſtop his Army's Flight, ſtay, *Britons*, ſtay,
He cry'd, and blemiſh not this glorious Day.
Whence this Diſtraction, whence th' ungrounded Fear
And wild Deſpair, that in your Looks appear.
The Battel's won, the *Saxons* quit the Field,
And to your Arms a perfect Conqueſt yield.
Let not the vanquiſh'd Foe eſcape Purſuit,
The Vict'ry's yours, ſtay but to reap the Fruit.

While thus he ſpoke, the *Britons* ſtood amaz'd,
And on their Prince with Joy and Wonder gaz'd.
Their Grief diſpell'd, their dying Hopes revive,
And joyful Shouts proclaim the Prince alive.
Mean time the Sun declines, and dusky Night
Covers the *Saxons*, and protects their Flight.

Prince Arthur.

BOOK IX.

NOw did the beauteous *Morn* begin to riſe,
Streaking with Roſy Light the ſmiling Skies.
Prince *Arthur* roſe, and ſolemn Thanks addreſt
To Heav'n, that had his Arms with Conqueſt bleſt.
Then rode amidſt his Troops, and one by one,
Their Brav'ry prais'd, and Conduct lately ſhown:
Diſpenſing great Rewards thro' all the Hoſt,
To thoſe whoſe Courage was diſtinguiſh'd moſt.
The *Britons* in their turn expreſs their Zeal,
And to the Prince the higheſt Love reveal.
The Heav'n's around with Acclamations rung,
And loud Applauſes of the ſhouting Throng.
Then to the ſacred Temples they repair,
In joyful Crowds to offer Praiſe and Prayer:
In low proſtration, they the Soveraign Lord
Of Hoſts Exalt, and future Aid implor'd.
Soon as their Hymns of Heav'nly Praiſe were ſung,
High in the Temples they their Trophies hung;
Bruis'd Armour, broken Shields, and Standards torn
From the fierce Foe, the gilded Roofs adorn.
This Honour to th' Almighty *Saviour* done,
Prince *Arthur* to his *Britons* thus begun.

Thus far *Succeſs* and *Triumph* on us wait,
And to our Arms, preſage a proſperous Fate.

Pro-

Propitious Heav'n is to your Part inclin'd,
And ſtill more glorious *Victories* crowd behind.
The vanquiſh'd Foe can't long maintain the Field,
But muſt your raviſh'd Lands and Cities yield.
Chaſe anxious Thoughts far from your valiant Breaſt,
And on your Cauſe, and *Heav'n's* Protection reſt.
A perfect Conqueſt ſhall your Labours Crown,
And your Victorious Arms, regain your own.
Fear not the Relicks of a conq uer'd Foe,
Their tott'ring State, falls with another Blow.
Now let no *Funeral* Honours be deny'd,
To theſe brave Men, that for their Country dy'd:
Let us with Sighs and Tears lament their Fate,
Who fell, while ſtriving to ſupport our State.
Ages to come ſhall their great Virtue praiſe,
Viewing the Tombs that on their Graves you raiſe.

And firſt the Prince to the Pavilion went,
Whither brave *Macor*'s breathleſs Corps was ſent.
He lay extended on a Purple Bed,
With high rais'd Pillows, plac'd beneath his Head.
His Servants ſtanding round their Grief expreſt,
With old *Pendarvan* ſad above the Reſt.
Cador to him as to his faithful Friend,
For wiſe Inſtructions, did his Son commend;
His Counſels form'd his Youth, and did prepare
His Mind for all concerns of Peace, and War.
Now in his Face the deepeſt Grief appears,
He beats his Breaſt, and baths it with his Tears:
He wrings his Hands, and in his mournful Rage,
Tears off the hoary Honours of his Age.
Immoderate Grief in lamentable Sounds,
As *Arthur* enter'd, thro' the Room rebounds.

The pious Prince with heavy Sorrow preſt,
Burſt out in Tears, and thus his Grief expreſt.

Inexorable Death, at every Heart
Without diſtinction, ſhoots her fatal Dart.
Could Beauty, Courage, Virtue, Youthful Age
Move her Compaſſion, or divert her Rage;
Brave Youth, thou had'ſt eſcap'd, and liv'd to ſee
Our Triumphs, for a Victory due to thee:
But all thy Charms by ſtronger Fate o'ercome,
Could not reverſe th' irrevocable Doom.
Oh! thy ſad Sire, what ſwelling Grief will roll
Its ſtormy Tide o'er his afflicted Soul?
Can he the News of *Macor's* Death ſurvive,
Or me, with whom he truſted him, forgive?
T' allay the ſmart may the *Danmonians* tell,
How bravely *Macor* fought, how Great he fell.
And how my own with *Cador's* Grief contends,
He mourns the beſt of Sons, and I the beſt of Friends.
Our Hopes are gone, may the *Danmonians* Cry,
And what *Britannia* can thy Loſs ſupply?

Then to embalm the Prince he gave Command,
That he might ſend him to his Native Land.
Straight with hot Steams, they waſh his Body o'er,
And purge his Skin from Duſt and putrid Gore.
Then in *Arabian* Spices, fragrant Gums,
Rare Aromatick Oyls, and rich Perfumes,
They lay his Snowy Body, which they fold
In Bands of Linnen, round him often roll'd.
Then from his Troops a Thouſand Youths he choſe,
Which might a ſolemn Equipage compoſe
Which might accompany the Funeral State,
To the unhappy Father's Palace Gate.

Small

Small Comfort for ſo great a loſs, yet due
To the ſad Sire, and all the Prince could ſhew.
Forthwith the *Britons*, weave with bending Sprigs
Of Willow Trees, and tender Oaken twigs,
An eaſie Bier, and with ſoft Ruſhes ſpread,
Sweet Flowers, and fragrant Herbs, the lofty Bed.
The Roof on high freſh ſpreading Branches ſhade,
And here ſublime the hapleſs Youth was laid.
Such on the Ground the fading Roſe we ſee,
By ſome rude Blaſt, torn from the Parent Tree.
The *Daffodil* ſo leans his languid Head,
Newly mown down, upon his graſſy Bed.
Tho from the Earth no more ſupplies they gain,
Their ſplendid Form in part, and lovely Hue remain.
Then a rich Garment, glorious to behold,
Pond'rous with Orient Pearl, and ſtiff with Gold:
A noble Preſent from King *Odar's* Hand,
Receiv'd when *Arthur* left the *Neuſtrian* Land;
Upon the Bier his Royal Bounty threw,
The laſt Reſpect, which a ſad Friend could ſhew.
A noble Portion of the wealthy Prey,
And Spoils gain'd from the Foe, on Cars they lay;
With Arms, and Standards, which himſelf had won,
The Trophies of the Wonders he had done.

Now the magnificent, and pompous Woe,
Does from the Camp, in ſad Proceſſion go.
The lab'ring Axle mourns along the Road,
And groans beneath th' uncomfortable Load.
The Horſes ſlowly March, and mournful look,
As they their ſhare of Publick Sorrow took.
Pendarvin follows ſtooping with his years,
But more with Grief, and delug'd in his Tears.

Then

Then *Macor's Chariot* rolls, diſtain'd with Blood,
On which ſublime amidſt the War he rode.
His *War-horſe Rapa*, with black Trappings ſpread,
And he too ſeem'd to weep, is after led.
His *Arms* and poliſh'd *Armour* others bear,
His Golden *Spurs*, his *Helmet*, *Shield*, and *Spear*.
Then in long Order the *Danmonians* mourn'd,
Their *Spears* trail'd backward, and their *Bucklers* turn'd.

Then *Arthur* ſtood, and with ſad Accent ſpoke,
Thus far I mourn the Fate I can't revoke.
Back I am call'd where Arms and bloody Strife,
With more ſad Objects, muſt renew my Grief.
Farewel brave *Youth*, farewel, till we above,
Meet in the peaceful Realms, of *Light*, and *Love*.
He ſaid no more, but turn'd, and took his way
Back to the Camp, which lofty Works ſurvey.

Mean time ten *Orators* from *Octa* ſent,
Arriv'd, and waited at the Prince's Tent.
Their Embaſſy a Truce was to obtain,
To clear the Field, and to inter the ſlain.
They urg'd that all Hoſtilities ſhould ceaſe,
Againſt the Dead, who ought to reſt in Peace.
That all Heroick Conquerors ever gave,
To thoſe, from whom they took their Lives, a Grave.
The *Saxons* Prayer ſeem'd juſt, and ten days Truce,
Prince *Arthur* granted for this pious Uſe.

To *Cador's* Court the heavy Tydings came,
Born ſwiftly thither on the Wings of Fame.
Loud Lamentation thro' the Palace went,
And bitter Cries, gave their ſtrong Paſſion vent.

Officious Fame the diſmal News relates,
And univerſal Sorrow propagates.
Pale Faces, croſſing Arms, dejected Eyes,
O'erflowing Tears, and deep, deſpairing Sighs,
Compoſe a finiſh'd Scene of Blackeſt Woe,
The Tragick place does all ſad Figures ſhow.
The *Men* like pallid Ghoſts paſs ſilent by,
Women outrageous in their Sorrow cry
Macor is dead, our Hopes too with him dy.
Thro' all the Streets prodigious Numbers flow,
And pour'd out from the Gates, promiſcuous go,
To meet their Hero's *Herſe*, with flaming Brands,
And Pitchy Torches lighted in their Hands:
Which in long Order ſhone along the way,
Diſclos'd the Fields, and call'd back baniſh'd Day.
Soon as they ſpied the lofty *Herſe* from far,
Attended with the Pomp of mournful War;
A lamentable Cry the Valley fills,
Eccho repeats it louder in the Hills.
Wild with their Grief, diſtracted with Deſpair,
They ſtrike their throbing Breaſts, tear off their Hair,
And with their piercing Screams diſturb the Air.
Both Troops unite, Rivals in Love and Grief,
And the ſad Conqueſt ſeek with equal Strife.

As *Cador*'s Love, no Bounds his Sorrow knew,
Who from their Arms and Prayers diſtracted flew.
Cloſe in his Arms he did the *Corps* embrace,
Kiſs'd his cold Lips, and bath'd with Tears his Face.
A Scene ſo tender, ſuch a moving Sight,
Melts all their Hearts, and does freſh Grief invite;
Touch'd with Compaſſion to th' afflicted King,
From their exhauſted Eyes freſh Torrents ſpring.

When

When the fierce Tempeſt had its Fury broke,
With a deep Sigh th' unhappy *Monarch* ſpoke.
Oh, my dear Son! how mild had been my Doom,
Hadſt thou eſcap'd, I ſuffer'd in thy Room.
This Sight kills worſe than *Death*, Oh that the Dart
Had miſs'd thy Breaſt, and pierc'd thy *Father's* Heart!
Oh, that to ſee this fatal Hour I live!
And thee, and all that's dear in Life ſurvive!
How much I wiſh Life's tedious Journey done,
The empty Name remains, the thing is gone!
But ſure I ſhall not long thy Abſence mourn,
I'll haſt to thee, thou'lt not to me return.
My hoary Head with Sorrow to the Grave,
Makes haſt, the beſt Repoſe my Troubles crave.
Thrice happy *Wife* remov'd from us below,
You have no ſhare in this ſad Scene of Woe.
My ill preſaging Fears are now fulfill'd,
I ſtarted in my Sleep, and cry'd, my *Son* is kill'd.
I knew too well warm Blood and youthful Age,
Eager of Fame, and fir'd with Martial Rage,
His Arms in greateſt Danger would engage.
I pray'd, and oft conjur'd him to beware,
Not raſhly to provoke unequal War.
He promis'd me while on his Neck I wept,
But oh, how ill has he his Promiſe kept?
I can't reproach the pious *Arthur's* Name,
Nor on his Friendſhip ſworn reflect the Blame.
If by divine, unchangeable Decree,
Untimely Fate, *Macor*, attended thee;
'Tis beſt that thou art fal'n with ſuch Applauſe,
Aſſerting *Albion's* and the Chriſtian Cauſe.
But why do my Complaints thus endleſs grow,
And why thus tedious my loquacious Woe?

Why from new *Laurels*, ſhould I thus detain
Theſe valiant Troops, to hear my Sighs in vain?
Go, *Britons*, to your Prince, at your Return,
Tell him I live, but only live to mourn.
I groan beneath the heavieſt Load of Grief,
And ſpend in Tears my ſad Remains of Life.
May Heav'n his Arms with greater Triumph bleſs,
Great as his *Vertues*, let him meet Succeſs.
Mean time muſt we this laſt kind Office pay,
And *Macor*'s Body to the *Dome* convey;
Where his illuſtrious *Fathers* lie interr'd,
Who reign'd by Subjects lov'd, by Neighbours fear'd.

Soon as the *Sun* had with his early Ray
Depos'd the Shades, and re-enthron'd the Day;
The pious *Britons* their ſlain Friends inter,
And on their Graves due Honours they confer.
Some with their Spades, and with ſharp Axes wound
The groaning Earth, and caſting up the Ground,
They form deep Vaults, and ſubterranean Caves,
Then fill up with their Dead, the gaping Graves.
Some caſt up hilly Heaps, and Mounts of Sand,
Which for their Tombs, and Monuments might ſtand:
And to th' admiring *Britons* might declare,
In future Ages what their Fathers were.
Some Stones erect of a prodigious Size,
That bear the Hero's Glory to the Skies.

Mean time the *Saxons* bear away their Dead,
Whoſe putrid Heaps, the bloody Field o'erſpread.
Innumerable Piles they raiſe on high,
Which kindled, fill with Smoak and Flames the Sky.
With uncouth Cries, around the Fires they mourn,
Where vulgar *Dead*, in Heaps promiſcuous Burn.

The

The Lords, and Officers of high Command,
They ſend attended with a warlike Band,
Each to his City, there to be interr'd,
Where greater Funeral Pomp might be conferr'd.
But fair *Auguſta* chiefly flow'd with Tears,
Where Grief in all her mournful Looks appears.
Diſtracted with ungovernable Woe,
Into the Streets in Crowds the *Matrons* flow.
Confuſion in their Looks, and wild Deſpair,
They wring their Hands, and tear their flowing Hair.
Parents on *Children*, *Wives* on *Husbands* call,
Sons mourn their Fathers, Maids their Lovers fall.
For their dear Brothers, Siſters, Tears are ſpent,
Servants their Maſters, Friends their Friends lament.
All mingle Tears, their Cries together flow,
And form a hideous Harmony of VVoe.
Pale *Conſternation* ſate on every Face,
They fear'd the Prince would ſoon inveſt the Place.
They oft reproach'd their Monarchs Breach of word,
That had expos'd them to the Conquerour's Sword.
They wiſh'd that this Deſtructive War might ceaſe,
And *Ethelina* be the Bond of Peace.
Octa's Affairs in this ill State appear,
Such was their publick Grief, and ſuch their Fear.

Mean Time the *Briton* joyful Sports ordain'd,
For the great Victʼry by their Arms obtain'd.
For Horſemanſhip the *Britons* always fam'd,
To run a Courſe his generous Gifts inflam'd.
Deſire both of the Prize, and loud Applauſe,
The *Britiſh* Youth to mount their Courſers draws.
A neighbouring Hill aſcending high, but ſlow,
Survey'd the Valleys, with his lofty Brow.

Upon the flowry Top a ſpacious Down,
Extended lay, which ſhady Woods did crown.
The graſſy Plains, and riſing Groves appear,
Like a rich furniſh'd, native Theater:
Where *Sylvan* Scenes, their verdant Pomp diſplay,
And charming Proſpects to the Eye convey.
Soon as the Sun, had with his Roſie Light,
From the cold Air, diſpell'd the dewy Night;
The *Britiſh* Hero with a numerous Train,
Directs his Steps, to this delightful Plain:
Where high amidſt his Friends he takes his Place,
Who ſwarm'd around to view the noble Race.

Britons, *Armoricans*, and *Neuſtrians* ſtood
Mingled below, the foremoſt of the Crowd,
Stood *Eddelin*, in all his Youthful Pride,
His Purple Boots were of *Iberian* Hide,
VVhich faſt with Golden Buttons held, and grac'd
With Silver Spurs, his comely Legs embrac'd.
A flaming Ruban of *Sydonian* Dy,
In a Cloſe Knot, his curling Locks did ty,
Which playing on his Shoulders flew behind,
Danc'd in the Air, and ſported with the VVind.
Cloſe to his well ſhap'd VVaſt, he wore his Coat,
Of Silk and Silver, by his Mother wrought.
A Cap of Crimſon did his Head equip,
And as he walk'd, he ſlaſh'd his breaded Whip.
His ſwarthy Groom his generous Courſer leads,
That ſcarcely marks the Ground, ſo light he treads.
Swift as a Dove purſu'd, or Mountain Hind,
His nimbler Feet could overtake the Wind,
Leave flying Darts, and Swifter ſtorms behind.
Illuſtrious Blood, he boaſts with equal Pride,
Tranſmitted to his Veins on either ſide.

The

The Mother Mare was of *Eborac* Race,
The Sire *Auguſta*'s Merchants, brought from *Thrace*.
His inward Fire thro' his wide Noſtrils flies,
And noble Ardor ſparkles in his Eyes.
His well turn'd Limbs did Admiration move,
Where Strength, and Beauty for the Conqueſt ſtrove.
His Matchleſs Speed the Prize did ever gain,
From all the Rival Courſers of the Plain.

Next *Blanadoc* upon the Plain advanc'd,
And led behind, his fiery Courſer pranc'd.
Lightly equip'd, and ready for the Race,
He marches to the *Baſe* with Manly Grace.
The gazing Crowd admire his comely Steed,
Nobly deſcended from the famous Breed,
That on the *Mauritanian* Mountains feed.
Fam'd for his Swiftneſs in the duſty Courſe,
Of wondrous Beauty, and of wondrous Force.
And next to him the gay *Lanvallo* came,
Eager to win the Prize, and raiſe his Name.
His dapled Courſer to the *Baſe* advanc'd,
And neighing wantonly along the Champain danc'd,
His high Deſcent he did from *Draco* trace,
The ſwifteſt Courſer of th' *Iberian* Race.
A Race ſo famous for their ſpeedy Feet,
Eurus himſelf, was not eſteem'd more fleet:
So ſwift they run, that vulgar Fame declares,
The Weſtern Winds, impregnated the Mares.

Next the fierce *Tudor* comes into the Field,
That did to none for Art or Courage yield.
A Velvet Bonnet on his Head, and dreſt,
For Lightneſs, in a thin embroider'd Veſt.

Thirſty

Thirſty of Honour to the *Baſe* he flies,
And with his greedy Wiſhers graſps the Prize.
His well-train'd Courſer was admir'd for Speed,
Sprung from *Calabrian*, mixt with *Britiſh* Breed.
Lightning flew from his Eyes, and Clouds of Smoak;
Darkning the Air, from his large Noſtrils broke.
None of the Rival Steeds arriv'd before,
More Wonder rais'd, or promis'd Conqueſt more.

Next *Trebor* came upon a noble Horſe,
And oft victorious in the rapid Courſe.
He gently ſtroak'd his Mane, and bid him ſhew
On this great Day, the Feet he us'd to do.
With many more, whoſe long forgotten Name,
Was ne'er inroll'd in the Records of Fame.
While round the *Baſe* the wanton Courſers play,
Th' ambitious Riders in juſt Scales they weigh:
And thoſe that by their Rules were found too light,
Quilt Lead into their Belts, to give them weight.
All things adjuſted, and the Laws agree'd,
Each eager Rival mounts his generous Steed.

To whom th' indulgent Prince himſelf addreſt,
And to inflame their Zeal theſe Words expreſt:
Let no brave Youth deſpair of his Reward,
Due Gifts, and Honours are for all prepar'd.
Whoe'er are Rivals of the rapid Race,
Two coſtly Spears ſhall win, their plated Baſe
Glitters in Silver Sockets, finely wrought
By rare Engravers, from *Germania* brought:
Their Points are gilt, illuſtrious to behold,
Whence a deep Fring depends of Silk and Gold.
Beſides a Back-ſword whoſe well temper'd Blade,
Is of the fam'd *Iberian* Metal made.

The

The happy Youth that ſmear'd with Sweat, and Duſt,
Shall reach the Goal, midſt loud Applauſes firſt,
This Golden Goblet his Reward ſhall boaſt,
By *Damon* wrought with Figures high emboſt.
The ſecond Conqu'ror ſhall in Triumph wear,
In a rich Belt, this *Perſian* Scimiter.
The Haft's a coſtly Stone, which Nature ſtains
With various Figures, and with bloody Veins:
The chiefeſt Workmen of the curious Eaſt,
Have in the inlaid Blade, their Art expreſt.
The third ſhall win a noble poliſh'd Shield,
Three Courſers rarely pourtray'd on the Field.

The Signal given by the ſhrill Trumpet's Sound,
The Courſers ſtart, and ſcowr along the Ground.
So Boreas ſtarting from his Northern Goal,
Sweeps o'er the Mountains to the adverſe Pole:
His furious Wings the flying Clouds remove
From the Blue Plains, and ſpacious Wilds above.
Inſulting o'er the Seas he loudly roars,
And ſhoves the tumbling Billows to the Shores.
While for the Palm the ſtraining Steeds contend,
Beneath their Hoofs the Graſs does ſcarcely bend.
So long and ſmooth their Strokes, ſo ſwift they paſs,
That the Spectators of the noble Race,
Can ſcarce diſtinguiſh by their doubtful Eye,
If on the Ground they run, or in the Air they fly.
So when the Earth ſmiles with a Summer's Ray,
And wanton Swallows o'er the Valleys play:
In Sport each other they ſo ſwiftly chaſe,
Sweeping with eaſie Wings, the Meadow's Face,
They ſeem upon the Ground to fly a Race.
O'er Hills and Dales, the ſpeedy Courſers fly,
And with thick Clouds of Duſt obſcure the Sky.

With claſhing Whips, the furious Riders tear
Their Courſers Sides, and wound th' afflicted Air.
Never *Epirean* or *Arabian* Steed,
Flew o'er the *Olimpic* Plains with greater Speed:
On their thick Manes the ſtooping Riders ly,
Preſs forwards, and would fain their Steeds outfly.
By Turns they are behind, by Turns before,
Their Flanks and Sides, all bath'd in Sweat, and Gore.
Such Speed the Steeds, ſuch Zeal the Riders ſhew,
To reach bright Fame, that ſwift before them flew.
Upon the laſt with ſpurning Heels, the firſt
Caſt Storms of Sand, and ſmothering Clouds of Duſt:
The hindmoſt ſtrain their Nerves, and ſnore, and blow,
And their white Foam upon the foremoſt throw.
Eager of Fame, and of the promis'd Prize,
The Riders ſeize the Mark with greedy Eyes.
Now Hopes dilate, now Fears contract their Breaſt,
Alternately with Joy, and Grief poſſeſt.
Thus far with equal Fate the Riders paſs,
Uncertain, who ſhould Conquer in the Race.
But now the Goal appearing, does excite
New Warmth, and calls out all their youthful Might:
They laſh their Courſer's Flanks with Crimſon dy'd,
And ſtick their goring Spurs into their Side.
Their Native Courage, and the Riders ſtroke,
T' exert their Force, the generous Kind provoke:
Each ſprings out to the Goal with looſen'd Reins,
Works all his Nerves, and ſtaring Eye-balls ſtrains.
In this fierce Strife, *Tudor*'s the beſt for Wind
Shot forth, and left the panting Steeds behind.
Eddelin the other Rivals overpaſt,
Trebor came next, *Lanvallo* was the laſt:
Draco, his Steed, had once unrival'd Fame,
When in the Pride, and Pomp of Youth he came;

Cur-

Curvetting o'er the Plain, to win the Courſe,
All yielded to his Swiftneſs, and his Force;
Stiff Limbs now ſhew his Age, with drudging Pace
He ſweats behind, and labours thro' the Race.
Now *Tudor* whips, and ſpurs his Courſer on,
And near the Goal believ'd the Goblet won:
When running o'er a naked, chauky Place,
Slipp'ry with nightly Dew, and bare of Graſs,
Up flew the Courſer's Heels, and to the Ground
He, and the Rider, fell with mighty Sound.
The ſudden Danger could not be declin'd
By *Eddelin*, that follow'd cloſe behind;
For ſtumbling on young *Tudor*'s hapleſs Horſe,
His Floundring fell, and loſt the hopeful Courſe.

The mean time *Trebor* ſpur'd, and forwards ſprung,
While all the Field with Acclamations rung:
Firſt to the Goal his reeking Courſer came,
Next *Blanadoc*, *Lanvallo* third in Fame.
The Victors by the Goal triumphant ſtood,
Surrounded by the thick applauding Crowd:
When *Tudor* ruſhing in, cries out of wrong,
And challenging the Prize, broke thro' the Throng.
The Judges over-rul'd the Youth's Demand,
Urging the firſt eſtabliſh'd Rules ſhould ſtand.
The Prince confirm'd their Sentence, and declar'd
Who firſt arriv'd, ſhould have the firſt Reward.
But on the two, that by ill Fortune croſt,
The Vict'ry almoſt in Poſſeſſion, loſt,
Rich Marks of Royal Bounty he conferr'd,
And with his Smiles, their drooping Spirits cheer'd.
A famous Quiver wrought by *Didon's* Hand,
With *Thracian* Arrows ſtor'd, at his Command

Was firſt on *Tudor*, as a Gift conferr'd;
And croſs his Shoulders hung the bright Reward.
Eddelin that never hop'd ſo mild a Doom,
Receives a ſilver Helm, and milk white Plume.
This Kindneſs to th' unfortunate expreſt,
He gives the promis'd Prizes to the reſt.

Arthur roſe up, and all their Footſteps bend
Back to their Camp, which lofty Works defend.
And now the *Britons* all their Hands employ,
To fetch Materials in, for Fires of Joy.
All to the Mountains, and the Woods repair,
And with their Labour fill the ecchoing Air:
They raiſe their Axes, and with toilſome Strokes,
Fell the tall Elms, and lop the ſpreading Oaks.
They bear the nodding Trees to every Town,
And from the Mountains draw the Forreſts down:
In every City with the ſhady Spoils,
The joyful Youth erected lofty Piles:
Nearer the Skies they raiſe th' aſpiring Wood,
Than when before, upon the Hills it ſtood.
Soon as the Sun his Beamy Light withdrew,
And the brown Air grew moiſt with Ev'ning Dew;
The ſhouting *Britons*, ſet the Piles on Fire,
The tow'ring Flames to Heav'n's high Roof aſpire:
Up the ſteep Air the ruddy Columns play,
And to the Stars their Rival Light convey.
Around the burning Piles the Crowds rejoyce,
And mingle Shouts, with the ſhrill Trumpets Voice.
Heav'n's ſtarry Arch with Acclamations ring,
While the glad Throng, *Arthur's* loud Praiſes ſing:
Let *Arthur* live, the Towns and Fields reſound,
Let *Arthur* live, the ecchoing Hills rebound.

The Evening thus in Mirth and Triumph paſt,
The *Britons* to their Reſt retir'd at laſt.

Mean Time four Lords arriv'd from *Tollo*, crave
Audience of *Octa*, which the *Saxon* gave.
To hear their Embaſſy, in regal State
High on his Throne, the *Saxon* Monarch ſate.
Duncan the chief broke Silence thus, we bring
This Meſſage from the great *Albanian* King;
He is advanc'd, to give that powerful Aid,
Which by his Orator's King *Octa* pray'd.
A valiant Hoſt obeying his Command,
Whoſe conquering Swords, no force could yet withſtand,
Who laid the *Caledonian* Forreſt waſt,
And from their Forts the fierce *Meatian* chas'd;
Halts on a Plain, three Leagues remov'd from hence,
Ready t' engage their Arms in your Defence.
But our great Leader prays, that when you come,
The *Britons* all ſubdu'd, in Triumph home,
Fair *Ethelina* may be then his own,
The bright Reward that ſhall his Labours crown.
If to theſe happy Nuptials you incline,
He'll ſtraight with yours, his valiant Forces joyn.
Let not the *Saxons* doubt, great *Tollo's* Arms,
Will free your Kingdom from the Foes Alarms,

He ſaid, forthwith *Octa* in counſel ſate,
A Matter ſo important to debate.
When *Oſred* thus began:
Great Exigencies of our State perſwade,
That we comply with this Propoſal made:
We are compell'd by hard Affairs to court
Th' *Albanian* Arms, our Kingdom to ſupport.

You

You know too well, how much the *Saxons* Hoſt,
Is weaken'd by the Numbers we have loſt,
When Valiant *Arthur* did our Troops invade,
What Havock his victorious Progreſs made.
What wide Deſtruction in our Army rag'd,
Where'er his fatal Weapons were engag'd:
Our frighted Troops, when he advances, fly
Swift as the Clouds, the Winds chaſe thro' the Sky.
But warlike *Tello*, rivals *Arthur*'s Fame,
Equal their Courage, and their Strength the ſame:
Againſt the *Briton* he'll the Field mantain,
And on his Buckler his vaſt Stroaks ſuſtain.
No ſtronger Champion travers'd yet the Field,
To him, or none the *Britiſh* Prince muſt yield.
Kind Heav'n has ſent a Man ſo great, and Brave,
From *Arthur*'s Arms, our threatn'd State to ſave.
I would not then his juſt Deſire withſtand,
But let him know, you grant him his Demand:
This Grant to ſuch a Prince we muſt allow,
Was always fit, but neceſſary now.

He ceas'd, and next *Paſcentius* ſilence broke,
And wiſely thus th' attentive Peers beſpoke:
I once adviſ'd that to preſerve the State,
We ſhould ſtrict Friendſhip with Prince *Arthur* make:
That we *Britannia* ſhould between us ſhare,
And with the Princeſs Nuptials end the War.
The Terms propos'd the *Britiſh* Hero pleaſe,
And all things ſeem'd to promiſe laſting Peace:
But when we were inform'd the *Britiſh* Hoſt,
Had half their Force, by raging Sickneſs loſt,
Thinking we might with Eaſe, the Foe defeat,
We from the Terms our ſelves propos'd, retreat.

I wiſh that Rupture may not Heav'n provoke,
To bring our Necks beneath the *Britiſh* Yoke.
With all our Force the *Britons* we aſſail,
But *Arthur*'s unreſiſted Arms prevail:
How great a Loſs the *Saxons* undergo,
Our bleeding Wounds and endleſs Funerals ſhow.
What Hero can be found to guard our State,
Againſt Prince *Arthur*'s Arms, and proſp'rous Fate.
True, *Tollo*'s Deeds give him a war-like Name,
But much inferiour to the *Briton*'s Fame;
If we confiding in th' *Albanians* Sword,
Freſh Triumphs to the *Briton* ſhould afford:
Who after, ſhall controuling Bounds oppoſe,
To the victorious Progreſs of our Foes?
Who then againſt the Torrent can contend,
And from th' o'erflowing Flood, our Towns defend?
We ſhall in vain our former Conqueſt boaſt,
The *Saxon* ſinks and all *Britannia*'s loſt.
All things well weigh'd, Prince *Arthur* looks to me,
As one ſupported by divine Decree,
To Empire rais'd by unchang'd Deſtiny.
If ſo in vain all our Attempts are made,
In vain we build our Hopes on *Tollo*'s Aid:
We ſhall oppoſe inevitable Fate,
And in our Ruin learn our Fault, too late.
I would Prince *Arthur*'s Temper ſound, and ſtrive
Once more the former Treaty to revive.
This way we may controul the Conqueror's Arms,
And *Arthur* bind by *Ethelina*'s Charms:
This way perhaps you'll ſtem the rapid Tyde,
And gain a Conqueſt to your Arms deny'd.

Paſcentius ceas'd, *Crida* with Choler burn'd,
And with an Air diſturb'd theſe Words return'd;

We

We all well know *Paſcentius* Tongue, was made
Smooth, ſoft, and fluent fitted to perſwade.
For courtly Arts, and fine Intreagues of State,
No *Saxon* Genius can *Paſcentius* mate:
All to his Eloquence at home muſt yield,
As he to all, for Courage in the Field.
Men of the Cabinet take no Delight
In bloody War, they are too wiſe to fight.
The *Briton*'s Strength, and *Arthur*'s Arms I find,
Strike fiercely on a prudent timerous Mind:
A brave Heroick Spirit can't deſpair,
Who minds the Turns and doubtful chance of War.
Join'd by the *Picti* and *Albanian* Horſe,
We're much ſuperior to the *Britiſh* Force:
Tollo and *Mordred*, both for Arms are fam'd,
Whoſe Deeds with greater wonder are proclaim'd?
We too have Heros left, that dare engage
The *Briton*'s Arms, and can ſuſtain his Rage:
My ſelf will meet him in the Field, and ſtand
Unmov'd againſt the Fury of his Hand.
Shall we at laſt a Conquer'd Nation fear,
And long inur'd to Victory deſpair?
Let not our vile Submiſſion ſtain our Name,
And leſſen thro' the World the *Saxon* Fame:
No, let the King, with *Tollo*'s Prayer comply,
Our Forces joyn'd muſt make the *Britons* fly.
He ceas'd, the Council murmur'd their Applauſe,
And pleas'd with this Advice King *Octa* roſe.

He ſtraight diſpatch'd th' *Albanian* Orators,
By whom the Valiant *Tollo* he aſſures,
That he the *Britons* by his Aid ſubdu'd,
Shall *Ethelina* wed, for whom he ſu'd.

Withall he added, that Affairs requir'd
Their Troops ſhould join, before the Truce expir'd.

His Oratours return'd to *Tollo* bring,
The pleaſing Anſwer, of the *Saxon* King:
Tollo tranſported with exceſſive Joy,
Believes no Rival could his Hopes deſtroy.
As if the Battel were already won,
He thinks the beauteous Princeſs is his own.
Glitt'ring in Arms, like a refulgent Star,
He leads his *Scotiſh* Nation to the War:
A Nation fierce and haughty by Succeſs,
Which *Albions* Northern Soil did then poſſeſs.
For a rude, cruel People, bred to Spoil,
To Blood, and Rapine, from th' *Hibernian* Iſle,
Did in this Age, infeſt th' *Albanian* Coaſt,
And landed there at laſt their barb'rous Hoſt:
Scots they were call'd, from their wild Iſlands Name,
For *Scotia*, and *Hibernia* were the ſame:
Here their new Seats the proſp'rous Pyrates, fix,
And their courſe Blood, with the old *Britons* mix.
Theſe their *Albanian* Seats, new *Scotia* ſtile,
Leaving *Hibernia*, to their Native Iſle:
The *Calidonian Britons* diſpoſſeſt,
And by a hard Tyrannick Yoke oppreſt;
Did theſe *Hibernian*, *Scotiſh* Lords Obey,
And felt the Curſes of a forraign Sway.
This Nation then obey'd King *Tollo's* Laws,
And now in Arms aſſerts the *Saxon* Cauſe.

The mighty *Donald*, of the *Northern Iſles*,
Of Viſage fierce, and dreadful with the Spoils
Of griſly Bears, and of the foaming Boar,
Which hideous Pride he o'er his Shoulders wore;

Marches his vig'rous Troops into the Field,
Whoſe thundring Swords, themſelves could only weild.
By their rough Captains led, they left the Land,
Where once the old *Meatians* did Command:
And where the Walls from Sea to Sea extend,
By *Romans* built, their Province to defend;
Stupendous Bulwarks, whoſe unnumber'd Towers,
Repel'd th' Incurſions of the Northern Powers.
But when proud *Rome* was weak and feeble grown,
Th' inſulting Foe broke the high Fences down:
Now Ruins ſhow where the chief Fabrick ſtood,
Between wide *Tinna's* and *Itunna's* Flood.
The Youth from all the Towns that did obey,
In ancient times, the mild *Novantian* Sway.
Such as poſſeſt the *Elgovian* Seats, and thoſe
Who till'd the Land, where ſilver *Devia* flows:
Who on the wild and bleaky Shore reſide,
Inſulted by the rough *Hibernian* Tide;
To aid the *Saxon* from their Country came,
By *Dongal* led, a Lord of Martial Fame.
Thoſe where *Kanduara* rears her lofty Towers,
And *Glotta's* Tide into the Ocean pours:
And where th' *Oreſtian* Princes heretofore,
And *Attacottian* Lords the Scepter bore.
Thoſe where the *Otadenian* Cities ſtood,
Between *Alanus*, and fair *Vedra's* Flood.
They march from *Caſtralata* and the Shore,
Where wide *Boderia's* noiſy Billows roar.
Then thoſe from *Vindolana* and the Land
Where *Ælians* Bridge and high *Cilurnum* ſtand.

Mackbeth a great Commander of the North,
And rocky Highlands, draws his Nation forth.

Looſe Mantles o'er their brawny Shoulders flung,
With careleſs Pride beneath their midleg hung:
Cerulean Bonnets on their Heads they wore,
And for their Arms, broad Swords and Targets bore.
The Youth pour'd out from fair *Victoria's* Gates,
From *Orrea* and the old *Gadenian* Seats:
And from the ſpacious *Caledonian* Wood,
And where fair *Celnius* rolls his rapid Flood.
Theſe Troops were by the fierce *Congellar* led,
Of *Malcol's* Royal Stock the famous Head:
Who firſt from wild *Jerne* wafted o'er,
His barb'rous Engines to th' *Albanian* Shore.
Thoſe from the *Vicomagians* Cities came,
From high *Banatia*, and from ancient *Tame*:
And they who dwelt on either verdant Bank
Of *Longo's* Stream, and thoſe that *Itys* drank.
With thoſe that ſtretcht along the *Weſtern* Coaſt,
To whom the old *Creonian* Towns were loſt,
Where high *Epidium* midſt th' *Hibernian* Waves,
Protrudes his Head, and all their Monſters braves.
Thoſe from the Towns along the flowry Side,
Of Northern *Tinna*, and fair *Tava's* Tide;
Where once the happy *Venicontes* dwelt,
Before the forraign Conquerour's Yoke was felt.

There was a Northern Nation fierce and bold,
On whoſe dy'd Bodies, fearful to behold,
Wild Beaſts inſcrib'd, and ravenous Birds were born,
Which their vaſt Limbs did dreadfully adorn:
So fierce they ſeem'd, as ready to devour,
The naked Limbs, which the wild Monſters bore.
Their Hieroglyphick Armies, ſtain'd and ſmear'd
With various Colours, and ſtrange Forms appear'd,

In Pageant Armour, and in painted State,
Like Troops of Heralds, who on Triumphs wait.
This Nation *Picts* were call'd, who wafted o'er
From *Scandinavia*, and the bleaky Shore
Of Southern *Scythia*, did theſe Seas infeſt,
And with their Fleets, the *Britiſh* Coaſt moleſt.
Their Pyracies by Sea, and Thefts by Land,
Th' exhauſted *Britons* did in vain withſtand:
No more of *Rome's* declining Power afraid,
They did the weak, defenceleſs Iſle invade.
Th' affrighted *Briton* from the Shore retreats,
And leaves the Conquerour his abandon'd Seats.
Their King at Pleaſure, this fierce Nation made,
And *Mordred* now th' Imperial Scepter ſway'd:
He to King *Tollo* by his Queen Ally'd,
And now by cloſer Bonds of Intereſt ty'd,
Commands his Men, to take their Shield and Launce,
And with the *Scotiſh* Army to advance.

They march'd, who then poſſeſt the Hilly Land,
Which th' ancient *Carnonatian* did Command.
From *Ricine*, and the frozen *Hebudes*,
Lav'd by the loud *Deucaledonian* Seas.
From all the Towns whence their victorious Sword,
Forc'd the *Carenian* Prince, the rightful Lord,
Where the wild *Hiperborean* Ocean raves,
And on the Rocks breaks his Tempeſtuous Waves.
They came who then the *Mertian* Cities fill'd,
And held the Lands that once the *Logian* till'd.
They left the Soil where ſwift *Tueſis* flows,
Where *Grampius* ſtands in everlaſting Snows,
Which like the fam'd *Riphean* Hills appears,
And with his Head divides the neighb'ring Spheres.

From

From all the Land where *Loxa*'s Current flows,
Which *Uara*'s and *Tueſis* Streams incloſe:
Where once the bold *Decantians* did reſide,
And from their Hills the Power of *Rome* defy'd.
Theſe with the *Saxon* Troops their Arms unite,
Who ſo well reinforc'd prepare for Fight;
While wounded in his Tent King *Octa* ſtaid,
King *Tollo*, as their Leader, all obey'd.

Prince Arthur.

BOOK X.

Aurora's Beams now on the Mountains ſmil'd,
And adverſe Clouds with Purple Edgings gild.
Boyling with Martial Rage King *Tollo* ſtands,
And his high Chariot, and his Steeds demands:
Steeds, whiter than the pureſt *Alpine* Snows,
And fleeter than the Gales that *Boreas* blows.
He triumph'd when his noble Breed appear'd,
Their Harneſs thick with Gold and Silver ſmear'd:
When he their thundring Neighings heard, and ſaw
Their wanton Hoofs the trembling Valley paw,
The Grooms and Charioteers about him ſtand,
Reining the ſnorting Courſers in their Hand:
Stroking their Backs, they their hot Spirits ſooth'd,
And their high Manes with Combs, and Spunges ſmooth'd.

Tollo mean time, puts on his mighty Arms,
And all the Field reſounds with loud Alarms:
Each Army does for Bloody Toil prepare,
And draw their Troops out, to renew the War.
The thund'ring Courſers ſhake the trampled Ground,
And warlike Clamours from the Hills rebound.
Acroſs the Plain the rapid Chariots fly,
And with thick Clouds of Duſt annoy the Sky.
An Iron Harveſt on the Field appears,
Of Launces, burniſh'd Shields, and briſtling Spears.

Throng'd

Throng'd Heads in long embattl'd Ranks diſpos'd,
The lowring Front of Horrid War diſclos'd.
Firſt furious *Tollo* ſprings out from the Lines,
And on the Plain in radiant Armour ſhines:
His poliſh'd *Helm* oppreſt the dazled Sight,
And ſhone on high, like a huge Globe of Light.
The Golden *Shield* his mighty Arm did bear,
Hung like a blazen Meteor, in the Air.
His Coat of Mail was on his Shoulders caſt,
And Golden Pieces his vaſt Thighs encas'd:
The Pieces round his Legs, Gold Buttons ty'd,
And his broad *Sword* hung dreadful by his Side:
Which when drawn out, like a deſtructive Flame
Of Light'ning, from the ample Scabbard came.
In ſuch illuſtrious Arms, King *Tollo* ſhone,
And Thought no Strength ſuperior to his own.
Then ſhaking in his Hand his maſſy *Spear*,
He cry'd aloud, that all his Threats might hear,
This *Spear* ne'er yet deceiv'd its Maſter's Hand,
Nor could the braveſt Knight it's Force withſtand:
Witneſs *Albodian*, and great *Locrine*, ſlain
In ſingle Combates, on th' *Albanian* Plain.
Witneſs ye *Caledonian* Princes, you,
Whom with vaſt ſpoil on *Tava's* Banks I ſlew.
Now, by this faithful ſpear ſhall *Arthur* dy,
If his juſt Fears perſwade him not to fly:
T' *Auguſta's* Gates I'll bring his ſever'd Head,
And in his Spoils, fair *Ethelina* wed.

Thus *Tollo* boaſts, thus did his Fury riſe,
And ſtreaks of Fire flaſh'd from his raging Eyes.
So when a tawny Lyon, from the ſide
Of ſome high *Lybian* Mountain, has deſcry'd,

A ſpotted Leopard, or a foaming Boar,
To rouze his Courage he begins to Roar;
He ſhakes his Hideous Sides, his Briſtles riſe,
And fiercely round he rowls his fiery Eyes.
Again he Roars, his Paws the Mountains tear,
A fearful Preface to th' enſuing War.
High in his Chariot *Tollo* then advanc'd,
And from his Arms amazing Luſtre glanc'd:
A Martial Ardour ſparkled in his Eyes,
And hot with Choler he the Foe defies.
So when the Spring's warm Breath, and chearing Ray
Calls from his Cave th' awaken'd *Snake*, that lay
Folded to Reſt, while Winter Snows conceal'd
The Mountains Heads, and Froſts the Lakes congeal'd.
The ſloughy Spoils from his ſleek Back depos'd,
And the gay Pride of his new Skin diſclos'd;
He views himſelf with Youthful Beauties crown'd,
Elated caſts his haughty Eyes around,
And rolls his ſpeckled ſpires along the Ground.
Freſh Colours dy his Sides, and thro' his Veins
Turgid with Life, reviving Vigour reigns.
The ſprightly Beaſt, unfolds upon the Plain
The gloſſy Honours of his Summer Train.
His Creſt erected high, and forky Tongue
hot out, he hiſſes, bounds, and leaps along.
uch Life and Vigour valiant *Tollo* ſhows,
Marching with eager Haſte to meet his Foes.

And now the *Britiſh* Hoſt advanc'd in ſight,
With chearful Looks, and eager of the Fight:
Prince *Arthur* in refulgent Arms appear'd,
High in the midſt, the *Saxons* ſaw, and fear'd.
As when a Merchant richly laden ſpies,
A lowring Storm far in th' Horizon riſe,

A deadly Fear o'er all his Vitals reigns,
And his chill Blood hangs curdled in his Veins:
He furls his Sails, and fits his Ship to bear
The dreadful Hurricane, aſcending thro' the Air.
Now both th' embattled Hoſts advancing near,
King *Tollo* ſhakes his long, outrageous Spear:
And crying out, and threatning from afar,
In his ſwift Chariot flew amidſt the War.
His rapid Wheels cut thro' the thickeſt Files,
With fearful Ruine, and prodigious Spoils.
Hapleſs *Vodinar*, firſt his Arm did feel,
And in his Breaſt receiv'd the pointed Steel.
Next *Byron* on the Sand expiring lies,
Orpes flies to his Aid, and with him dies.
Kentwin, *Moroſten*, *Caradoc* he ſlew,
And with his Javelin pierc'd ſtout *Mervin* thro'.
Then you brave Youths, *Riſan*, and *Tudor* fell,
Who did in Strength, and Martial Skill excel.
His fatal Spear transfixt bold *Arnon*'s ſides,
And from his Neck, his Sword the Head divides.
As *Udas* fled, the hiſſing Dart he ſent
Enter'd his Back, and thro' his Navel went,
He fell, and on the Duſt, ſad to behold,
His Bowels iſſuing from his Belly roll'd.
Runo's right Knee his Javelin did invade,
And in the Bone the glitt'ring Weapon ſtaid.
Strong *Runo* fell, and as he wildly ſtar'd,
And many moving Words, in haſt prepar'd
To beg his Life, th' inſulting Conquerour flew,
And with his Spear pierc'd his pale Body thro':
Groaning he lay, and fetcht long double Sighs,
While in thick Miſts Death ſwims upon his Eyes.

Next *Leoline*, King *Cadwall*'s Son he kill'd,
A beauteous Youth, and not in War unskill'd:
His Head the Fauchion to the Shoulders Cleft,
And on the Duſt his groveling Body left.
Ouenar felt within a ſudden Dread,
And turning round his Chariot, would have fled;
When his long Spear the fierce *Albanian* threw,
Which craſht the Bones, and thro' the Temples flew:
Headlong *Ouenar* fell, and on the Ground
Lay weltring in his Blood, pour'd from his Wound.
His fatal Weapons vaſt Deſtruction made,
And where he paſs'd, the ſlain in Heaps were laid.
So when a Flood from th' *Hyperborean* Hills,
Comes thund'ring down, and all the Valley fills,
Where the high Snows diſſolv'd by Summer Beams,
In one vaſt Deluge joyn their various Streams:
The roaring Tide with its impetuous Courſe,
O'erflows the Banks, and with reſiſtleſs Force
Sweeps Houſes, Harveſt, Herds, and Flocks away,
Nor can the loftieſt Mounds its Progreſs ſtay.
With equal Rage, with ſuch impetuous Haſt,
Great *Tollo* thro' the thick Battalions paſt:
The rapid Wheels of his ſwift Chariot burn,
And in their Courſe the throng'd Brigades o'erturn.
O'er ſcatter'd Arms, bright Helms, broad Shields of Braſs,
And broken Spears, his raging Axles paſs:
O'er Heaps of Dead the furious Warrior flies,
And fills with Duſt, and ratling Noiſe, the Skies.
The ſquallid Field, a Crimſon Torrent choaks,
And mingled Duſt, and Blood oppreſs his Chariot's ſpoakes.
The trembling Ground th' outrageous Courſers tear,
And ſnoring, blow their Foam into the Air:

Their fervid Noſtrils breath out Clouds of Smoke,
And Flames of Fire from their hot Eye-balls broke.
With furious Hoofs o'er ſlaughter'd Heaps they fly,
And daſh up bloody Rain amidſt the Sky:
Reeking in Sweat, and ſmear'd with Duſt and Gore
They ſpurn the Sand, and thro' the Battel roar.

Then Valiant *Malgo* with a freſh Brigade,
Advanc'd, the mighty Warrior to invade;
While from another Part his warlike Band,
Bothan led up, and made a noble Stand.
Now Showers of Darts, and feather'd Arrows fly
At *Tollo*'s Breaſt, that darken all the Sky:
When Valiant *Marodan* approaching near,
With all his ſtrength, caſts his impetuous Spear;
It paſs'd the Buckler's Plates, and folded Hide,
And thro' his Armour, ſlightly raz'd his Side:
Tollo incens'd, collecting all his Might,
Broke thro' their Ranks, and put the Foe to Flight.
Now dire Deſtruction reigns amidſt their Files,
And all the Field was ſpread with warlike Spoils.
So when *Battavian* Harpooniers aſſail,
With their ſharp Launces, ſome prodigious *Whale*,
That like a floating Mountain, lies at Eaſe,
Vaſtly extended on the Frozen Seas:
When the *Leviathan* begins to feel,
Within his wounded ſide, the bearded ſteel;
And looking round, ſees all the ambient Flood,
Deeply diſtain'd with its old Monarch's Blood;
Straight all enrag'd, he throws himſelf about,
And thro' the Air does Crimſon Rivers ſpout:
Swift, as a Storm, he does the Foe aſſail,
With his expanded Fins, and hideous Tail.

Some

Some Barks are cruſh'd, as with a falling Rock,
And ſome o'erturn'd, ſink with the dreadful Shock:
The reſt ply all their Oars, and frighted Row,
Thro' Fields of Ice, to ſhun th' unequal Foe.

Canvallo then brought up a ſtronger Force,
Whom *Galbut* joyn'd, to ſtop th' *Albanian*'s Courſe:
The fainting *Britons* theſe freſh Troops protect,
And with their Arms great *Tollo*'s Triumphs checkt.
And now their thick Brigades were cloſe engag'd,
And thro' the bloody Field Deſtruction rag'd:
Now Man to Man ſtood cloſe, and Spear to Spear,
Helms mixt with Helms, and Shields with Shields appear.
Arrows aloft in feather'd Tempeſts fly,
Darts hiſs at Darts, encountring in the Sky.
A dreadful Noiſe diſtracting all the Air,
Came from the hoarce *Cerberean* Throat of War:
While Arms on Arms, Bucklers on Bucklers ring,
Swords claſh with Swords, and flying Javelins ſing.
Some threaten loud, while ſome for Quarter cry,
And ſome inſult, while ſome in Torment dy:
As when a Torrent down ſome Mountain's ſide,
To the low Valleys rolls its rapid Tide,
Where mighty Stones and rocky Fragments, high
Within the rude, unfaſhion'd Channels ly:
O'er abrupt Tracks its Courſe the Deluge bends,
And roaring down with mighty Falls, deſcends.
Prodigious Noiſe th' Aerial Region fills,
The Shepherds hear, and tremble on their Hills.
Or as;
When high *Veſuvius* ſtow'd with wealthy Stores,
Preluding to ſome dire Irruption, roars;
While horrible Convulſions ſhake its Womb,
And lab'ring Sides, which hidden War entomb:

Th'

Th' impriſon'd Thunder bellows under Ground,
And the loud Noiſe fill all the Heav'ns around.
Auguſt *Parthenope*'s gilt Turrets ſhake,
And fair *Campania*'s wealthy Farmers quake.
Such was the loud diſtracting Noiſe of War,
Such horrid Clamours tore th' afflicted Air,
While the fierce Foes againſt each other rag'd,
And for *Britannia*'s Empire were engag'd:
The neighing Steeds, and wounded Warriors Cries,
And riſing Clouds of Duſt confound the Skies.

Mordred mean time the mighty *Pictan* King,
Does to the Charge, his threatning Squadrons bring:
Sticking his Golden Rowels in the Sides
Of his huge Steed, amidſt the Ranks he Rides.
The *Britiſh* Horſe unſhaken as a Rock,
Bravely ſuſtain'd th' Invader's thundring Shock:
King *Meridoc*, who did the Horſe Command,
Confirm'd his Men, to make ſo brave a ſtand.
Yet many Valiant *Britons* *Mordred* ſlew,
Firſt with his Spear he pierc'd brave *Jaſper* thro':
The Valiant *Giffith* by unhappy Chance,
Came in his Way, and felt his fatal Launce;
Beneath his Ear, the Weapon pierc'd his Head,
He fell, and in a Moment ſtretcht out Dead.
His furious Arm noble *Lodanar* felt,
On whoſe high Creſt ſo fierce a ſtroke he dealt,
The *Briton* ſtunn'd with the prodigious Blow,
Drops the loos'd Reins, and lets his Weapons go:
The frighted Courſer thro' the Battel Flies,
Lodanor in the Duſt diſmounted lies;
The Horſes Hoofs in pieces cruſh his Head,
And deep into the Mire his Bowels tread.

Then,

Then with great Fury he at *Adel* flew,
And grip'd him with his furious Hand, and drew
The *Briton* from his Seat, his fiery Steed
Scours o'er the Field, from his loſt Rider freed.
Wrigling and ſpurning in his Arms the Prey
'Midſt loud Applauſes *Mordred* bears away:
So when an Eagle from ſome Mountain's Top,
To truſs a timerous Leveret makes a ſtoop,
And in his crooked Pounces takes him up.
Struggling he mounts, and ſqueaks amidſt the Skies,
And faſter than he ran before, he flies.

To fight the *Pict* ſtraight *Guinan* did advance,
But in his Shield broke his projected Launce.
Then at the *Briton Mordred*'s Javelin flew,
It miſt the Rider, but the Courſer ſlew.
Extended on the Ground the groaning Beaſt,
Th' unhappy Rider with his Weight oppreſt:
Mordred diſmounts, and with his glitt'ring Dart
Loudly inſulting, ſtabs him to the Heart.
Guinan a Friend to *Meridoc* was dear;
Who at his Death enrag'd, caught up his Spear,
And ſhaking it from far, with mighty Rage,
Spurs thro' their Ranks King *Mordred* to engage.
The *Pictan* Monarch who elated ſtood,
Like ſome tall Oak, that overlooks the Wood,
Or ſome high Tower, which with its lofty Head
Surveys the Towns beneath, around it ſpread;
Lifts his Gigantick Spear, and cry'd aloud,
To *Meridoc* advancing thro' the Crowd,
Briton come on, and but a Moment ſtand,
A glorious Fate expect from *Mordred*'s Hand:
Let not thy Fears perſwade thee hence to flie,
Heav'ns give thee Courage to come up, and die.

King *Meridoc* his Spear in Anſwer ſent,
Which in the Shield's third Ply, its Fury ſpent.
Then *Mordred* threw, aloft the Weapon hiſt,
Ludar it ſlew, but *Meridoc* it miſt.
Brave *Ludar* was a Lord of *Neuſtrian* Blood,
Who long in vain the fair *Marinda* woo'd;
To bleſs him with her Smiles, and heal his Wound,
But from the ſcornful Maid no Pity found.
Loſt in Deſpair, he left his Native Soil,
His Torments to beguile with Martial Toil:
Now wounded by an erring Spear, he lies,
Cry'd out *Marinda*, cruel Fate! and dies.

Then did the *Briton's* ſecond Weapon fly,
Which thro' his Armour, pierc'd King *Mordred*'s Thigh:
Which from the Fleſh he ſtrove to draw in vain,
Then flew about wreckt with tormenting Pain.
Wildly he ſtar'd, and turn'd his Courſer's Head,
Aloud he roar'd, and from the Combat fled.
So when a Sword-Fiſh, urg'd with generous Rage,
Does a vaſt Whale, in Northern Seas engage:
The Finny Warriors, with a furious Courſe
To Battel ruſh, and meet with wondrous Force:
A Noble Fight enſues, and dreadful Strokes
Afflict the Main, and ſhake the Neighb'ring Rocks.
As they advance, they drive high Seas before,
The Monſters bellow, and the Billows roar.
The boiling Sea, with greater Fury raves,
Then when incumbent Storms preſs on its Waves.
The Surges raging with inteſtine War,
With high curl'd Heads, look terrible from far:
The Foam of breaking VVaves, in pointed Sleet
Like driven Snow, does on the Ocean beat.

At every Shock the daſhing Waters fly,
And Clouds of Liquid Duſt obſcure the Sky.
At laſt the Whale his ſhining Belly goar'd,
By his fierce Enemy's invading Sword;
Wild with his Rage and Pain, whole Seas does ſpout,
And like a floating Iſland, rolls about.
The wounded Monſter does the Seas out-roar,
And tumbles thro' the Billows to the Shore,
Leaving behind broad Tracks of Purple Gore.

Thus ſtrove the *Pictan* and the *Britiſh* Horſe,
While pious *Arthur* with reſiſtleſs Force,
In radiant Arms, bright as th' Autumnal Star,
Flies thro' the Foe, himſelf a fearful War:
With his victorious Sword, which wav'd on high,
Made flaming Bows, and Arches in the Sky.
The Body of their Battel he invades,
And thro' a Sea of Blood victorious wades.
Where'er the Conqu'ror did his progreſs bend,
Ruin and wide Deſtruction did attend.
Prodigious Numbers by his Weapons fall,
And on their Gods in vain the *Saxons* call.
He made his way, like an impetuous Flood,
Or furious Burning, raging thro' the Wood.
Where'er he paſs'd, the Dead lay thick behind,
As ſapleſs Leaves, ſpread by a boiſtrous VVind.

Uſſina firſt, a Valiant Lord, did feel,
In his Left Side, the *Briton*'s piercing ſteel.
Next *Godred* fell from Valiant *Ingulf* ſprung,
And as he fell, his Arms upon him rung.
Next fell the famous *Ethelbert*, betwixt
The Head and Shoulders with a Dart transfixt.

Nothing his Courage, or illuſtrious Blood,
That to his Veins from mighty *Odin's* flow'd;
Nothing his well-prov'd Armour, when aſſail'd
By *Arthur's* Hand, the noble Youth avail'd:
Struggling he lay, and wallow'd on the Ground
In the warm Streams that ruſh'd out from his Wound:
A gloomy Night o'erwhelms his dying Eyes,
And his diſdainful Soul, from his pale Boſom flies.
Then *Imerick* he ſlew a valiant Chief,
And *Lodocan* that ruſh'd to his Relief:
One with his Fauchion, th' other with his Spear,
That cleft the Head, this pierc'd from Ear to Ear.
Next from his Arm a ſinging Javelin ſent,
Thro' the left Groin of mighty *Crida* went:
The wounded Chief retires in tort'ring Pain,
And Tracks of Blood his halting Leg diſtain.
Then *Sigebert* a noble Youth he ſlew,
The fatal Weapon pierc'd his Temples thro'.
His furious Dart did next at *Ebald* fly,
Which thro' his Shield pierc'd deep into his Thigh:
Inflam'd with Rage, and roaring out with Pain,
He ſtrove to pull the Weapon out in vain.
His Javelin next transfixt *Congellar's* Reins,
And out his Life guſh'd from his open'd Veins.
Then *Edbert* fell:
Thro' the bright Helmet which his Head encas'd,
Thro' Bones, and Brains, the furious Javelin paſs'd;
And his left Eye from out its Circle ſtruck,
On the ſharp Point, a ghaſtly Proſpect ſtuck.
Then *Ethelrick* a ſtout *Weſt Saxon* Lord,
And *Ida* fell, by his victorious Sword.
The firſt, his Head down to his Shoulders Cleft,
Fell to the Ground, of Breath and Senſe bereft.

The heavy Blade falling with oblique Sway,
Half thro' the other's Neck, did make its way.
The Head half ſever'd on his Shoulders hung,
And from the Wound a bloody Torrent ſprung.
Rolling in Gore upon the Field he lay,
Wildly he ſtar'd, and groan'd his life away.
As when a mighty Tempeſt from the Eaſt,
The Sea aſſail'd, and on the Billows preſt
By Heav'n's Command, that *Jacob*'s Fav'rite Race,
Might *Pharaoh's* Arms eſcape, and ſafely paſs.
Th' aſtoniſh'd Ocean did its Force obey,
Open'd his watry Files, and clear'd the pathleſs way.
The Waves retreated, and erected ſtood,
As fear and wonder had benum'd the Flood.
Then Front to Front they kept their Line unmov'd,
And thoſe that crowd behind, they backwards ſhov'd.
Like a long Ridge of Cryſtal Hills they roſe,
And the low Wonders of the deep diſcloſe.
So valiant *Arthur* preſt upon the Foe,
And ſo their Troops retir'd, and let the Conqueror thro.

Now he advanc'd to *Tollo's* foremoſt Band,
Where mighty *Fingal* and *Dolavian* ſtand;
Both which he ſlew, next valiant *Duncan* falls,
While he in vain for Help on *Tollo* calls.
And now on every ſide the *Saxon* Hoſt
Began to fly, and yield the Battel loſt.
Only King *Tollo* with enormous Rage
Breaks thro' the Troops, Prince *Arthur* to engage.

Mean time the Prince of Hell ſtood full of Care,
And fear'd th' Event of this unequal War.
To ſave the *Saxon* Squadrons which remain,
Whereof ſuch Numbers lay already ſlain,

And to prevent *Tollo's* impending Fate,
Whoſe Arms the *Britiſh* Hero's could not mate.
The conquering B*ritons* fierce purſuit to ſtay,
And once more *Arthur's* Triumphs to Delay,
By Heav'n's Permiſſion, cauſes to ariſe
A dreadful Tempeſt in the troubled Skies.
The bluſtring Powers, and Demons of the Air,
Straight at his Summons to their Prince repair.

To whom thus *Lucifer* :
Aerial Powers, who my Commands obey,
And in theſe Regions own my ſoveraign Sway ;
Know, I intend to end this bloody Strife,
To part the Hoſts, and guard King *Tollo*'s Life.
Go haſten then, each to his known Employ,
And let your loudeſt Storms the Heav'ns annoy.
Swift, as your own projected Lightnings fly,
And in a Moment trouble all the Sky.
The dusky Fiends obedient fly away,
Some fetch up miſty Stores to choak the Day.
Some Pitchy Clouds of *Stygian* Fleeces made,
And in their Bowels Trains of Brimſtone laid.
Some ram in Seeds of unripe Thunder, ſome
With mighty Hailſtones charge their hollow Womb.
Some fetch ſtrong Winds, which on their Wings may bear
The heavy Tempeſt lab'ring thro' the Air.
O'erſpreading miſts th' extinguiſh'd ſunbeams drown,
Dark Clouds o'er all the Black Horrizon frown,
And hang their deep Hydropick Bellies down.
Hoarſe Thunder rolls, and Murm'ring try's its Voice,
Preluding to the Tempeſt's dreadful Noiſe.
Infernal Torches now the Fiends apply,
And light the fiery Seeds that hidden lie.

The Heav'n's wide Frame outrageous Thunder ſhocks,
Loud, as the mighty Crack of falling Rocks.
The Cloudy Machines burſt amidſt the Skies,
And from their yawning Wounds exploded Lightning flies.
Confuſion fills the Air, Fire, Rain, and Hail
Now mingle Tempeſts, now by Turns prevail.
No more the *Britons*, and the *Saxons* ſtrove,
For that below, yields to the War above.
The conquering *Britons*, to the Camp return,
Their Loſs in theirs, the vanquiſh'd *Saxons* mourn.
So when a ſummer Cloud the Sky o'erſpreads,
The Bees that wander o'er the flowry Meads,
Or to the Tops of lofty Mountains climb,
To fetch the yellow ſpoils of od'rous Thyme,
Forſake their Toil, and lab'ring thro' the Air,
To their known Hives, with haſty Flight repair.
All to their Cells returning from abroad,
Depoſe their luſcious Dew, and ſtrutting Thighs unload.
Perplext, and ſad, the *Saxon* Troops appear,
And horribly they curſt Prince *Arthur*'s ſpear.
They ſaw no *Saxon* could his Arm withſtand,
And doubt Deliverance from King *Tollo*'s Hand.

When half of this uneaſie Night was ſpent,
To all the great Commanders *Octa* ſent,
To bring them quickly to his royal Tent.
And firſt the Summons they to *Tollo* bear,
Who to equip himſelf did ſtraight prepare.
A Wolf grin'd horribly upon his Head,
And o'er his brawny Back a Leopard's Hide was ſpread.
He girds his mighty Fauchion to his ſide,
Which hung acroſs his Thigh, with fearful Pride.
Frowning, and on the great Affair Intent,
He ſtraight to *Octa*'s high Pavilion went.

Next *Mordred* halting with his Wound, and lame,
And by his maſſy ſpear ſupported, came.
A Beaver's Skin upon his Head he wore,
And a fierce *Tyger*'s his wide ſhoulders bore.
A ſilver Belt, illuſtrious to behold,
Held his broad ſword, adorn'd with ſtuds of Gold.

Then *Ella* roſe newly laid down to Reſt,
And button'd on his rich embroider'd Veſt.
O'er which a pompous ſcarlet Cloak he threw,
Faſten'd with Golden Claſps, and lin'd with coſtly Blue:
Then putting on his mighty ſword, in Haſt
Tho lame, he to the Counſel ſternly paſt.
Then valiant *Amades*, and *Chuline* went,
With wiſe *Paſcentius*, to their Monarch's Tent;
Follow'd by *Oſred*, *Sebert*, and the reſt
Of their chief Lords, who great Concern expreſt:
And now th' auguſt Aſſembly fill'd apace,
Where all the Leaders took their proper Place.

Then their Attention *Octa* did demand,
And leaning on his Scepter with his Hand,
He thus began, Princes, you ſee the Field,
To the victorious *Britons* ſtill we yield.
By Sea, and Land we've felt their fatal Arms,
And all our Realm trembles at their Alarms.
Our Heaps of Dead the Field with Horrour crown,
And Seas of *Saxon* Blood the Valley drown.
All *Albion*'s Iſle reſounds with dying Groans,
White with her Rocks, but whiter with our Bones.
Prince *Arthur*'s Sword the Field with Ruin ſpreads,
Like Storms, which from the Trees diſhonour'd Heads

Their ſhady Leaves, and ſpreading Branches tear,
Cover the Ground, and leave the Forreſt bare.
On us th' offended Gods ſeverely frown,
But on the *Britiſh* Arms look ſmiling down.
While we oppoſe the rapid Tide of Fate,
We think to ſtop, what we precipitate,
And learn our Errour, at too dear a Rate.
He ſaid, the *Saxon* Chiefs, who found their Hoſt
Feeble, and ſunk by frequent Battels loſt:
Thinking their Arms unable to oppoſe,
The rapid Courſe of their victorious Foes:
Upon *Paſcentius* ſtraightway caſt their Eyes,
As one above the reſt accounted Wiſe,
And who the King to Peace did ſtill adviſe.

Paſcentius then began:
Octa, the Counſel which at firſt I gave,
From *Arthur*'s Arms our threaten'd State to ſave;
What ſince has happen'd, ſhows was juſt and right:
For who can meet the *Britiſh* Prince in Fight?
Our ſinking State, and hard Affairs demand
A Remedy of Force, and near at hand.
He that in ſuch a Storm, would ſafely ſteer,
Muſt have a Head that's ſteady, cool, and clear.
The lab'ring Ship on all ſides feels dire Shocks,
Charybdis ſhunn'd, ſhe's daſh'd on *Scylla*'s Rocks.
'Tis hard to give a Monarch Counſel, where
On either Hand ſuch frightful Shelves appear.
Stateſmen, in ſuch a Caſe as this, debate
How beſt to ſave themſelves, and not the State.
But if my Judgment ſtill I muſt declare,
I would at any Price compoſe the War.
And till a more effectual can be found,
This as a ſafe Expedient I propound.

Sore

Sore with their Wounds, and ſunk with ill ſucceſs,
The *Saxons* ſtrong Deſires for Peace expreſs.
This to obtain, we muſt to *Arthur* ſue,
And the firſt Treaty, which we broke, renew.
The Princeſs *Ethelina*'s Heav'nly Charms,
Are only ſtronger, than the *Briton*'s Arms.
She muſt be offer'd as the Prince's Bride;
This once prevail'd, and muſt again be try'd.
But then you break the Promiſe, that you made
To *Tollo*, who'll complain he is betray'd.
Since hence to Peace, our chief Obſtructions ſpring,
I move that *Arthur*, and th' *Albanian* King,
May by their ſingle Arms the ſtrife decide,
And let the Princeſs be the Conqueror's Bride.
If o'er the *Britons* we th' Advantage gain,
And *Arthur* by th' *Albanian* King is ſlain;
The *Britons* ſhall repaſs *Sabrina*'s Tide,
And in their Rocks, and Hilly Lands abide:
But all the Cities, Caſtles, and the Land,
That lie on this ſide, *Octa* ſhall Command.
But if King *Tollo* ſlain by *Arthur*'s Sword,
New Triumphs to the *Briton* ſhall afford;
We'll meet no more their Armies in the Field,
But all our Towns, and conquer'd Places yield.
Thoſe who ſhall ask it, ſhall be wafted o'er,
To our old ſeats along the *German* Shore:
The *Cantian* Kingdom ſtill we will retain,
And in its Limits circumſcrib'd remain.
This, as the beſt Expedient, I propoſe,
He ſaid, the *Saxons* murmur'd their Applauſe.

Then *Tollo* anſwer'd with a haughty Air,
Pleas'd with my Fate, I undertake the War.

My Sword and *Arthur's*, ſhall the Strife decide,
And let the Princeſs be the Victor's Bride.
This conquering Arm the *Saxon* Realm ſhall guard,
Repell the Foe, and win the bright Reward:
For if the Foe does not my Sword decline,
The War is ended, with his Fall or mine.

Th' Aſſembly roſe, and back the Captains went,
Praiſing King *Tollo* much, but fear'd th' Event.
At the firſt opening of the tender Day,
Six Orators, King *Octa* ſent away
To *Arthur's* Camp, who introduc'd declare,
The Meaſures taken to compoſe the War:
The Challenge *Arthur* heard with great Delight,
And readily accepts the ſingle Fight.

Straight to the ſacred Temples all repair,
Heav'n to ſolicite with united Prayer,
That *Arthur* in the Combate might ſucceed,
And vanquiſh'd *Tollo*, by his Weapon bleed.
With warmer Zeal, and with more earneſt Cries,
The *Britons* never importun'd the Skies:
A deep Concern at Heart they all expreſt,
And mighty Paſſions ſtruggled in their Breaſt;
For if the Prince fell in the Combat, all
Well knew their unſupported State muſt fall.

Soon as the Sun had ſtreak'd the Skies with Light,
Prince *Arthur* roſe, and Arm'd himſelf for Fight.
Pieces with ſilver Studs his Legs encas'd,
And Plates of Gold his warlike Thighs embrac'd:
And on his Head he lac'd his burniſh'd Helm,
Whence flaſhing Brightneſs did the Sight o'erwhelm.

Like ſome Celeſtial Orb his blazing Shield,
Darted amazing Luſtre thro' the Field:
And then he girded to his Martial Side,
His faithful Sword, ſo oft in Battel try'd.
Thus arm'd the Hero mounts his thundring Steed,
Nor *Thrace*, nor *Greece* can boaſt a nobler Breed.
With his ſtrong Arm he grip'd his trembling Spear,
His very Friends, tho pleas'd, yet ſeem'd to fear:
And as he ſpurr'd his Courſer, and advanc'd,
Unſufferable Splendour from his Armour glanc'd.
As glorious *Michael*, when the Foe alarms
The bliſsful Realms, clad in Celeſtial Arms
Bright as the Sun, leads forth th' Angelick Hoſt,
To chaſe th' Invaders from the Heav'nly Coaſt:
In ſuch illuſtrious Arms the Prince was ſeen,
His warlike Grace was ſuch, and ſuch his God-like Mien.

Mean time King *Octa* from his Camp proceeds,
High in his Chariot, drawn by milk white Steeds:
And by his Side, *Tollo* appear'd in ſight,
Compleatly Arm'd, and coveting the Fight.
His Coat of Mail was o'er his Shoulders flung,
And by his ſide his dreadful Fauchion hung.
Like a high Beacon lighted in the Air,
His Buckler flam'd, denouncing horrid War:
In his right Hand he ſhakes his ponderous Launce,
And on his Steed did to the Liſts advance.
The Marſhals of the Field, had markt out Ground
Fit for the Fight, and fixt high Pales around,
Which with arm'd Troops, on either ſide were lin'd,
Their Spears ſtuck in the Ground, their Shields reclin'd.
On either Side the Armies ſtood in ſight,
Drawn up, as they too were deſign'd for Fight.

Attended

Attended with his Heralds on the Place,
Prince *Arthur* firſt appear'd with Martial Grace.
When *Octa* and his Prieſts advancing near,
Raiſing his Voice that thoſe around might hear:
His Hand devoutly on his Breaſt, his Eyes
Fixt in a ſolemn manner on the Skies;
To ratifie the Treaty, thus he ſwore,
Th' Eternal Mind whom Chriſtians do adore;
The God of Truth I here to witneſs call,
That if this Day by *Tollo*'s Arms I fall;
We will no more Hoſtilities repeat,
But o'er *Sabrina*'s Waters will retreat:
We will no more the *Saxon* State moleſt,
But in our Hills and ſnowy Mountains reſt:
But if we find this an auſpicious Day,
And by Heaven's Aid, my Arms ſhall *Tollo* ſlay;
Then if the vanquiſh'd *Saxons*, ſhall reſtore
The Towns and Lands, which we poſſeſt before,
They in the *Cantian* Kingdom ſhall reſide,
And unmoleſted in thoſe Bounds abide.

Then did King *Octa* by an Altar ſtand,
Rais'd with Green Turf, and on it laid his Hand;
And thus his Idols he invok'd.
Irmanſul God of Arms, and mighty *Jove*,
Tuiſco, *Odin*, all ye Powers above,
And you green Gods, and blew-ey'd Goddeſſes,
Who rule the ſpacious Empire of the Seas:
And you tremendous Powers, who all reſort,
At *Pluto's* Summons, to th' Infernal Court:
Ye rural Gods, who rule the Hills and Woods,
Ye watry Powers, who dive beneath the Floods:

By gloomy *Styx* I ſwear, bear witneſs all,
That if King *Tollo* does in Combate fall,
The Treaty now agreed to, ſhall be kept,
The *Cantian* Kingdom only we except,
All other Lands, our once victorious Sword,
Won from the *Britiſh* Kings, ſhall be reſtor'd:
He who ſhall Conquerour in the Field remain,
Shall for his Bride fair *Ethelina* gain.

He ſaid, and to confirm the Oath he ſwore,
He drew his Sword, that by his Side he wore;
And with its Point did his full Veins divide,
And let out from his Arm, the Crimſon Tide:
A golden Bowl receiv'd the vital Flood,
Which *Octa* took, and drank the flowing Blood.

Arthur and *Tollo* now themſelves prepare,
By a brave Combate to decide the War.
The Martials, Heralds, and the Fecial Prieſts
The Ceremonies finiſh'd, clear the Liſts.
Then the loud Trumpet's Clangour did invite,
The mighty Warriours to begin the Fight.
Both in their Hands graſping their pointed Launce,
Spur their hot Steeds, and to the War advance.
And now the Combatants approach'd ſo near,
Their Voices rais'd, they might each other hear.

Then *Tollo* cry'd aloud:
Till now diſtreſs'd without a Friend or Home,
In forraign Lands, you did an Exile roam,
Here ſtop your Courſe, your Soul mean time ſhall go,
A wandring Exile to the Shades below.
I'll take off with this Sword your gaſping Head,
And in your Spoils, fair *Ethelina* wed.

Were

Were you brave *Hector*, or his braver Foe,
Or Godlike *Hercules*, I'd ſtand your Blow:
Did you advance, with Thunder in your Hand,
Againſt your Bolts I would undaunted ſtand:
But ſuch a mighty Foe I need not fear,
You bear not ſuch a Shield, nor ſuch a Spear.
Oh! that bright *Ethelina* now ſtood by,
To ſee her Lover, and my Rival dy.
Thus boaſtful *Tollo* did his Choler vent,
And thus in Air his empty Threats were ſpent.
The pious Prince enrag'd, without Reply,
Shakes his long Spear, and haſtes to Victory:
As when a roaming Lyon from a far,
Sees a ſtrong Bull ſtand threat'ning furious War,
Who flouriſhes his Horns, looks ſowrly round,
And hoarcely bellowing, traverſes the Ground.
For want of Foes, he does the Wood provoke,
Runs his curl'd Head againſt the next tall Oak,
Wiſhing a nobler Object of his Stroke.
The Lyon fir'd, regards him with Diſdain,
And to inſult him ſcowrs along the Plain:
So *Arthur* boyling with Heroic Rage,
Springs with a full Carier, King *Tollo* to engage.
Collected in himſelf th' *Albanian* ſtood,
Like ſome tall, ſhady Pine, it ſelf a Wood,
Or a vaſt *Cyclops* wading thro' the Flood.

Then *Tollo* firſt, *Arthur* advancing near,
With all his Force caſts his long Aſhen Spear;
Which *Arthur* on his temper'd Buckler took,
While with the vaſt concern the *Britons* ſhook:
Thro' the firſt Plate of Braſs the Weapon went,
But in the next its dying Force was ſpent.

Then from his valiant Arm the *Briton* threw,
His Javelin, ſinging thro' the Air it flew;
The yielding Buckler did its Force obey,
And thro' the Plates, and Hide it made its Way;
Thro' the thin Joynts of Steel the Spear did fly,
And wounded, as it paſt, his mighty Thigh:
The Blood ſprung thro' his Armour, from the Wound,
And trickling down the Plate, diſtain'd the Ground.

Then did King *Tollo*'s ſecond Weapon fly,
Which broke within the Buckler's ſecond Ply.
The *Britiſh* Prince another Weapon threw,
Which, *Tollo* ſtooping, o'er his Shoulders flew;
And falling went ſo deep into the Ground,
No Arm, of Force to draw it out, was found.
Theſe Weapons ſpent, to end the noble Fight,
The furious Warriors from their Steeds alight:
And as they nimbly leapt upon the Ground,
The moſt undaunted Chiefs that ſtood around,
So fearful was the Chinck their Armour made,
Started, as Men ſurpriz'd, and look'd afraid.
Then furious Strokes on either Side they deal,
The ecchoing Air rings with the dreadful Peal:
Pale with the vaſt Concern both Armies look,
And for their Champion's Life with Terror ſhook.
So when two vig'rous Stags, each of his Herd
The haughty Lord, thro' all the Forreſt fear'd,
Reſolv'd to try which muſt in Combate yield,
In all their Might advance acroſs the Field;
They Nod their lofty Heads, and from afar
Flouriſh their Horns, preluding to the War.
The Combatants their threatning Heads incline,
And with their claſhing Horns in Battel joyn:

They

They ruſh to combate with amazing Strokes,
And their high Antlets meet with dreadful Shocks;
The mighty Sound runs ratling o'er the Hills,
And Eccho with the Fight the Valley fills:
Retiring oft, the Warriours ceaſe to puſh,
But then with fiercer Rage to Battel ruſh.
The trembling Herds at Diſtance gaze, and ſtay
To know the Conquerour, whom they muſt obey:
No leſs concern'd *Saxons*, and *Britons* ſtand
To ſee the Victor, who muſt both command.

Now *Tollo* backwards ſhrinks, and panting ſtood
Faint with his Labour, and his Loſs of Blood.
The *Britiſh* Prince enrag'd to ſee the Fight
So far prolong'd, collecting all his Might,
With double Fury on th' *Albanian* preſt,
And his bright Sword high rais'd, upon his Creſt
Deſcended with ſo horrible a Sway,
It ſtun'd the Foe, and took his Senſe away;
He dropt his Arms, and giddy reel'd about,
The joyful *Britons* raiſe a mighty Shout.
Arthur on fire, lets not th' Advantage go,
But ſtepping forward with a back hand Blow,
Drawn with prodigious Strength, from ſide to ſide,
Did his wide Throat, and ſpouting Veins divide:
A crimſon River guſhing from the Wound,
Ran down his burniſh'd Armour to the Ground.
Reeling and tott'ring for a While he ſtood,
And from his Stomack vomits clotted Blood;
Then down he fell, the Field beneath, and all
The *Saxon* Army tremble at his Fall:
Groveling in Death, and ſmear'd with Gore he lay,
And his dim Eyes ſcarcely admit the Day:

Rolling in Duſt his wounded Body bled,
Away his Soul with Indignation fled:
Convuls'd and quivering, for a while he fetcht
A dreadful Groan, and breathleſs out he ſtretcht
As when a Whirlwind, with outrageous Force
O'erturns a lofty Oak, that ſtops its Courſe,
Its Roots torn up, the Tree's caught from the Ground,
And with the furious Eddy carried round:
Then falling from the Sky, his ſtately Head,
And ſhady Limbs, the groaning Hill o'erſpread:
So by Prince *Arthur*'s Arms, King *Tollo* ſlain,
Fell down, and lay extended on the Plain.

F I N I S.

THE INDEX,

EXPLAINING

The Names of *Countries*, *Cities*, and *Rivers*, &c. mentioned in this BOOK.

A.

ABum, *the River* Humber.
Agencourt, *or* Azencourt, *in the County of St.* Paul, *in* France.
Alanus, *River* Alne *in* Northumberland.
Alda, *a ſuppos'd Port in* Hampſhire.
Allobroges, *Inhabitants of* Savoy *and* Piedmont.
Alpes-Britiſh, *Mountains in* Caernarvon-ſhire.
Apulia, *a part of* Italy, *famous for Wool.*
Ariconium, Kencheſter; Hereford *is ſuppos'd to have its original from* Ariconium.
Armorica, Little Bretaigne, *in* France.
Atrebatians, *Inhabitants of* Barkſhire.
Attacotians; Ortelius *makes them to inhabit between the* Horeſtii *and* Otadenii, *in* Scotland: *But* Camden *places them more Northward, beyond the* Venicontes.
Auſona, *River* Nine *in* Northampton-ſhire.
Auguſta, *the City of* London.
Auſonia, Italy.
Ælian's-bridge, *an old Town, ſo call'd by* Hadrians Wall.
Ætna, *a famous burning Mountain in the Iſland of* Sicily.

B.

BAnnavena, Wedon *in* Northampton-ſhire.
Banatia, Camden *ſuppoſes it to ſtand where* Bean-Caſtle *does, in* Murray, *in* Scotland.
Bardunus, *a River near* Norwich, *in* Norfolk.
Barry-Iſle, *about three Miles from the River* Taf, *in* Glamorgan-ſhire.
Battavia, Holland.
Blackmoor-land, *that which was call'd* Whitehart-forreſt, *in* Dorſet-ſhire.
Boderia, *or* Boteria, Edenburg-frith, *in* Scotland.
Bolerium, *the utmoſt Promontory of* Cornwal, *or the Lands-end.*
Boſworth, *a Town in* Leiceſter-ſhire.
Bovium, Boverton *in* Brecknock-ſhire.
Brannodunum, Brancaſter *in* Norfolk.
Brechinia, Brecknock-ſhire; *likewiſe* Brecknock-town.
Brigantes, *the Inhabitants of* York-ſhire, *Biſhoprick of* Durham, Lancaſhire, Weſtmorland, *and* Cumberland.
Brigæ, *ſuppos'd to be* Broughton, *an old Town in* Hampſhire.
Bulleum, *ſome ſuppoſe it to be* Bualht-caſtle *in* Brecknock-ſhire. *The Additions to* Camden, *apprehends it to be* Caerphilli-caſtle, *in* Glamorgan-ſhire; *both under the* Silures.

C.

CAlabria, *the furtheſt part of* Italy.
Caledonian-forreſt, *the great Forreſt in* Scotland, *divided by Mount* Grampius, *or* Grantzbain.
Caledonians, *thoſe that inhabited on both ſides of Mount* Grampius, *in* Scotland.
Camboritum, *the City of* Cambridge; *near to which are* Gogmagog-hills.
Camelodunum, Malden *in* Eſſex.
Campania, *a part of* Italy, *in the Kingdom of* Naples.
Canonium, Chelmsford *in* Eſſex.
Cantians, *Inhabitants of* Kent.
Carenians, Camden *places them in* Cathneſs, *in* Scotland. Ortelius, *more Northward than the* Carnonacæ, *on the Weſt-ſide of* Scotland.
Carnonations, *they in habited beyond the River* Longas, *on the Weſt-ſide of* Scotland.
Carphillis, *a famous Caſtle, ſuppos'd to be built by the* Romans, *in* Glamorgan-ſhire.
Cartinia, *a ſuppos'd Port in* Normandy.
Caſtralata, *City of* Edenburg, *in* Scotland.

Celnius, *ſuppos'd to be the River* Keillan; *it riſes below Mount* Grampius, *and falls into the German Ocean.*
Chaluz, *a Caſtle in* France, *belonging to the Viſcount* Limoges.
Charybdis, *a dangerous place in the Sicilian Sea.*
Cilurnum, *it is ſuppos'd to ſtand where* Collerford *does, or elſe not far from it, at* Silcheſter in the Wall.
Clamorgania, Glamorgan-ſhire.
Cluſentum, *where old* Hanton *ſtood, by* Southampton.
Combretonium, Bretenham *in* Suffolk.
Conda, *for* Condate, *a Town of* Bretaigne *in* France.
Conovius, *River* Conwy; *it divides* Caernarvon-ſhire *from* Denbigh-ſhire.
Coritanians, Darby-ſhire *was a part of the* Coritani.
——— Northampton-ſhire, *was part of the* Coritani.
Cornavians, *the Inhabitants of* Shropſhire, Cheſhire, *&c.*
Creonians, *or* Cerones, *the Inhabitants of* Aſſenſhire *in* Scotland, *according to* Camden.
Croiſſy, *or* Creſſy, *in* Ponthieu, *in* Lower-Picardy, *in* France.

D.

DAnmonians, *Inhabitants of* Cornwal *and* Devonſhire.
Danus, *River* Dan, *in* Cheſhire.
Darventia, *River* Darwent, *in* Darby-ſhire.
Decantians, *or, as* Camden *calls them,* Cantæ; *he places them in* Roſs *in* Scotland.
Dimetians, *thoſe that inhabited* Weſt-Wales, *viz.* Caermardhin-ſhire, Pembroke-ſhire, *and* Cardigan-ſhire.
Deucaledonian-Ocean, *that on the Weſt-ſide of* Scotland.
Deva, *River* Dee *in* Cheſhire.
Devana, *the City of* Cheſter.
Devia, *River* Dee *in* Scotland; *it falls into the Iriſh Sea.*
Dobunians, *Inhabitants of* Gloceſter-ſhire *and* Oxford-ſhire.
Dornavaria, Dorcheſter.
Dorus, *River* Dore *in* Hereford-ſhire; *it runs through the* golden Vale.
Dovo, *River* Dove *in* Darby-ſhire.
Druids, *the Pagan Prieſts among the* Britons *and* Gauls.
Durobrevians, *Inhabitants of* Rocheſter.
Durobrevis, *an old Town, call'd* Dormancheſter, *on the River* Nyne, in Northampton-ſhire.
Durotriges, *Inhabitants of* Dorſet-ſhire.
Durovernum, *the City of* Canterbury.

E.

EBorac Race, York-ſhire *Breed.*
Elgovians, *or* Selgovians, *Inhabitants of* Liddeſdale, Euſdale, Eskdale *and* Annandale *in* Scotland.
Epidium, Cantyre *in* Scotland: *The Iſland that is near* Cantyre, *is likewiſe call'd* Epidium.
Epirus, *a Country of* Greece.

F.

FAuſtinus, Villa Faſtina, *now St.* Edmundsbury *in* Suffolk.
Fial, *one of the chief Mountains in* Swedeland.
Froma, *River* Frome *in* Dorſet-ſhire.

G.

GAdenians, *Inhabitants of* Teifdale, Twedale, Merch, *and* Lothian, *in* Scotland.
Gallena, Wallingford *in* Barkſhire, *on the borders of* Oxford-ſhire.
Garienus, *River* Yare, *on which* Yarmouth *ſtands, in* Norfolk.
Gariononum, *ſuppos'd to be* Burgh-caſtle *in* Suffolk.
Gaul, France.
Gevini, *a River in* Wales, *that runs into the River* Usk.
Glevum, *the City of* Gloceſter.
Glotta, *River* Cluyd *in* Scotland: *Alſo an Iſland now call'd* Arran, *lying in the Bay of* Cluyd.
Gobanium, Abergaenna *in* Monmouth-ſhire.
Gobeum, *a Promontory of* Bretaigne *in* France.
Goths, *Inhabitants of the* Lower-Scythia, *in the Northern part of* Europe.

H.

HAga, *the* Hay, *or* Haſeley, *in* Brecknock-ſhire.
Halenus, *River* Avon *in* Hampſhire.
Hebudes, *or* Hebrides, *a Cluſter of Iſles that lye on the Weſt-ſide of* Scotland, *in the* Deucaledonian-Ocean.
Hibernia, Ireland.
Hunns, *a People that came out of* Scythia *and dwelt in* Europe, *in* Hungary.
Hybernian-Ocean, *the Iriſh-Seas.*
Hydaſpes, *a River in* India.
Hyperborean-Ocean, *that which waſhes the North part of* Scotland.

I.

IBeria, Spain.
Icenians, *Inhabitants of* Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge-ſhire, *&c.*
Idumanum, Black-water *in* Eſſex.

Ierne, Ireland.
Imaus, *a Mountain which parts* India *from* Scythia, *and divides* Scythia *into two parts.*
Iſca, *River* Usk *in* Monmouth-ſhire.
—— *an old Town on the River* Usk, *in* Monmouth-ſhire.
—— *River* Ex, *on which the City of* Exeter *ſtands.*
Iſis, *a River in* Oxfordſhire.
Ithaca, *an Iſland in the* Ionian *Sea.*
Itunna, *River* Eden, *or* Solway Frith *in* Scotland.

K

KAnduara, *or* Vindogara, *ſuppos'd to ſtand in* Kyle, *in* Scotland.

L.

LAke, *in* Brecknockſhire, *now call'd* Brecknock-mere.
Lapland, Lapponia, *it belongs partly to* Swedeland, Norway, and Moſcovy.
Latium, *a part of* Italy, *now call'd* Campagna di Roma, *or* St. Peters Patrimony.
Liddenus, *River* Ledden *in* Herefordſhire, *by* Malvern Hills.
Liger, *River* Loire *in* France.
Lindis, *River* Witham *in* Lincolnſhire.
Lindum, *City of* Lincoln.
Loghor, *a River which is the Weſtern limit of* Glamorganſhire.
Logians, *they Inhabited from Mount* Grampius, *to the German Ocean, by the* Mertæ *in Scotland.*
Longo, *a River on the Weſt ſide of* Scotland, *that falls into the Weſtern Ocean, 'tis call'd* Logh Longas.
Loxa, *River* Loſſe *in* Scotland.
Lugas, *River* Lug, *it riſes in* Radnor-hills, *and falls into* Wye, *Three Miles from* Hereford.

M.

MAntua, *a Town in* Italy *where* Virgil *was born.*
Margadunum, *an Old Town ſuppos'd to ſtand where* Bever *Caſtle does.*
Maridunum, Caermardhin, *in* Wales.
Mauritania, Barbary.
Meatians, *They Inhabited near the Picts Wall.*
Mediolanum, *an Old Town in* Montgomeryſhire.
Medvaga, *River* Medway *in* Kent.
Merſei, *River* Merſey *in* Cheſhire.
Mertians, *thoſe that Inhabited the North part of* Scotland, *which lies towards the* German *Ocean.*
Mervinian-mountains, *thoſe of* Meirionithſhire.
Milford-haven *in* Wales.
Mona's-iſle, *the Iſle of* Angleſey.
Moſa, *the* Maes, *in* Gallia-Belgica, *it falls below* Dort, *into the German Ocean.*
Muno, *River* Munow, *it riſes in* Hatterill-hills, *and parts* Herefordſhire *from* Monmouthſhire.

N.

NAnnetum, *the City of* Nants, *in* Brittany, France.
Neuſtrian-coaſt, *that of* Normandy.
Nidus, *River* Neath, *on which ſtood a Town of the ſame Name, in* Glamorganſhire.
Nile, *the Famous River of* Egypt.
Novantians, *they inhabited,* Galloway, Careck, Kyle, Cuningham, *and* Glotta, *the* Promontory *which here runs into the Sea, was call'd the* Novantian Promontory.

O.

OCtopitarum, *St.* David's *Land, in* Wales.
Olympic, *the Olympick Games were kept in the City* Olympia, *in* Peloponneſus.
Ordovicians, *Inhabitants of* North-Wales, *and* Powiſland, *viz.* Montgomeryſhire, Meirionithſhire, Caernarvonſhire, Denbighſhire, Flintſhire.
Oreſtians, *or* Horeſtians, *Inhabitants of* Argyle, *and* Perth, *according to* Camden, *in* Scotland.
Orrea, *a Town on the North of the River* Tay, *in* Scotland.
Ottadenians, *thoſe that Inhabited next the* Brigantes.
Oza, *River* Ouſe, *there is the great and little* Ouſe, *the former divides* Norfolk *from* Cambridgſhire.

P.

PActolus, *a River in* Lidia.
Parthenope, *the City of* Naples.
Peak, *in* Darbyſhire.
Pictavian-fields, Poictou *a Province in* France, *its Capital City is* Poitiers, *within Two Leagues of which was fought the Famous battle between the Engliſh and French.*
Picts, *they Inhabited part of* Scotland, *ſome place them in the South, in* Lothian *and* Fife: *Alſo* Camden *places them in* Orkney, *and the Northern Iſles.*
Plinlimon, *a high Mountain in* Wales, *whence* Severn, Wye *and* Rydol, *take their riſe.*

R.

RAtoſtibium, *River* Taf *in* Wales.
Regnums-wood, Ringwood *in* Hampſhire.

Repan-

Repandunum, Repton *in* Darbyſhire.
Rhemnius, *River* Remny *in* Glamorganſhire.
Rhine, *a River which parts* France *from* Germany, *after it has run* 300 *Miles, it falls into the River* Moſa, *and the* German *Ocean.*
Ricine, *the Firſt Iſland of the* Hebudes.
Riphean-hills, *Mountains of* Scythia *ſo call'd.*
Roman-military-way, *call'd* Watlin-ſtreet.
Rutunium, Routon *in* Shropſhire.
Rutupiæ, *an Old Town* Richborrow, *near* Sandwich *in* Kent.
——— *The* Foreland *in* Kent.

S.

SAbrina, *River* Severn.
Salopia, Shropſhire.
Scandanavia, *or* Scandia, *the Country between the* Belt *and Northern Sea, containing* Norway, Swedeland, *&c.*
Scylla, *a dangerous place in the* Scicilian *Sea.*
Scythia, *otherwiſe call'd* Sarmatia; *now that part of* Tartary, *which lies in* Europe, *about the* Euxine *Sea, and the* Meotick *Lake.*
Segontium, Caernarvan *in* Wales.
——— Silcheſter, *in* Hampſhire.
Sein, *the River on which* Paris *ſtands.*
Seſtus, *a Caſtle of* Thrace, *by the* Helleſpont.
Severus-wall, *the* Picts *Wall.*
Silures, *Inhabitants of* South-wales, *viz.* Radnorſhire, Brecknockſhire, Glamorganſhire, Herefordſhire, *and* Monmouthſhire.
Sirius, *the* Dogſtar.
Spinæ, *an Old Town hard by* Newbery.
Stourus, *River* Stoure *in* Dorſetſhire.
——— *River* Stoure *in* Suffolk.
Stuccia, *River* Yeſtwith *in* Cardiganſhire.

T.

TAme, *a Town on the River* Celnius *in* Scotland.
Tava, *River* Tay *in* Scotland.
Tegæan-lake, Pimble-mere, *in* Wales.
Thamiſis, *River of* Thames.
Thanotos, *Iſle of* Thanet.
Thet, *the River on which* Thetford *ſtands.*
Thrace, *now* Romania.
Tinna, *River* Tine, Tinmouth *ſtands on it, there is likewiſe another* Tine *more Northward.*
Trenta, *River* Trent, *it divides* Lincolnſhire, *from* Yorkſhire *and* Nottinghamſhire.
Treſantona, *River* Teſt, *it runs into* Southampton-Bay.
Trinacrian-Iſle, *the Iſland of* Scicily.
Tripontium, *ſuppos'd to ſtand where* Towceſter *does, in* Northamptonſhire.
Trojans, Troy *was a City of* Phrygia, *in the leſſer* Aſia.
Tueſis, *a River in* Scotland, *that riſes below* Grampius, *and falls into the German Ocean.*
Turobius, *Rever* Teivi *in* Wales.
Tyber, *the famous River of* Rome.

U.

URiconium, *an Old Town call'd* Wroxceſter, *near the place where* Severn *and* Tern *joyn,* Shrewsbury, *is ſuppos'd to have its riſe out of the Ruins of* Uriconium.
Uſocona, *ſuppos'd to be* Oxenyate *in* Shropſhire.

V.

VAga, *River* Wye, *it riſes in* Wales, *and runs thro'* Herefordſhire.
Vagniacans, *Inhabitants of* Maidſtone *in* Kent.
Vandals, *they Inhabited about* Meklenburg *in* Germany, *on the Coaſt of the* Baltick *Sea.*
Vara, *or* Bay *of* Vavaris *in* Scotland.
Vecta's-Iſle, *the* Iſle of Wight.
Vedra, *River* Ware, *in the Biſhoprick of* Durham.
Vindogladia, Winburn *in* Dorſetſhire.
Venicontes, *or* Vernicontes, *they Inhabited North of* Tay *in* Scotland, Camden *places them in* Mernis.
Venta, *an Old Town near* Chepſtow *in* Monmouthſhire.
——— *An Old Town call'd* Caſter, *near* Norwich, *out of whoſe ruins* Norwich *is ſuppos'd to have its Original.*
——— Wincheſter, *in* Hampſhire.
Verolamium, *an Old Town near St.* Albans, *out of whoſe Ruins it had its beginning.*
Veſuvius, *a Famous burning Mountain in* Italy.
Vicomagians, Camden *makes them to Inhabit* Murray, *but* Ortelius *places them between the* Creones *and* Carnonacæ, *in the Weſtern part of* Scotland.
Victoria, *ſuppos'd to be* Inch-Keith-Iſland, *broke off from the Land.*
Vindolana, *Old* Wincheſter *in* Northumberland.

FINIS.